VOL. LXXX July 1926 No. 1

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

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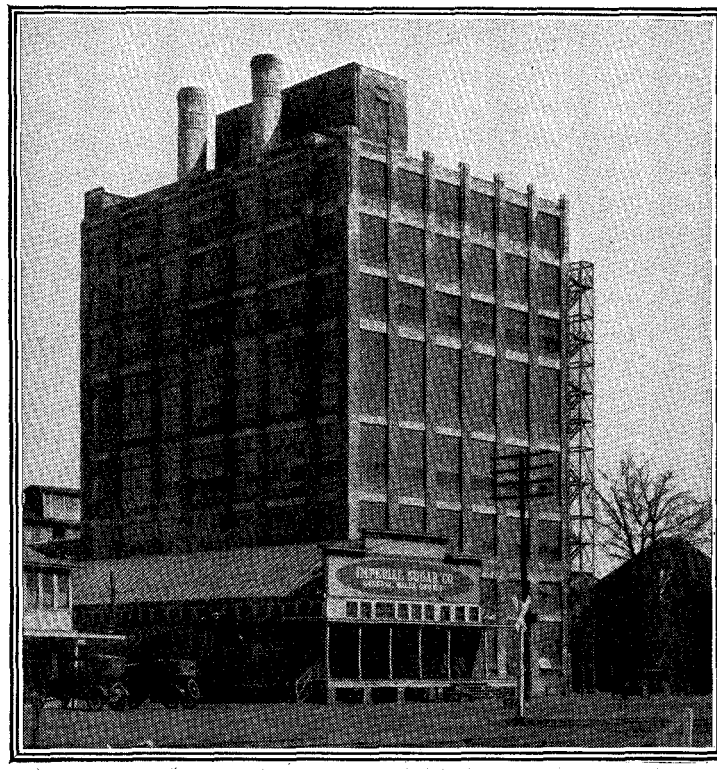

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THE SHRIMP GIRL.

From the painting by Hogarth in the National Gallery.

—See "The Field of Art," page 105.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXX JULY, 1926 NO. 1

Smoky—A One-Man Horse

Gone Bad

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

BIG posters was tacked on the telegraph poles all around the little town of Gramah. Them posters could be seen in many windows of the town's stores, and advertised the coming rodeo and cowboy's reunion. Amongst the prizes that was wrote down on the posters was prints from photographs of bucking horses and steers, and taking most of the room in the centre of it was the picture of a bucking horse which outdone all the others. It showed that horse throwing his rider in a way few riders ever get throwed. Then in big letters underneath was the words:

THE COUGAR CHALLENGES THE WORLD'S BEST

The Cougar was the name of a bucking horse, the main attraction, and challenger to all the good riders of the country. No line was drawed as to where them riders came from or how far, and the purse that was offered for the one who could ride that horse and scratch him was enough to make any good rider want to come a long ways and try.

Many had come and tried him at other rodeos and where The Cougar had performed, and found that that pony was no ordinary bucking horse, and as all that tried him could tell, afterwards, there was more than his bucking to contend with; he was mean, there was murder in his eye, and if it wasn't for the "pick-up" men who hazed him, many a cowboy would of been pawed to pieces even before he could of hit the ground.

That pony seemed to have a grudge against humans in general; his ambition was for exterminating 'em all off the face of the earth. But there was one thing which the riders noticed in him as most queer, and that was in the way he seemed to hate some humans worse than others, —his hate was plainest for the face that showed dark.

A story followed the horse, and which kept a being repeated as rider met rider at different rodeos and frontier-day celebrations. It was that the horse had been found on the desert, amongst a bunch of wild horses, and packing an empty saddle. There'd been dried blood sticking to the hair along his jaw, and some more on his knees; the horse had been roped and tied down and the riders had looked for signs of wounds or cuts on his hide but nary a scratch had been found.

The horse was then advertised in the county and state papers and described as, "A mouse-colored, blaze-faced, stocking-legged gelding, and packing a brand that looked like a blotched wagon wheel."

The advertisement was kept running for two weeks and nobody showed to claim the horse. He was kept in the pasture for a few days more, and then one day one of the riders run him in the corral.

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The cowboy had liked the looks of the pony from the day he'd set eyes on him, he'd figured him as an ordinary horse that'd been spoiled a little, and shaking out a loop, there'd been no doubt in his mind but what that could be took out of him easy enough. But he hadn't got very far when he found that the pony would have to be throwed before a saddle could ever be put on his back. There was a look in the horse's eye which he didn't like, and that cowboy having handled all kinds of horses knowed mighty well what that look meant.

The horse had been found out on the desert, amongst a bunch of wild horses and packing an empty saddle. —Page 3.

He kept his distance, and from there worked his ropes till the horse went down to his knees and then flat to the ground. The saddle was cinched on tight, and seeing that the hackamore was on the pony's head to stay, the cowboy took his seat while the horse was down, and reaching over took the foot ropes off.

What went on in the next few minutes was past ever being described with talk, and as that cowboy felt, telling about it would be a disgrace as compared with what really happened—something like trying to paint the Grand Canyon of Arizona on black canvas with black paint.

Anyway, that cowboy had reached for the top pole of the corral and got on the other side of it before the pony had really got started to whatever he was up to, and there on the safe side he done a mental round up, and it all came to him. He remembered the empty saddle that was on the pony's back when found that day two weeks past—then the dried blood that'd been on his jaw and more of it on his knees——.

The cowboy had remarked as through the corral poles he'd watched the man killer:

"A twelve hundred pound mountain lion is what that horse is."

That's where his name Cougar had come in, and no horse never lived up to a name like the mouse-colored gelding did to his.

Then had come rumors of a Fourth of July celebration which was going to be pulled off in some big town to the south;

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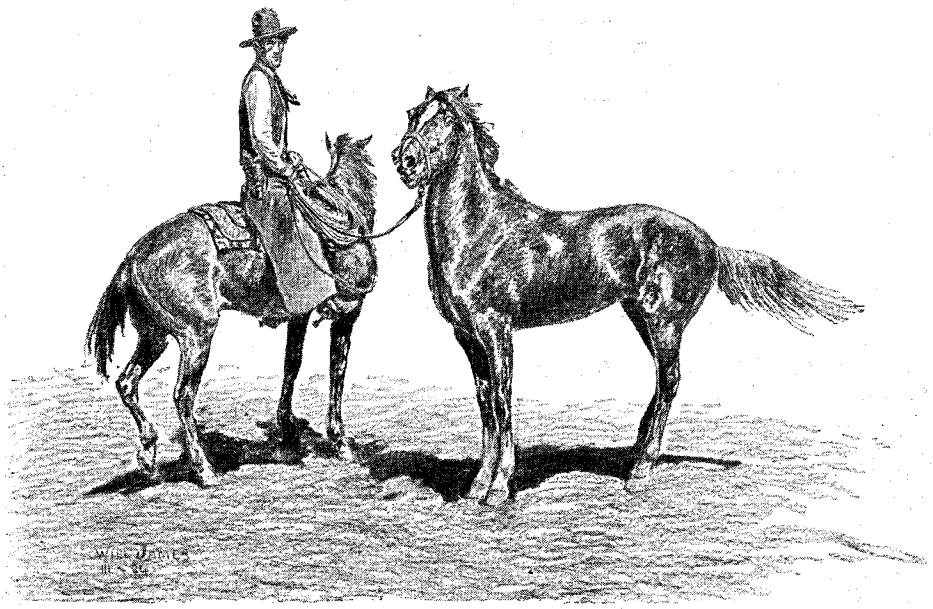

In front of the crowded grand stand is where his fame as a man-eating, bucking outlaw begin to spread.

there was to be bronc riding and everything that went with it. A prize of a hundred dollars had been offered for the best bucking horse, and that's how come one day that The Cougar made his first appearance before a grand-stand. A warning was given to the "pick-up" man and "hazers" to be on hand and watch out nobody got hurt, and them few words of warning that way had proved to sound mighty right before that day was over.

The Cougar had been *tried* out, and then a hundred dollars was handed to the rider who'd brought him in, he'd won the prize. There was no doubt in anybody's mind but what that pony was by a long ways the meanest and hardest horse to ride there, and not only there, but anywhere else and wherever hard bucking horses was rode. Fifty dollars additional was offered for the right to keep the horse for rodeo purposes. That was refused, and when the last day of the doings come, and the riders came up for the "finals" another fifty was added to the first offer, and accepted. A bill of sale was made out, and The Cougar from that day on was drove from stockyard to stock car and from arena to arena.

In front of the crowded grand stand is where his fame as a fighting, man-eating, bucking outlaw begin to spread, and from State to State, town and range folks alike was on hand and whenever he was to be rode and handled; for watching that horse perform was alone worth more than the price that was asked for the ticket at the gate of the rodeo grounds.

It wasn't long when the folks through whole of the Southwestern States begin to talk of The Cougar as they did of their favorite movie actor, actress, their President, or the Prince of Wales. Tourists from Europe and from all parts of the United States came and went, and carried stories with 'em about the wonders of the wickedness of that horse. Then rodeo committees begin to perk up their ears, and at the same time started bidding for him. The Cougar's presence got to be valuable, and came a time when five hundred dollars was offered by a rival who also made a business of furnishing rodeos with strings of bucking stock. The offer wasn't considered, none at all, and the riders around had their doubts if even a thousand would change the ownership of that horse.

Every summer through, the mouse colored outlaw was shipped along with

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the others more or less of his kind and unloaded at some different rodeo grounds, every few weeks and for three or four days he was *rode at*. Twice or three times a day during the doings some strange rider would climb him, the chute gate would fly open, and out would come a tearing, bellering hunk of steel coils to land out a ways, and like a ton of lava from up above, jar the earth even up to the grand stand.

The judges, pick-up men, and others around would find themselves short about ten pairs of eyes as all tried to catch every crooked move that pony put into his work. All breaths seemed to be held up during that time, but never no time was them breaths held up for very long, 'cause, very soon, there'd be a scattering of a tall cowboy who from the chute had started on top, took a lot of wicked jars while setting there, and so high, and good rider as he'd have to be, soon come to conclude that it sure was no disgrace to be separated from his saddle and flung out a ways—not on that horse.

Very seldom would the rider have to walk back very far, and sometimes only a few feet was between the rider who was picking himself up and the chute where he'd rode out from so fast and furious.

As an all around outlaw and bucking horse, The Cougar had no rival, there wasn't a horse in the State or any State neighboring that could compete with him in either fighting or bucking, and folks seeing or studying the horse often wondered; for anybody who knowed horses could see that that horse hadn't been born a natural outlaw like most of the rodeo's bucking horses generally are; that pony had brains, a big supply of 'em and which showed in the way he'd go about throwing his man. He wasn't like the average bucking horse, who'd often buck back under the man that was already loosened, and instead, when The Cougar felt a man lose an inch, that inch was never got back. The saddle kept a getting away from him from then on.

But there was more and which was all proof as to the amount of brains that pony carried, there was his hate for the man, and which showed the same as the hate one human would have for another, only it was more dangerous. And then again, and as the cowboy who took care of him often remarked:

"The way that horse packs a grudge, somebody sure must of dealt him a dirty deal sometime or other. I know there's sure something on his mind besides that too, and like he's pining for something that's gone and hopeless; at them times he acts like he wants my company the same as though he was craving for somebody, but them spells don't last long, and soon he seems to come back to earth and realizing things. Then's when I'm not within reaching distance no more,—but by god, I sure wish sometimes that horse would like me as well as he hates."

What if that cowboy could of seen the horse when he was working the Rocking R herds? He wouldn't thought it possible that such a top and all around cowhorse could of turned into such a thorough man hating outlaw; but there was one thing which was still to Smoky's credit even though he *was* an outlaw, and that was that he done it well. His heart had changed but all of it was in whatever he done whether it was good or bad.

As a bucking horse, he stood out apart from the others as the worst or best that'd ever tore the earth in front of a grand stand, and the same when he was a cowhorse, and whether it was in roping, cutting out, or any work that went with the cow, Smoky had been above being compared with any other cowhorse of that country. His whole heart had been in that work too.

Five long summers of rodeo work went by when Smoky, known as The Cougar, kept on a challenging the world's best riders.

Another spring came, more rodeos was followed and where it was advertised that "The Cougar will be present," the posters went on a telling how in five years time no rider had been able to set the horse, and as the cowboys remarked, "that was one truthful statement."

Smoky kept on a throwing men right and left that spring and on through the summer. He kept his record and back clean that way till away along toward the fall, and then one day at the start of another rodeo, a cowboy from the Wyoming country, and who'd come south for the winter, happened to hear of the doings.

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The chute gate would fly open, and out would come a tearing, bellering, hunk of steel coils to land out a ways, and like a ton of lava from up above, jar the earth even up to the grand stand.—Page 6.

A couple of days later that bronc fighter showed himself at the rodeo headquarters, and remarking how he'd heard of The Cougar, signed his name and entered on bronc riding.

He qualified and went through the "tryouts" and "semi-finals" like it all was so much play. The Cougar was a horse kept for the finals only, and that's the pony the cowboy had been trying to reach, the others he'd had to ride had only been a means for him to get to The Cougar, and that cowboy was *some rider*.

He'd easy won the right to ride that horse, and also the chance to win the thousand dollars that was up for any rider that could. He hung around the chute and mighty close the next afternoon. Soon the time would come for him to really try his ability, and while waiting he was using that time to seeing that the latigos and cinch had no weak spots, and would be able to stand the strain of stay-

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ing around the middle of that Cougar horse.

Then the judges hollered out his name as the next rider out, and about that time the mouse colored outlaw peeked through the bars of the chute at him and snorted, the rider whistled at the sight of the mean looking head, and, grinning a little, remarked:

"I got a hunch that this pony is going to be tetotally different than any horse I ever rode, but here goes, and I got to wish myself luck."

"You'll need lots of that," says one of the cowboys.

The saddle was on, the cinch reached for and drawed up to stay, and then the rider climbed over the poles of the chute and took his seat on a back that'd throwed the country's best riders. He pulled the rope rein up just tight enough, worked his feet ahead a little, and setting back some to sort of meet the first jolt, he took off his hat, layed all the balance he could in it, and then hollered:

"We're coming out."

"Coming out" was right, but "shot out" would of been more fitting in that case; anyway, the judges hardly seen either the horse or the man till both was *out there*, and both a fighting to win.—There was a mighty big surprise showing on all the faces around when as the first big cloud of dust cleared it was noticed the rider was still *up there*, and what's more, all indicated that he was going to stay there.

The judges was a setting on their horses, and pop-eyed with the miracle of the performance looked on petrified. Such a rider on such a horse was seldom ever seen, and they was so all took up with the goings on, they didn't notice that the rider had rode past the limit, and forgot to fire the gun marking the end of the ride. Then somebody hollered and jarred 'em out of the trance they was in.

The shot was fired, and the report had no more than died down when the rider seemed to quit from there and fell off the horse, the punishment he'd took in that ride had been enough to do him for many a day to come. He'd felt like his backbone was going to be pushed through his throat from the first jump, and that feeling had kept a repeating right along with each fast coming jolt till he was near unconscious. Being the rider he was, he stuck there and tried to fight away the dizzy feeling and keep track of the horse at the same time, then after what seemed an hour, he heard a faint echo of the shot, and realized in a way that he'd qualified for first money. He'd been the first man to ride that horse past the judges, and that was enough—he wasn't caring right then if it would be said that he didn't ride the horse to the finish.

One of the riders who knowed The Cougar *mighty well* had watched the horse "come out" with the same thrill that'd always been his at that time. He'd seen the pony come out many a time before, and as that last performance came to an end, he leaned over to one of the boys near him, and says:

"Do you know, it strikes me like The Cougar is beginning to fade out as a bucking horse. I don't think that pony's been keeping up his standard the last few times he's been rode, and specially this last time. If that cowboy who's just left him had straddled him last summer, I'm sure and certain that he wouldn't of stuck as long as he did."

"Well, I've been sort of noticing that too, and figgered the horse had slowed down some," agrees the other rider, "but that's got to be expected, considering that The Cougar's been in the arenas for going on six years now—I don't see, myself, how them legs of his had been able to stand the strain *that* long."

Them remarks was true, nothing was meant against the cowboy who'd been the first to stick him past the judges; and as them words was said they meant just that, with no hint that *they* could of done the same, and what's more, other cowboys had noticed the same what these two had spoke of. The Cougar was beginning to slow down—but that last would maybe give some idea of what a bucking horse The Cougar really was.

That pony slowing down that way begin to be noticed more and more every time he was rode, and when the last rodeo of the year had been pulled off The Cougar had been rode twice, *and to a finish*. The folks in the grand stands was surprised, and come to the conclusion that he wasn't so much of a bucking horse

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He wasn't caring right then if it was said that he didn't ride the horse to the finish.—Page 8.

after all, but they didn't realize.—Anyway, the thousand dollar purse that'd been offered for any one who could ride him had dwindled down to five hundred, and The Cougar was fast losing the reputation he'd made as a man-hating bucking horse.

Even his hate for the human had seemed to die down. He'd throwed a rider one day who'd landed right in front of him; the crowd had held their breath, expecting to see that cowboy mangled to pieces right before their eyes. All that would of happened, and mighty quick a year or so before, but this time the outlaw didn't seem to notice the man. He'd bucked on right over him and seeming like careful how he placed his hoofs as he'd went so as to miss him.—There was murmurs in the grand stand afterwards that The Cougar was no outlaw at all, maybe just a pet and trained to buck, and like his man killing reputation, which was most likely only a sort of a draw card and advertising for the rodeo.

But whatever the folks in the grand stand thought, Smoky had reasons of his own for gradually getting away from being The Cougar. It wasn't that his legs was getting stove up or giving away on him so much as the way things had come to him as year after year he met up with

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the strange riders that'd come to try him, and even though none of 'em seemed to want a *close acquaintance* with him, there was nothing about them boys for the hate he was packing to feed on.

Not once, since that day he'd bogged his head in front of the first grand stand, had a club, nor even a twig, ever been layed on him. For the first couple of years, Smoky had let the heart the half-breed had transplanted in him control his actions. The poison of hate in that heart had kept him from noticing or go according to the good treatment he'd been getting, and it was close on to the fifth year before his ears begin to perk up to the show of admiration and respect that was handed him from all around, for, as many a cowboy had remarked:—

"There's sure a powerful *something* back of that pony's acting up that way."

The name of The Cougar lived on for a spell, but the horse that had been packing that name was fast getting away from having the right to such. Then the next spring came and with it rodeos begin to be pulled off here and there, good riders begin following The Cougar again as before, and with the hopes that some day, sometime or other, they'd be able to pull their riggins off that pony's back and be able to say:

"I rode him."

But long before middle summer come, them hopes had died down in many of the boys, for The Cougar wasn't The Cougar no more. Them fast, crooked, and hard hitting jumps of his, and which had jarred the thoughts and balance out of so many a good rider, had died down, and put the horse as an average with the other bucking horses. Rider after rider forked him, and sorta disappointed, had rode and fanned him easy enough, where a year or so before no fanning had been required to qualify.

The Cougar kept a bucking on and on every time he was saddled, and he was rode through to the finish oftener and oftener, till finally no rider was ever throwed no more, not from that pony's back.

The heart of The Cougar was shriveling up and leaving space for the heart that was Smoky's, and that heart, even though older and weaker was making a mighty strong stand, and steady coming back.

Soon, there came a time when the mouse colored outlaw didn't have to be handled from a distance no more; no high corral was needed for protection against his teeth and hoofs, and like most of the other buckers he could be led from the stock car to the rodeo grounds without any other ropes holding him back, and away from the man that was leading him.

Then one day, a rider brought in a big raw-boned gray, remarking that "*here* was an outlaw," and an outlaw he was, sure enough. From his roman nose on up to his sunk, dead looking eyes, and taking in his lantern jaws on to his thick neck and along with the rest of him, all indicated the *natural* outlaw, but what made him as a most valuable horse for the rodeos, was in the how he could buck; that's all he knowed, and like all natural outlaws that way, that's all he wanted to know.

Right away, he was called "The Gray Cougar," the same as to try and bring back the real Cougar. But there was no comparing the gray outlaw with The Cougar, not when that last one had meant business. To begin with, the gray horse was mean only because it was his natural instinct to be that way, he didn't have the special ambition nor the brains that The Cougar had. With the gray it was just jug headed orneriness, and in no way could he compete with the mouse colored man killer, but he made a fine outlaw just the same, a second best that'd do.

He managed to buck a few men off from the start, and right then is when the old Cougar begin sliding into the background, for it'd been quite a spell since that pony had made a man ride for his money. The appearance of the gray outlaw had kinda marked the downhill start for Smoky's career as a bucking horse, and then one day the end came sure enough, and in a few minutes.

As usual, The Cougar was announced to the crowd, and them in the grand stand who'd often heard but never seen that wicked pony in action was naturally mighty interested as that notorious horse made his appearance in the saddling chute. Many in the crowd had seen him buck before, and some of them stopped breathing for a spell, and while the gate was opened. Most anything was expected

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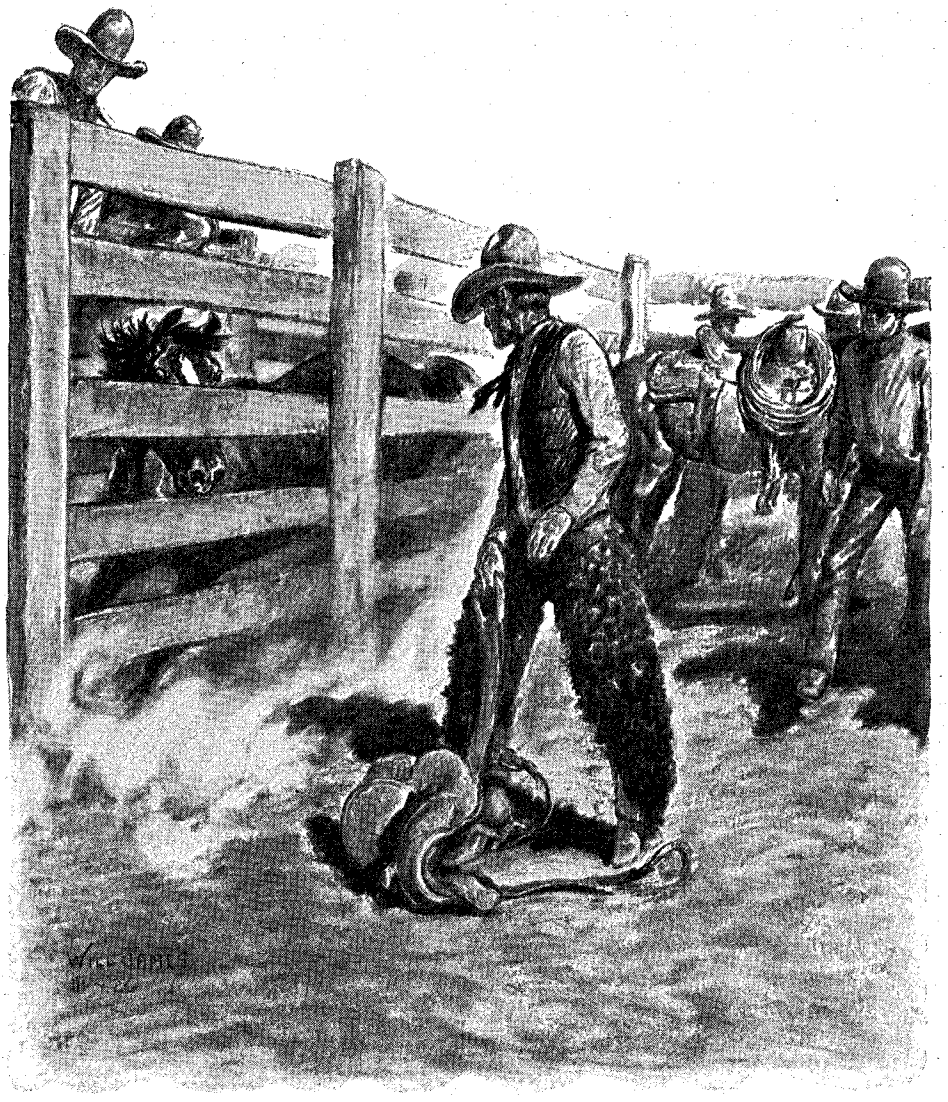

About that time the mouse colored outlaw peeked through the bars of the chute at him and snorted.—Page 8.

from that horse, and all of them that looked on felt sure of seeing something that'd come up to their expectations, and then some.

The gate was opened, and out came a streak of a mouse colored horse with a cowboy on top, and The Cougar, that famous outlaw lined out acrost the ground *on a long lope*.

Anywhere, and in any line, very little respect is ever showed for a "has been." If The Cougar had fought and tore things up as he'd once had, all would of been hunkydory, and the crowd would all been satisfied, but the horse had come to the end of his fighting streak. Not a jump was left in him, for the Smoky heart had growed over and smothered the heart that'd been The Cougar's. He was a "has been" and only willing to be the plain behaving Smoky again.

The crowd was disappointed, they felt they wasn't getting their money's worth, and there was hollers of "take him away

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and hook him up on a milk wagon" or "sell him for a lady's saddle horse" and so on. It was queer, but only natural, to notice that them loud mouth remarks was passed only by the most useless, and of the kind that's plum helpless whenever away from their home grounds. Others hollered more to kind of show off, but the looks they'd get from the sensible folks around only went to prove that the show off was of just plain ignorance.

The cowboy rode The Cougar till the other side of the grounds was reached. There he stopped the horse and climbed off, and hearing the hurrahs from the grand stand, he touched the horse on the neck and says:

"Never mind old horse, you've done yours—and I'd liked mighty well if I could of turned you loose amongst that bunch that's making all that noise up there, and watch 'em scatter—but you're not fighting any more."

The rodeo was on its last day, the prizes was handed out that night, and the next morning the bucking horses was loaded in the stock cars on the way for some other town where another rodeo was going to be pulled off. In them box cars there was one place where The Cougar had stood while on the road, but this time, and in that same place was a gray horse who snorted as the train begin to move—The Cougar had been left behind, and from the inside of the stock yards watched the train pull out of sight.

Ever since that day, seven years or so past, when Clint checked his saddle and bought a long ticket to nowheres in perticular there'd been a faint hope in that cowboy's heart of sometime somewhere running acrost that horse of his, Smoky. Soon as that pony had come up missing, the Rocking R ranges had of a sudden looked mighty empty to the rider. Strange countries drawed his interest all at once and the range lands of the South and West was soon kicked up by the hoofs of whatever horse he'd be riding— In them years, the haze of dust following along behind him had wound in and out of many a valley and over many a mountain.

He'd rode for some cow or horse outfit for one month or sometimes six—then cross a few counties and go to work for some other outfit. Always as he rode and wherever he went he'd kept an eye peeled for a mouse colored blaze-faced horse, and nary a pony of that color, whether that one was in the wild bunch or under a saddle, was ever passed by without Clint looked for the marks that'd identify Smoky.

It got to be so that the cowboy looked for the horse without his knowing. If he rode through some town on his way to new territory and a horse of Smoky's color caught his eye, it didn't matter where that horse was, Clint would natural like ride close and look him over. No town's livery stable was passed by without he took a peek inside and then a glance in the corrals at the back; no remuda got by that Clint didn't ride through, and many was the time he left the trail he was on just on account of a little bunch of ponies that was grazing to his right or left.

Clint had no hopes much of ever finding Smoky; that pony could just as well be in Canada or Mexico, but as he'd often say to the horse under him as he rode along, "You never can tell, and as long as I'm roaming around like this I can just as well keep a watching for him."

Clint did keep a watching, summers came and went and would always find him on new ranges, always a watching, then one spring he drifted north again and to the Rocking R. He rode for Jeff, his old cow foreman, that year, but when the fall works was done he was ready to drift on some more. Jeff and Old Tom Jarvis came in the big bunk house as Clint was once more stuffing his saddle in a gunny sack and getting it ready to ship.

"You sure been one restless cuss these last few years, Clint," says Old Tom as he walked in and closed the door. "Whatever is ailing you I don't know," he went on, "but where in samhill and damnation are you headed for now?"

"Guess I'll sashay on down toward Mexico somewheres," says Clint, and then sort of explaining, "too cold of winters here and snow gets too deep."

"Plum spoilt," remarks Old Tom most to himself. The old cowman seemed to figger for a spell, and Clint was halfways in his store clothes when he spoke again.

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There was more than his bucking to contend with, he was mean, and if it wasn't for the "pick up" men who hazed him, many a cowboy would of been pawed to pieces before he could of hit the ground.—Page 3.

"I just happened to think, being you're so all-fired rearing to ramble, that you could be some use to me while you're down the border country—get a tally on the price of 'Mexico stuff' while you're there, and let me know. If the prices are right," Old Tom went on, "I'd like to have you do some buying on commission for me and ship me up a trainload or so."

Old Tom stuck out a paw for Clint to shake. "Well, good luck to you," and, giving Clint's hand an extra shake, he says, "and when you come back with them cattle I'll most likely be needing another cow foreman—maybe that'd hold you."

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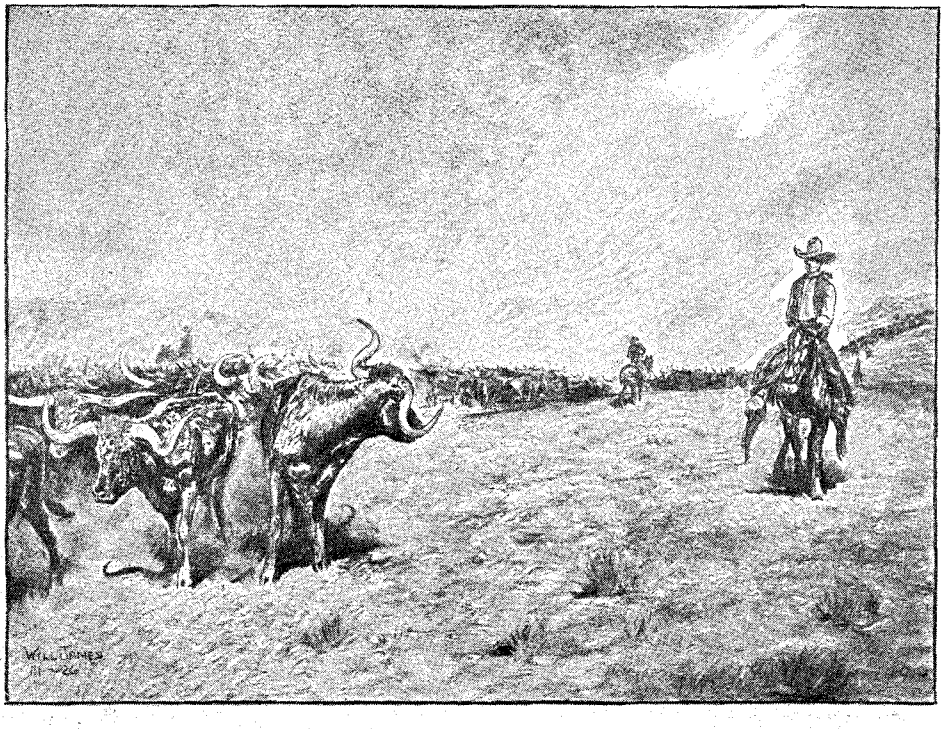
Mexico range didn't get much moisture that winter, a drought was predicted by the old timers. Besides, Villa's men and the Yaquis begin raiding the herds till the stockmen of that country soon decided to round up whatever cattle they had left and try to get 'em to the border. Cattle buyers was a waiting for them there and long horned "Sonora-Reds" and buckskin cattle was bought by the thousands and begin to spread all over the range countries of the U. S. plum up to the Canadian line.



The long-horned "Sonora-Reds" begin to spread all over the range countries of the U. S. plum up to the Canadian line.

Spring come, Clint, at Old Tom's word, bought a trainload of the Mexico stuff, took 'em north and delivered 'em to within a couple of hundred miles of the Rocking R range. Old Tom and many of the boys met him there, and the old cowman was so pleased with the buy that the next day Clint was on the train heading south for another trainload.

In ten days the second trainload was bought, loaded, and paid for. A couple of hours more and Clint would be on the caboose end of his herd and heading north again; he was sitting in the lobby of the hotel just resting there and smoking comfortable till the time come for his train to pull out. His eyes was half closed as he sat and through the big windows sorta watched people and cars pass one another. Once in a while he'd get a glimpse of a horse hooked on to some cart or wagon, and his eyes would always open a little more at the sight,—horses looked so out of place on the paved streets and amongst so many automobiles.

An old shaggy and bony horse came into sight from around a big truck; he was pulling a rickety old wagon and on the seat of it rode a tobacco-chewing bewhiskered hombre. Clint's half closed eyes gradually opened as the outfit came into sight, and pretty soon he begin to act queer. He leaned ahead and gripping the chair like his fingers would near go through the leather stared at the old horse like he'd never seen one before.

In another second a porter felt a weight

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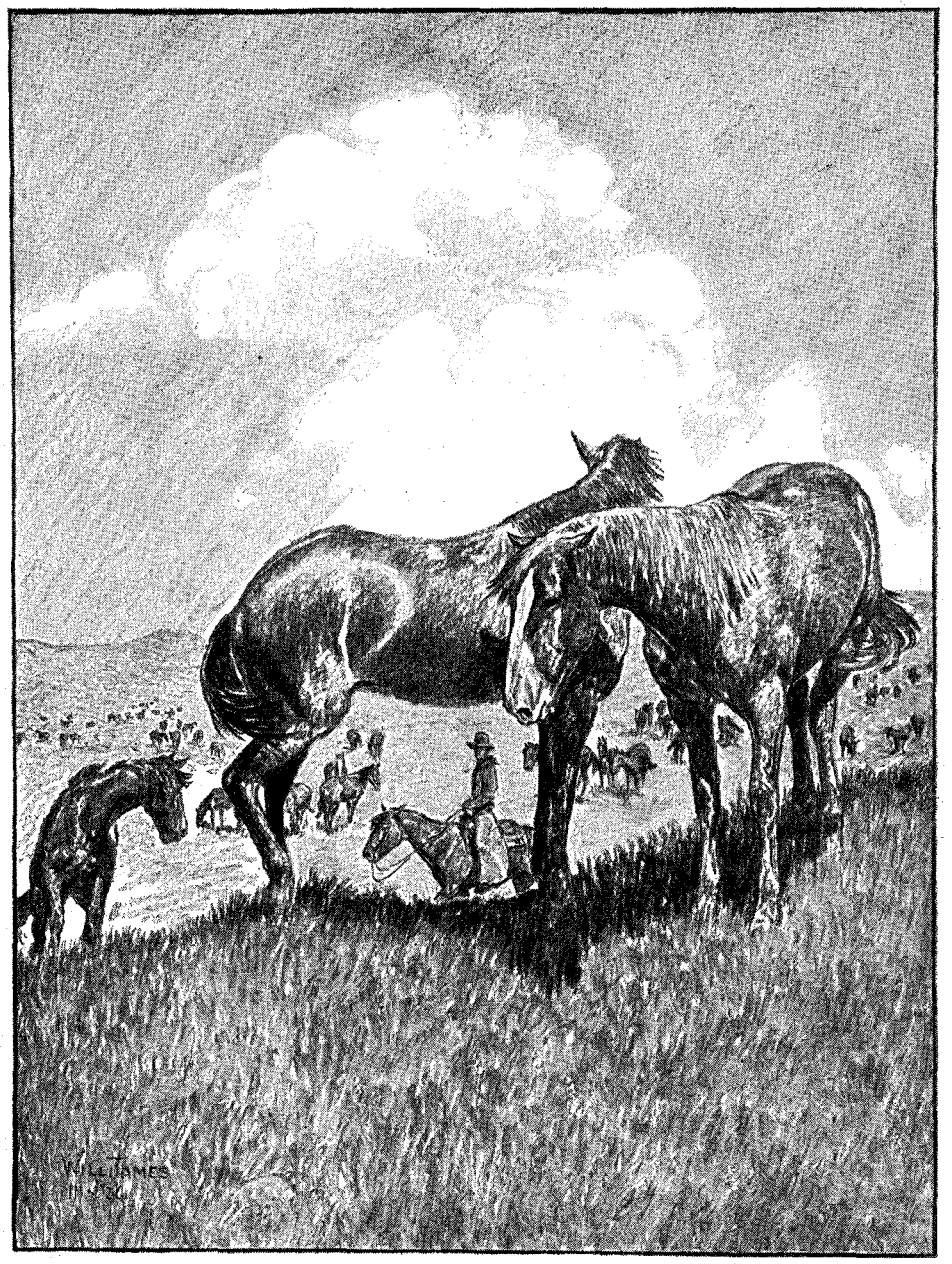

No remuda got by that Clint didn't ride through.—Page 12.

that near took all the brass buttons off his uniform and before he could look around he heard the big hotel door open and slam against the wall with a bang, and then a glimpse of a man jumping on a rickety wagon pulled by an old horse.

The bewhiskered hombre turned as he felt the lines jerked out of his hands and stared open mouthed as he seen a stranger sitting next to him and driving the horse into an alley at the back of the hotel. There was such a queer look in that cowboy's face, he noticed the grin that was there but it wasn't a friendly grin; it was

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more of the kind a man might pack when about ready to commit murder.

A small empty garage with doors open was found in the narrow alley and Clint drove the horse in; it was quiet in there and out of sight of anybody. No time nor words was wasted and pretty quick a loud voice was heard and then a low one that was quiet and steady. The loud voice went on to explaining and there's how Clint learnt some of what'd happened with Smoky, for the old horse on the old wagon was none other.

Clint was told of how Smoky had once been a famous bucking horse, from there to drop to a livery stable plug, and then when his usefulness was over with was sold to a man who collected old wore out horses he killed for chicken feed.

"I traded for him there for a couple of dollars to boot," went on the man with the whiskers, "and I'm using him at odd jobs hauling around town."

"And what have you been feeding him?" asked Clint.

"None of your damn business," was the answer.

There was a sudden sound the likes of which is heard when a sledge hammer connects with the skull of a steer, then all was quiet, it seemed like too quiet; a few minutes passed and then Clint came out of the garage brushing himself a little, a rope was in his right hand and stripped clean of harness the old horse followed him out of the alley.

That night the big engine was hooked on to the trainload of cattle as to per schedule and started puffing its way on to the north and toward the Rocking R range. In the last car, the one next to the caboose and the least crowded, a space had been partitioned off with heavy planks, in that space was a bale of good hay, a barrel of water, and an old blazed-faced mouse colored horse, SMOKY.

The Harvest Hand

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

YOUTH comes striding over the roads
  Like a prideful king.
Youth rides in at the call of the wheat
  For the harvesting;
Burned and gay as he swaggers along,
With tales of a world where law is wrong,
Filling our village streets with a song
  That the old gods sing.

Our sullen farmsteads hear a voice
  That is fresh and young.
Our placid horses are ruled by shouts
  In an alien tongue.
Our vacant barns are heaped with gold,
But the harvest is over—the year is old,
The ways to the lumber camps unfold,
  And the song is sung.

The winter is slow on the bitter farm
  And the songs so few.
How should we feed our hungry dreams,
  What should we do
If we did not know that the summer's heat
Would bring the laugh and the dusty feet
From a glamorous land where sin is sweet
  And the songs are true!

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The Spirit of Independence

AS REVEALED IN THE LETTERS OF THE TIME

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN
Author of "National Ideals in the Drama," etc.

WE love to commemorate the concrete, and in our celebrations of the war for independence, deeds will be discussed more frequently than words. Yet if we wish to understand the real spirit of the Revolution, we must not content ourselves with Lexington and Saratoga and Yorktown. The wisdom and indomitable courage by which a determined minority secured our independence in spite of the inertia of the majority of the inhabitants, are reflected most surely in the writing of that time.

Paine's bugle calls of hope and inspiration, the trenchant satire of Franklin and Hopkinson, of Freneau and Mercy Warren, the stately periods of the Declaration itself, rise into permanence by the royal right of fitness, by the sheer power of sincerity. It was not the custom of these writers to apologize for their attitude. Blinded as they may have been by the surrounding conflict, they failed perhaps to realize what our generation of historians is trying to establish, that the war for independence was only a minor incident in the history of Great Britain. To them it was everything, and they had the social courage to love their own country best. In the letters, many even now unpublished, in the dramas, so worn by constant reading that only a few tattered copies remain, in journals which are gradually being brought to light, we can see the hopes and fears of that strife which tore families asunder, and brought exile to many, but which established the United States. But, like the secret writing of diplomacy, the lines come out only when held before the fire which that conflict kindled.

It is a fine distinction which divides those letters that are literature from those that are not. Sometimes the most informal have an art of portraiture which shames the more pretentious printed page, and in the age of the Revolution the art of letter-writing had not yet been lost. Friends who were separated poured out their souls to each other or chatted about their surroundings in a manner which reveals often a social state unsuspected by those who have confined their attention to political events. One typical family, the Hopkinsons of Philadelphia, have preserved more letters than a community of to-day will hand down to future generations, and their correspondence sheds a flood of light upon the real thoughts and feelings which animated the Whig leaders of the Middle States.

It has become to-day a regrettable tendency on the part of some Americans to acknowledge as a soft impeachment their Tory ancestry. It was certainly true that in many cases the holders of property were content to remain under the security of the crown, and there seems to have been a warm welcome to General Howe in New York and Philadelphia. But the letters of the group which centred in Francis Hopkinson reveal another aspect of the situation.

Francis Hopkinson had every reason to be a Tory. He had been a mandamus councillor, appointed by the King at the probable request of Lady North, who was distantly connected with Hopkinson's mother, and he belonged to a family whose position in Philadelphia brought him into a circle where loyalty to the King was no bar. Yet he never hesitated as to his course. He had married Ann Borden, of Bordentown, and it was from New Jersey that he went to the convention which framed the Declaration of Independence. As a delegate to Congress we find him writing to his brother-in-law, Doctor Coale, July 31, 1776:

"Our Troops are hearty, eager for ac-

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tion and full of Spirits—animated, I verily believe, by the True Spirit of Patriotism. When men of Fortune turn common souldiers to fight for their Liberties against the Hand of Oppression, success I [know] must attend their honest efforts."

It is to another brother-in-law, however, that his most striking letters were written. Hopkinson had graduated from the College of Philadelphia in 1757, and in his class were John Morgan, who married Mary Hopkinson, and Jacob Duché, who married her sister Elizabeth. Duché became the first chaplain of Congress, but his timid soul lost courage, and in the dark days of 1777 he wrote from Philadelphia, where Howe had gone into winter quarters, urging Washington to abandon the Colonial cause and "negotiate for your country at the head of your army."

In the old volume of letters still in the possession of the Hopkinsons, this epistle of treason, copied by Francis Hopkinson, opens a correspondence in which a family tragedy is linked with the history of the nation. Next to it lies a note from Hopkinson to Washington, enclosing a stinging letter to his classmate and brother-in-law, which he asks Washington to forward to Philadelphia. The first is here printed with all its erasures:

Bordentown, 14th Nov. 1777.

SIR.

The Intimacy of my Connection with Mr. Duché renders all Assurances unnecessary that the Letter addressed by him to your Excellency on the 8th of October last gives me the greatest Concern. I flatter myself some undue Means have been used to induce him to write such a Letter—so incompatible with the aimiable Character he has ever maintained and so fatal to his Reputation. I could not forbear communicating some of my sentiments to him on this Occasion. These I might probably have been able to convey to him by secret means, but did not chuse to incur [?] the Imputation of a clandestine Correspondence. I have therefore taken the Liberty to send the Enclosed letter to you for your Perusal. Resting it entirely on your better Judgment to cause it to [be] forwarded or not. I hope your Excellency will pardon my giving you this Trouble. The occasion is ~~And~~ a very ~~serious~~ interesting one to me. My ~~I think~~ Friendship for Mr. Duché calls upon me to do all I can to warn him against the ~~such an~~ fatal consequences of his ill advised Step—that he may if possible do something to avert them before it is too late.

I am Sir

With the ~~most sincere Regards~~ warmest Wishes of my Heart for your Welfare.

Your sincere friend
and very humble servt
FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

His Excellency, Genl. Washington.

The writing, at times almost incoherent with his emotion, proves this manuscript to have been the first draft, from which a fair copy went to Washington. The handwriting of the letter to Duché is firmer, for in it Hopkinson wrote the vigorous prose of which he was so capable, in a style unexcelled in the Colonies, except perhaps by Franklin. Even a few extracts reveal the patriot, but pre-eminently it is the letter of a gentleman who scorns the coward who would save everything but honor.

Bordentown, 14 November, 1777.

DEAR BROTHER,

A letter signed with your Name, dated at Philada, on the 8th of October, and addressed to his Excellency General Washington, is handed about the Country. . . . Words cannot express the Grief and Consternation that wounded my Soul at the Sight of this fatal Performance. What Infatuation could influence you to offer to his Excellency an Address filled with gross Misrepresentation, illiberal Abuse, and Sentiments unworthy of a Man of Character? . . .

Consider its Contents with an impartial Eye, and reflect on the Ideas it will naturally raise in the Minds of the Multitude. You will then find, that by a vain and weak Effort you have attempted the Integrity of one, whose Virtue is impregnable to the Assaults of Fear or Flattery, whose Judgment needed not your Infor-

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mation, and who, I am sure, would have resigned his Charge the Moment he found it likely to lead him out of the Paths of Virtue and Honour. You will find that you have drawn upon you the Resentment of Congress, the Resentment of the Army, the Resentment of many worthy and noble Characters in England, whom you know not, and the Resentment of your insulted Country. . . .

You presumptuously advise our worthy General, on whom Millions depend with implicit Confidence, to abandon their dearest Hopes, and with or without the Consent of his Constituents, *negotiate for America at the Head of his Army.*

Would not the Blood of the Slain in Battle rise against such Perfidy? And with whom would you have him negotiate? Are they not those, who, without the Sanction of any civil, moral, or religious Right, have come three thousand Miles to destroy our Peace and Property, to lay Waste *your* native Country with Fire and Sword, and cruelly murder its Inhabitants? . . . The whole force of the Reasoning contained in your Letter tends to this point; that Virtue and Honour require us to stand by Truth, as long as it can be done with Safety, but that her Cause may be abandoned on the Approach of Danger; or, in other Words, that the Justice of the American Cause ought to be squared by the Success of her Arms. . . .

For my own Part, I have well considered the Principles on which I took Part with my Country, and am determined to abide by them to the last Extremity. I beg my Love to my good Mother, and my affectionate Sisters, I often think of them with great Pain and Anxiety, lest they should suffer from the Want of those necessary Supplies, that are now cut off. . . . Tell them I have had a Daughter added to my Family since I left Philad[a].

Washington's acknowledgment, which has never been printed correctly from the original, reveals the wise caution of the man who wrote, according to the compilation of Dr. James H. Penniman, nine thousand letters during the period of the Revolution, and apparently never made a mistake:

Head Quarters, 21 November, 1777.

SIR,

I am favoured with yours of the 14th inst., inclosing a letter for the Rev. Mr. Duché. I will endeavor to forward it to him, but I imagine it will never be permitted to reach his Hands. I confess to you, that I was not more surprised than concerned, at receiving so extraordinary a letter from Mr. Duché, of whom I had entertained the most favorable opinion, and I am still willing to suppose, that it was rather dictated by his fears than by his real Sentiments; but I very much doubt whether the great numbers of respectable characters, in the State and the Army, on whom he has bestowed the most unprovoked and unmerited abuse, will ever attribute it to the same cause, or forgive the Man, who has artfully endeavored to engage me to sacrafice them to purchase my own Safety.

I never intended to make the letter more public, than by laying it before Congress. I thought this a duty, which I owed to myself; for, had any accident have happened to the Army entrusted to my command, and it had ever afterwards have appeared, that such a letter had been wrote to and received by me, might it not have been said, that I had in consequence of it betrayed my country? And would not such a correspondence, if kept a secret, have given good grounds for the suspicion? I thank you for your favorable sentiments, which you are pleased to express of me, and I hope no act of mine will ever induce you to alter them. I am, Sir,

Your most ob[t] servant,
G°. WASHINGTON.

It is an added touch of drama that Hopkinson's letter to his brother-in-law was never delivered, for Washington writes to Francis Hopkinson from Valley Forge, January 27, 1778:

"Having never found an opportunity of conveying the Letter, which you some time ago sent to me for Mr. Duché, by such a channel as I thought it would reach him, I return it to you again. The contents have not been made public."

Duché fled to England, where his eloquence gave him a charge, but among the most pathetic of the letters is his plea

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written June 5, 1783, to his old friend to use his influence in restoring him to his native land. He returned in 1790, broken in health, and died in 1794.

With John Morgan it was a different story. He became the first surgeon-general of the American army, and his letters, few in number, tell graphically of the discouragement of insufficient supplies, but also of his unfailing courage:

New York, September 4, 1776.

DR. BROTHER

You know our Troops retreated last week from Long Island—since that from Red Hook & Governors Island: and the Men of War now lie off the point of the latter. It is in their power now to set fire to N. York whenever they please, but they have not fired a single cannon or shell at it, imagining I suppose that they can get possession of it without, in which case it may serve them for winter Quarters. . . .

My Sentiments are firmly fixed that let the Issue of this Battle be ever so bloody, the loss of our men ever so great, America ought not to be discouraged, or even think of relinquishing the great object of persisting in the unalterable resolution of being Free and Independent. . . . America will gain more Experience in every Contest, & soon equal the British in Circumspection and Discipline which is all that is wanted and that at present is greatly wanted. . . . The militia is little better than a set of men accidentally jumbled together, who are under no command and are not to be trusted,—tho' they may be brave, a few cowards amongst such a Regiment will break it up. They are ignorant of the necessary steps to take care of themselves; and it requires one Campaign to give them any insight into Duty, so as to be the least useful.

The dark hours of John Morgan were cheered, however, by the letters which his wife, a lively lady and a facile writer, as befitted the sister of Francis Hopkinson, sent to her husband when she had an opportunity. When she could not reach him she wrote to her mother or sisters, and her letters paint a series of pictures of the period which show clearly that the social values of the Revolution were not neglected in the minds of the gentlewomen, at least. From Philadelphia, dated vaguely "June, 1775," she tells her sister Anne, in Baltimore:

"Last Thursday we had a grand review of all the three Batallions all dressed in their regimentals, the first in brown and buff, the 3rd. brown turned up with white; and the 2nd. in brown and red. You see I have not mentioned them in their order, but it would not be me if I had. Besides these their is four other uniforms, the Light Infantry to the 3rd. Batalion are dressed in green & with white lappels and white wast coats, breeches & stockens, smart caps and feathers—it is as compleat a companey as can be, all gentlemen and most of them young fellows and very handsome, my neighbour Cadwalider capten and my brother George Morgan first lieutenant,—their is another company all young Quakers, their uniform is light blue and turned up with white made exactly like the green,—then there is the rangers, Mr. Francis Capt. Their uniform is tanned shirts with a cape fringed. A belt round their wastes with a Tommy hawk sticking in it. Some of them paint their faces and stick painted feathers in their heads, in short their aim is to resemble Indians as much as possible. Lastly comes the light horse, Mr. Markoe their Captan, there is only five and twenty of them as yet but really they look exceedingly well. . . . What did not a *little* inspire them, was the presence of a great number of the genteelest people of the place among whom was collected the most pretty Girls I have seen this long time."

Mary Morgan carried her sense of the picturesque to the camp at Cambridge, Mass., where Washington's army was besieging Boston. On November 29, 1775, she describes to her mother a scene which reveals a moment of relaxation among the sterner cares of war, and touches with a personal note a soldier who to the present century is simply the man who beat Burgoyne:

Camp at Cambridge
Nov. 29, 1779 [error for 1775]

Since I have begun this letter I have had the honnour of a Visit from 4 Gen-

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erals, Gen. Washington, Gen. Gates, Gen. Putnam and Gen Lee. While they were here a very interesting scene happened. Their arrived an express of a brig being taken belonging to the Enemy by one of our Vessels. It is a valuable prize as it was loaded with arms and ammunition. What delighted me exceedingly was seeing the pleasure which shone in every Countenance, particularly Gen. Gates. He was in an extacy, and as Gen. Washington was reading the Invoice there was scarce an article that he did not comment on and that with so much warmth as diverted everyone present.

The usual vision of the Revolution as a constant scene of conflict and suffering may be modified also by her note of December 31, 1775, in which she tells Mrs. Hopkinson: "You can have no conception how agreeably we pass our time here. This is Sunday evening and we have never dined at home but once since last Friday week and then we had Company. We generally dine once or twice a week at headquarters. I find the Ladies very agreeable, we are a great deal together and have been upon several parties of pleasure."

Mary Morgan evidently "liked lads best" for she laments in April, 1776, that "the removal of the Camp to New York has made Cambridge as Stupid and Dull as it had been lively and agreeable all winter,—think what a change there must have taken place—not long since there was several thousand men here and now there is not a single Company remaining."

But the dark days were to come. On September 29, 1776, she writes to Doctor Morgan from Philadelphia: "Everybody here seems greatly dispirited about our public affairs, one post after another being in the possession of the enemy is very discouraging, I am frightened to think how near them you are but even seven miles apart. One comfort is you have the country before you, but how can you retreat with an hospital of sick,—let not the enemy being so near discourage your sending for me. I am very desirous of going to you let it be where it will, I can get out of the way anytime and only wait your permission to set out, as for readiness I am always ready."

The later letters show the courage with which she met the dangers that were coming. The correspondence of those days was in a sense an adventure. On March 4, 1777, she begins her letter from Baltimore to Doctor Morgan: "My dearest Best Love: Uncertain whether you will ever receive this nor indeed where to direct it to you," and sends it by Mrs. Washington, who naturally had the best means of transmission.

It is this touch of human strength and weakness which makes the letter-writing so appealing. Even the glow of patriotism could not prevent the sense of injustice from rising in the souls of those whom the favoritism of Congress kept down. Hopkinson, as delegate from New Jersey, had to listen to an appeal from Lieutenant-Colonel Shreve, of the "Second New Jersey," denouncing the method of making appointments and remarking with vigor if not with complete rhetorical accuracy:

"Sir we are Astonished to think Major Wood is preferred to a Regiment over the head of Lt Col. Evan . . . he had Done Little or no Duty in the Army, had the command of the Battoes [sic] at Three Rivers, and saved them. This might be Done through fear more than good conduct. However he scratched his Leg, Run Down to Congress, made a good Story and got a Regt. This is too often the Case."

The very informality of these letters constitutes much of their charm. Their writers had no urgent desire for publication. Henry Laurens, president of Congress, writes from York, Pennsylvania, where that dignified body had fled, telling Hopkinson, who was in Baltimore, the story of Lafayette's first independent command, at Barren Hill, when he evaded General Clinton's well planned attempt at his capture. So confident was Clinton that the young Frenchman would be secured that he issued invitations to an entertainment the next day in Philadelphia "to meet the Marquis de La Fayette." But on that next day Lafayette was safe at Valley Forge.

CAUTION

The Marquis de la fayette having been detached from the Main Army with

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2100 picked men and selected officers —aided by 45 Indians and about ten Frenchmen [in] the Indian corps, proceeded on the 19 May toward Philadelphia to observe the motions of the Enemy and to make such advantages as circumstances should throw in his way.

On the 20th a proper chain of Guards and Sentries were posted to avoid surprize but however vigilant these were, the Enemy having received intelligence of the Marquis's motions by some means unknown to us, probably, from those worse than common enemies, the Tories, marched out in large force supposed to be at least 6000—about Midnight, and by a circuitous course passed beyond the Marquis's detachment and then divided by different routs in order to surround the American Troops—it then became necessary for the Marquis to Retreat—the Retreat was executed in most admirable order in presence of the Enemy's advanced partees of Horse. General Clinton, who it is said commanded the British was so effectually deceived by the Retreat he judged it was an attempt to draw him into a Snare. This is the only apology to be made for the Commander whoever he was. The loss on our side was three Men killed and four Prisoners. The Enemy lost 2 Horsemen killed and six or eight wounded. When the Indians had discharged their fire upon the light Horse they set up the War Whoop and according to their custom scampered off —the British light Horse men terrified by the yelling of the Indians fled precipitantly the other way—the Indians picked up several of their Cloaks and converted them into Boots.

The Marquis's retreat has done him more honor than he would have gain'd by a drawn battle or slight victory.

Citizens are every day Stealing out of the City and deserters from the Enemy come into Camp in great Numbers—appearances of an intention on the part of the Enemy to evacuate Philadelphia continue and indeed grow stronger, but we know General Washington never trusts appearances—his Army is in fine order and gaining strength every day.

If Mr. Hopkinson thinks the above which is a collection of facts will afford information and satisfaction to the good people in Maryland he is at liberty to give a Copy to the Printer—but not this writing nor the writers name—it may be stiled 'extract of a Letter from York, 27 May'—but no more—the Writer loves to please his friend and hates authorship.

These letters, lying in their repose of a century and a half, served their immediate purpose. But it was not to be expected that a man with so keen a creative sense as Hopkinson should confine his communications to his own circle. His clever allegory, "A Pretty Story," published as the First Continental Congress began its sessions, cleared the air through its representation of the treatment of the Colonies by the King. His ballads, like "The Battle of the Kegs," were also well known. Like the verse of Freneau and Trumbull and many others, they inspired the Colonial armies to effort. But they did something else of equal value. The greatest asset which the British armies possessed at the beginning of the conflict, was the reputation of unbroken victory. How could the rebels dare to face the veterans of the Continental wars? So thought for a time the Colonials themselves, but men do not fear those at whom they laugh. The Colonists, too, had been brought up to be proud of the name of Englishmen, and many looked across the sea with reverence not only for the institutions of the Empire but also for the English nation. Hopkinson, unlike Freneau and Mercy Warren, had been abroad and knew the futility of such an attitude if independence were to be won. So he set himself to the task of undermining this unwarranted respect, and he chose the satiric method which proceeds by an imaginary correspondence. In his "Letters Written by a Foreigner, on the Character of the English Nation," he drew a picture which is redolent of reality:

"A manufacturer has been brought up a maker of pin-heads: He has been at this business forty years, and of course makes pin-heads with great dexterity; but he cannot make a whole pin for his life. He thinks it is the perfection of human nature to make pin-heads. He leaves other matters to inferior abilities. It is enough for him, that he believes in the Athanasian Creed, reverences the

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splendor of the court, and makes pin-heads. This he conceives to be the sum-total of religion, politics, and trade. He is sure that London is the finest city in the world; blackfriars bridge the most superb of all possible bridges; and the river Thames, the largest river in [the] universe. It is in vain to tell him that there are many rivers in America, in comparison of which the Thames is but a ditch; that there are single provinces there larger than all England; and that the colonies, formerly belonging to Great-Britain, now independant states, are vastly more extensive than England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, taken all together—He cannot conceive this. He goes into his best parlour, and looks on a map of England, four feet square; on the other side of the room he sees a map of North and South America, not more than two feet square, and exclaims—How can these things be!—It is altogether impossible! . . . Talk to him of the British constitution, he will tell you it is a glorious constitution—Ask him what it is, and he is ignorant of its first principles; but he is sure that he can make and sell pin-heads under it. Mention the freedom of elections, and he will tell [you] that he does not meddle in these matters; that he lives in a borough; and that it is impossible but that squire Goose-Cap must represent that borough in parliament—because Squire Goose-Cap is acquainted with the prime minister, and his Lady comes every Sunday to the parish church in a brocaded gown; and sits in a pew lined with green cloth—How then can it be otherwise—but these are things in which he is not concerned. He believes in the Athanasian Creed, honours the king, and makes pin-heads—and what more can be expected of man?"

Surely the reader of this passage could draw his own inference concerning the intelligence, represented by Lord North, which ruled this citizen. Of vital importance to us also in our contest for independence was the attitude of the opponents of the English Government. One of the greatest letter-writers in history, Benjamin Franklin, set himself to the task of winning the Continent to our side, and his communications, anonymous, but clearly in his manner, roused the resentment of France against British methods and made his task of raising money less difficult. Probably no better occasion for his satire could have been selected than the defeat of the Hessians at Trenton. He framed in consequence a letter supposed to be written by the German prince who sold his own subjects to George the Third to fight against the Colonists. The beginning of the letter will indicate the way in which a great psychologist indicated the mental processes of a petty ruler of the late eighteenth century:

From the Count De Schaumbergh to the Baron Hohendorf, commanding the Hessian Troops in America.

Rome, 18 February, 1777.

MONSIEUR LE BARON:—On my return from Naples, I received at Rome your letter of the 27th December of last year. I have learned with unspeakable pleasure the courage our troops exhibited at Trenton, and you cannot imagine my joy on being told that of the 1,950 Hessians engaged in the fight, but 345 escaped. There were just 1,605 men killed, and I cannot sufficiently commend your prudence in sending an exact list of the dead to my minister in London. This precaution was the more necessary, as the report sent to the English ministry does not give but 1,455 dead. This would make 483,450 florins instead of the 643,500 which I am entitled to demand under our convention. . . .

The court of London objects that there were a hundred wounded who ought not to be included in the list nor paid for as dead; but I trust you will not overlook my instructions to you on quitting Cassel, and that you will not have tried by human succor to recall to life the unfortunates whose days could not be lengthened but by the loss of a leg or an arm. That would be making them a pernicious present, and I am sure they would rather die than live in a condition no longer fit for my service. . . .

I am about to send you some new recruits. Don't economize them. Remember glory before all things. Glory is true wealth. There is nothing degrades the soldier like the love of money. . . . Do you remember that of the 300 Lacedæ-

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monians who defended the defile of Thermopylæ, not one returned? How happy should I be could I say the same of my brave Hessians!

Letters, of course, form only one phase of the literature of independence. And yet in a sense nearly all the documents of the time were written by their authors as messages, direct or indirect. Paine's "Common Sense" was a direct appeal to his adopted country to see the reasoning which was to him "as straight and clear as a ray of light." From "The Crisis, No. I," beginning with "These are the times that try men's souls," to "The Crisis, No. XIII," with its valedictory, "The times that tried men's souls are over," the spirit is that of the epistle. When Mercy Warren, of Massachusetts, wrote "The Adulateur" or "The Group," she knew they would never see the stage. When Colonel Munford, of Virginia, framed his play "The Patriots," his message was to the thousands of readers who, like him, were doubtful which way their duty lay. The Declaration of Independence is itself a letter to the world.

Perhaps the best celebration of this anniversary of 1776 would be a return to the tonic words of those who dared in those doubtful days to say what they thought, and to act upon their inspiration. It is not rancor that will result; it is a true understanding of a movement that began slowly, took years of patient welding of thirteen separate colonies into a nation, then, after every just means had been tried, led to a solemn decision and an appeal to arms. Its interest is not merely that of a record of a bygone time. It affords to us an opportunity to fortify ourselves for the future through the spirit of those who, in spite of disaster and of treason, never allowed themselves to despair of the Republic.

Rubber-Stamp Parole

ITS EFFECT ON CRIME

BY BOYDEN SPARKES

THE ghastly failure of the convict parole system in most of the United States is just one of the facets that reflect the lack of governing capacity in a people who don't vote and yet are supposed to rule themselves through the ballot-box.

The real failures are not the spoiled, and frequently vicious, children who through rubber-stamped, automatic paroles gain another chance to get themselves into trouble in a topsy-turvy society where none but the feeble-minded is quite sure any more of what is right and what is wrong. The real failures are the selfish, short-sighted ladies and gentlemen who are pleased to sit on parole boards, draw their salaries or accept other emoluments, including flattery in what should be nauseating doses. They are failures because they are mendacious in their defense of the things they are doing, and also because they vainly cling to their posts in the face of what must be for most of them certain knowledge that they are totally lacking in equipment for their jobs.

Because they—most of them, that is—are utterly without the highly specialized training necessary for any one who might hope to act intelligently in such positions there is, and justly, strength behind a powerful and growing movement to abolish the parole and indeterminate-sentence system.

As evidence of this strength there is the recent report of a joint committee of the New York Legislature made after a year's inquiry directed mainly into the growth

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of crime. This report contained among other recommendations one designed to put a curb on the power of the State parole board by limiting the portion of a first offender's sentence over which it would have authority to exercise leniency. The report urged that the minimum term of imprisonment under an indeterminate sentence be made two-thirds instead of one-half of the maximum imposed by the trial judge.

A great deal of unfavorable criticism of the parole system made by witnesses appearing before the committee was crystallized in the report as a recommendation that sentences imposed by the trial court be carried out as imposed. The judge, the committee held, is in possession of all the facts and under the circumstances is better fitted to fix a penalty that shall be proper and adequate than any other agency that could be devised.

The intention of those who wrote the parole and indeterminate-sentence laws on the statute-books of most of the United States was to provide for felons, as an incentive to reform their characters, a chance to earn an earlier release from prison. It was a good intention.

Since 1877, which was the year the first of such laws became a part of the penal code of New York and established a pattern in contrast with the old idea of determinate sentences, we have travelled a long and devious route to the present, which is very nearly the uttermost in leniency. Paroles and indeterminate sentences grew into fashion with penologists, those most inexact of scientists, until today in most of the States paroles are granted to convicts as if they were a matter of right upon the expiration of their minimum sentences. The result is that nearly every State prison in the country is spewing almost the total of its ill-flavored human contents back into the free communities of the country three times over within a span of time that is said to average, on the basis of New York's experience, about ten years.

It is pretty generally agreed that to carry out the design of the idea behind indeterminate sentences and paroles, prisons would have to be transformed into character-building institutions, with all the cunning appliances of science for testing the purpose and capacity of a prisoner to lead a life in harmony with the majority.

If there are any such prisons in the United States their location is a government secret, but most of the States, without waiting for the creation of such institutions, have adopted the parole idea.

In Pennsylvania a prisoner may be paroled from the penitentiary at the expiration of his minimum sentence, which may not be longer than half the maximum prescribed by law.

In Delaware, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine, Michigan, and some other States a prisoner may be paroled after having served one-half the maximum sentence. In New York, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin this is further reduced by a good-time allowance.

In Maryland and the District of Columbia a prisoner may be paroled after serving one-third of the sentence imposed. This also applies to federal prisoners.

In California a prisoner becomes eligible for parole after serving one or two years of his sentence.

In Iowa and Minnesota a prisoner may be paroled at any time after commitment to prison.

In something like half the States there is a statutory minimum for each crime, which the courts may not alter, and which rarely exceeds one or two years.

As the line on the graphic chart illustrating that decrease in penalties has been dropping lower and lower, that which describes the volume of crime has been rising higher and higher. These two facts most certainly seem to bear a direct relation to each other. There is not an exact balance between crime and punishment; yet there are facts which strongly support the contention of many experienced judges, prosecuting attorneys, and police officials that swift and easy egress from prison has emboldened rogues of every type.

In Missouri, where sentences of ninety-nine years are sometimes spoken by judges, a recent crime survey made there under the direction of the Missouri Association for Criminal Justice showed that a ninety-nine-year sentence meant in practice 11.19 years of service. This same study revealed that a life sentence meant 10.89 years' service.

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Records examined in this same study showed that in a year ending in October, 1924, in St. Louis 13,444 crimes were reported, for which only 374 people were punished. When every criminal knows that his chance of apprehension is so slight and that, when all else has failed, the parole board is waiting to release him, it does not require narcotic drugs to steel his nerves.

The extent to which parole has become a rubber-stamped, automatic time credit given to all convicts regardless of their fitness for freedom is illustrated by the records of two of the largest prisons in the United States, Sing Sing in New York and Eastern Penitentiary in Pennsylvania. At Sing Sing until the last few months, when there was a tightening in response to public clamor, 90 per cent of the convicts had been getting parole on their first application, and these, of course, were filed at the expiration of their minimum sentences, less compensation, less time served in jail while awaiting trial.

At Eastern Penitentiary for the year 1923 97½ per cent of the convicts were paroled on their first application. Those who were held were men who had gotten into trouble in the prison, convicts who had offended against prison discipline.

How many of these men had reformed their characters? How many of them had experienced complete moral turnovers? How does the average parole board set about to discover this obscure fact?

New York's State parole board is made up of three men. Two of these three board members are paid $3,500 annually for about thirty days' work. The third is the State superintendent of prisons. A study of the methods of this board last year showed that the time actually spent by them in consideration and disposition of each case was less than five minutes. Burglars, pay-roll bandits, automobile thieves, killers, all passed in a hasty review before this board, and out of every hundred they released more than ninety.

Probably in no field are persons more given to the habit of making dogmatic assertions that are based on the baldest kind of guesswork. As an example of this, consider the boast made something over a year ago by Mr. George W. Benham, the chairman of the board of parole of New York. Mr. Benham's audience was the Association of Grand Jurors of New York County, for the most part business men who could muster startling insurance costs to confute any one who might attempt to tell them that the increase in crime was but in proportion to the increase in population.

"We believe," declared Mr. Benham, speaking for the board of parole, "that it would be a great mistake to abolish a system [parole and indeterminate sentences] which has shown during nearly all the years of its existence over 80 per cent of its beneficiaries making good and in the last five or six years over 85 per cent having fulfilled the requirements, simply because some one not acquainted with the facts should find an error, as he thinks, has been made in one particular case."

Not even Mr. Benham can know how wrong he is when he says that over 80 per cent of the beneficiaries of the parole laws are making good. The fact is that there exist no authentic data on which to base such a statement, but it is easy to demonstrate that Mr. Benham is highly inaccurate.

A few years ago an investigator studied the records of the Massachusetts board of parole on the Concord Reformatory, examining about 700 cases during the period from 1916 to 1920. Remembering that Massachusetts is credited with having the best parole board in the country, his findings were amazing and depressing.

The investigator found that 50 per cent of those paroled were failures and had to be returned. Most of them were returned by the courts for new crimes, which is a good deal worse for the case of parole than if the returns were due to the complaints of parole agents.

Here is another rule of measurement that may be applied:

About a year ago a study was completed in another State of the working of probation, which is confused in the minds of many people with parole. This study never has been published because of objections raised by persons and organizations sponsoring probation. "Both probation and parole," says Louis N. Robinson in his book, "Penology in the United States," "rely on the prison to do what

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they cannot do, prison treatment following a failure of probation and preceding a trial of parole. Probation and parole, therefore, mean the same kind of treatment, but parole is the name applied to it if the criminal has first been given a course of sprouts in an institution; probation if the criminal is subjected to it immediately on conviction."

If anything, a man or woman placed on probation would seem to have a better chance of making good than one who had been dyed with the most disfiguring stain that society can inflict, and yet the study referred to, made by trained investigators committed to no conclusions and not engaged in probation work, revealed a startling proportion of failures. Those who sponsored this inquiry accepted the proposition that a period of at least five years after probationary care had ceased offered a proper test of whether probationary care had succeeded and the probationers had made good.

Working on that basis a study was made of 440 cases, and at its conclusion 185 (42 per cent) were judged satisfactory; 117 (26.5 per cent) unsatisfactory; 56 (12.7 per cent) uncertain. With respect to the remaining 82 (18.6 per cent), it was held impossible to reach a judgment either because the probationer was not found or for want of sufficient information.

The thoroughness and efficiency with which that inquiry was made would make it difficult to attack. The complete study never has been published because some of the individuals and organizations committed to the cause of probation cannot view their work other than emotionally. They believe publication of the report would hurt their cause! They prefer to think of the 42 per cent who are satisfactory, and with their eyes focussed on that group and their subscription lists, they are unable to see how such a poor showing is contributing to that situation which is well called the great American scandal.

Parole boards often behave as they do in their jobs in response to stimuli that are unquestionably powerful and compelling. We call it politics, but what we mean is organized human nature. Sometimes its pressure is applied over the telephone.

Doctor Katharine Bement Davis related an instance of it recently in recalling her years of service as head of New York's municipal parole commission, when she was commissioner of charities and correction, during the administration of Mayor Mitchel.

It was in the heat of the unsuccessful campaign to re-elect Mitchel, something that lay mighty close to the heart of Doctor Davis.

A secretary informed her that a certain district leader of Brooklyn desired to speak to her over the telephone. He was suave; very courteous. He wished to know if the commissioner was familiar with the case of a prisoner on Blackwell's Island. She was. Was there anything that could be done about arranging for the man's release in view of the broad powers held by the municipal parole commission? The man's offense, his character, and every circumstance connected with the case, she replied, militated against parole. Then the politician spoke more earnestly:

"Really, commissioner, that's too bad, because if you could see your way clear to release this man it would mean 100 votes for Mitchel. This fellow has a lot of friends."

"The man must serve his sentence," retorted Doctor Davis, and then she heard the phone click in a fashion that was neither suave nor courteous.

"That," she told me recently, "was decidedly the rawest effort of that sort I can remember, but the pressure of politicians was always there, feeling for a weak spot through which to guide some prisoner to liberty."

No woman, and probably no single person, in the country had more to do with the advance of parole legislation in this country than Doctor Davis. Yet she is whole-heartedly out of sympathy with the dangerously lax and mawkishly sentimental administration of the patchwork parole laws we now have. Doctor Davis can recite absorbing anecdotes about paroled men who became doctors, or lawyers, or just self-supporting citizens, and about women who fought still harder fights and became what for want of a better word we call respectable. But these stirring examples have not blinded

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her to the horrible things that have occurred through the senseless application of the sound principle of parole to unworthy individuals.

That paroled convict from an Iowa prison, the one the newspaper headlines called the Omaha sniper, whose diseased brain formulated the idea that it would be more satisfying to shoot down men and women instead of, as in the crime which first got him into prison, shooting live stock in farm pastures, is just as much a symbol of present-day parole as the reformed convict who becomes a large-souled missionary. But if you should say "Omaha sniper" to, let us say, one of the more tearful reformers, he would give you a hurt look and tell you how impossible it was to hope for you to understand.

Leave him and go visit with some other partisan of the treat-the-boys-like-members-of-the-club school of prison reform. Call his attention to Steve Novak, who confessed recently to the Chicago police that he was the leader of a band of three burglars that made a business of ransacking houses and binding and gagging women and children when such action was helpful to success in robbery. Steve's record seems germane here. He went to Joliet Prison March 5, 1917, for robbery. He was paroled not long afterward. On January 5, 1920, he was delivered back to the prison. But there was nothing final about it, in spite of the effort behind his recapture and commitment. Steve was released. For a robbery that was a violation of his parole he was sent back again February 29, 1924, but he was reparoled promptly, and almost as promptly the police rounded him up again for robbery, as usual, so that July 2, 1924, found Steve entering Joliet once more. That time he stayed almost a year; but as soon as he was released he returned to his old trade of housebreaking.

"But," protests Henry A. Higgins, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association, "you expect a parole board to be prescient. You are not satisfied that it uses an imperfect human judgment in examining men's fitness for freedom. You demand that the parole official be clairvoyant and that he make no mistake. Let him make one serious mistake and you forget all the preceding wisdom and judgment with which he has performed his work."

It is only fair to say here that whenever parole is discussed the Massachusetts parole board is credited with displaying a higher quality of judgment than any other similar body in the country. In Massachusetts parole has its best foot forward, but there, as elsewhere, exists a witless inclination to treat the problem as if the reform of the convict was of more importance than the protection of society.

There, as elsewhere, an attempt is made to question the logic of the contention that it is best to make many convicts suffer severe penalties for the sake of the effect on other men with criminal tendencies. The school-teacher, the ship captain, the top sergeant all know that groups of unruly humanity may be kept in order by punishing offenders. They know also that failure to punish a single offender against discipline has a demoralizing influence, which increases offenders by a staggering ratio. The members of parole boards and prison reformers generally are singularly blind to the effect their leniency has on men with low breaking-points. They cannot be induced to consider the powerful leverage there is for right doing in the multitude's fear of consequences.

Steve Novak's acquaintances are probably far more inclined to accept him as an authority on parole than anybody else you could name to them. If Steve can get away with so much, why should they be timid? Multiply the number of acquaintances of Steve Novak by the sum of all the paroled convicts in the United States, and your total represents an army of sufficient size to make all the policemen, all the prosecutors, and all the judges of the country totally inadequate to deal with the volume of crime.

The theory of parole is as sound as it ever was; but the theory is about a thousand light-years ahead of prevailing practice.

The theory propounded by those who urged the passage of the parole and indeterminate-sentence laws by the various legislatures was that it should apply to first offenders. In New York, for example, only first offenders are subject to parole. Here we pop down a rabbit-hole

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into a wonderland that makes all of the weird experiences of Alice seem by contrast quite wide-awake and rational. What is a first offender?

Doctor George W. Kirchwey, once warden of Sing Sing Prison, told me recently that one of his wards at that institution, who had been committed as a first offender, told him humorously that actually he was serving his fifth prison sentence. He had been in two Western penitentiaries and had served two other sentences in Europe before he arrived in America. He knew his admission would not compromise his hope of parole at the expiration of his minimum sentence. The majority of first offenders, within the existing legal meaning of the term, are men who had been in troublous contact with the law again and again before the indictment which resulted in their trial and conviction as "first offenders."

Lacking a complete library of finger-prints of the convicted criminals of the country, it is obviously impossible in many cases for prosecuting officials to know much about the past lives of the men they prosecute. These may be graduates of half a dozen prisons, but if they can conceal that fact they go away to prison comforted by the knowledge that in the eyes of the State parole board they will be first offenders, to be freed at the earliest possible moment.

In theory parole was offered as an incentive to reform character. In practice this tremendous boon is offered as a reward for obeying prison rules, or to clear out a crowded prison to make room for more prisoners.

It was explained in Washington last July that, owing to crowded conditions in the federal penitentiaries in Atlanta, Leavenworth, and McNeill's Island, Department of Justice officials were working on paroles, probably far into the night, for the purpose of making room for new prisoners. Convicts serving sentences of a year and who ordinarily could not hope for release on parole under six months were being freed on parole in four months; others serving longer sentences were dealt with on the same basis of two-thirds off.

The question of economy runs all through this parole scandal as a leit motif. In those States where the parole power is vested in the board of managers of the institution, whether it be a correctional school or an insane asylum, these boards are constantly yielding to the temptation to avoid deficits and make good paper financial records by sending vicious or witless inmates back into the towns and cities on (abused word) parole. It means word of honor; and there surely is a ludicrous flavor in the spectacle of 45 of 48 States sending surplus lunatics back into the streets on their words of honor not to be lunatics any more, nor indulge in insane fancies. If there could be a more insane fancy than this, please name it.

Doctor Menas S. Gregory, of Bellevue Hospital, New York, after studying the practice, said: "The parole of the insane, as is the case with prison parole, is subject to grave abuses."

In the opinion of leading psychiatrists at least 40 per cent of the men who are sent to prison should never be released for their own sakes, as well as the sake of society. Doctor Bernard Glueck, who was placed at the head of a psychiatric clinic that was established at Sing Sing during the wardenship of Doctor Kirchwey, was persuaded by his studies that society would be benefited if an even larger percentage of the convicts there could be permanently segregated from that part of mankind which is outside prison walls. Under existing laws we may not be able to do this, but at least we could confine them during the most troublesome period of their lives. Doctor Glueck found that about 12 per cent of the inmates of Sing Sing were insane to a degree that made them a perpetual menace.

Another 18 per cent he classified as psychopathic personalities, dangerous psychopaths.

Doctor Glueck also found 28½ per cent of feeble-mindedness among the inmates of Sing Sing—weak minds turned vicious.

Nearly all of these were and are manifestly unfit for a free existence, yet eleven times a year the parole board meets at Sing Sing and rubber-stamps the papers that release many of these convicts from the prison promptly at the expiration of their minimum sentences. From Sing Sing the parole board members travel to Auburn, to Great Meadow, to Clinton, and the State Prison for Women, stopping

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at each prison to grant more paroles. And they have their counterparts in most of the other States.

The man kept beyond time is far more apt to repeat crime than he would if allowed to go at the time fixed by the courts, say parole commissioners everywhere, by way of excusing their practices.

What is more nearly the truth is that every time they hold a man half an hour longer than the earliest moment he may be legally paroled, they begin to feel political pressure.

"All who are in prison," Mr. Higgins, of Massachusetts, has testified, "from the most dangerous criminals to the most inoffensive drunks, have friends who seek their release. Thus to the grave responsibility of considering parole in regular order under rules, the board has the added burden of daily pressure brought to bear upon it to make releases either prematurely or in unworthy cases. From my experience I should say that at least 90 per cent of the requests made upon the board are of this nature and are, of course, refused. In such a bulk of refusals enemies are made by the board. Many of these displeased pleaders are politically and otherwise influential. It requires courage and a deep sense of duty to refuse them."

A pertinent question here would be whether a lack of such courage and sense of duty results in rubber-stamp parole.

"If 50 per cent of those paroled are a success, isn't that a great satisfaction?" asks Mr. Higgins. "If this success is not satisfactory to you, then, I ask, what do you expect of your parole officials?"

"You would not, of course, expect a piece of official legerdemain by which a criminal, habitual or accidental, is converted into a saint. No such magic is visible in any other process of dealing with the criminal, so why expect the miraculous from the parole official?"

If that quite amazing contentment with a fifty-fifty failure-success is expressed by Mr. Higgins, one of the cautious prison reformers, what are we to expect from those parole-board members who are no more than average vain and soft-hearted products of political machines?

Some parole-board members excuse their failures by attributing to parole agents lax methods of supervision of the convicts who have been given what is supposed to be a qualified liberty, but common sense would compel a board with a proper appreciation of its responsibilities to be sure before releasing a felon that adequate supervision and sympathetic watchfulness were certain to be applied. That this certainty is almost never present is but an added reason for defining the existing system as rubber-stamp parole.

In New York City and many other communities the parole custodians are not officials of the government. Usually they are poorly paid agents of organizations supported by one of the great religious faiths. Many of these agents are able to have any sort of contact with their wards only by keeping office hours and having the paroled convicts call there at stated intervals, generally periods of two weeks, when they question them as to how they are getting along at home and in their work. If by night some of the paroled men are indulging themselves with a little housebreaking or automobile-stealing or by offending against the laws in other ways for which they have a predilection, that is a matter that does not get into the vague statistics of parole agencies—unless the parole violator is caught by the police. If he is caught, usually he has a policeman to blame, rather than a parole agent. Parole agents are not detectives. They were not intended to be.

Louis S. Reingold, a parole custodian of New York State, working for a Jewish society devoted to the after-care of paroled men and women, argued recently that while a man is on parole he can and usually does earn a living for himself and his family, saving the State this burden. But this does not take account of the burden placed on the citizens of the State by the crimes against property committed by men who have escaped from prison within a fraction of the time they might have been held there.

Several recent glaring examples illustrate how tenuous is the hold of the States on men released on parole.

A few months ago a Brooklyn gangster named Leopoldo Lauritano returned from Sing Sing to his old haunts after serving part of a sentence he had received for a killing. Powerful influences had been at work in his behalf. Before he was pa-

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roled an indictment on which he had not been tried was dismissed.

Newspaper criticism provoked the interest of Governor Smith, who was informed by the state superintendent of prisons, James L. Long, who is also a member of the board of parole, that the board in his opinion could do nothing unless the man violated the terms of his parole.

Then there was Everett A. Hutchings, known in the past to police on the Pacific coast as "Big Hutch," King of the Bunco Men. He was an accomplished swindler. In 1920 he was extradited from New York to Los Angeles on the charge of grand larceny in a $50,000 stock-swindling operation. He was convicted in eight minutes and was sentenced to serve seven and a half years in San Quentin Prison.

Last August he was released on parole, and under its provisions he came to New York to work for a business organization that had offered him employment. A few months later the governor of California revoked his parole, but Hutchings refused to return to California. Governor Smith, of New York, signed a warrant of extradition, but this was set aside by a Supreme Court justice, who sustained a writ of habeas corpus, sued out by Hutchings, and ordered his release. The justice held that while there could be no doubt as to the right of California to revoke the man's parole, that State was powerless to force his extradition because it had not shown he was a fugitive from justice.

Clearly the men who get out on parole are not always held on a tether.

In some States when a paroled convict absconds, which is the word used to describe those men who disappear beyond the ken of the parole board or its agents, the disappearance is viewed philosophically.

"I have reason to believe," reported an Arizona parole officer, "that many of them have left the State and are not likely to be the cause of any further trouble or expense thereto."

Parole abuses are by no means the only source of comfort to criminals who find themselves in danger of conviction. First, there is the matter of easy bail with its attendant opportunity to intimidate witnesses. Then, too, there is always the chance to deal privately with the district attorney, to bargain with him as if the question of crime and punishment was something that concerned those two only. If the district attorney's calendar is crowded, if his witnesses are uncertain, if his case is in any way weak, he is usually glad to compromise. In the corridors of the criminal-courts buildings of the country and in the club-rooms of the crooks, in and out of prison, this is described as "copping a plea."

Under this arrangement a cold-blooded murderer sometimes pleads guilty to manslaughter; a gangster for intervening in a labor dispute with a black-jack may be given a chance to plead to second-degree assault instead of assault with attempt to kill; thieves of all kinds reduce the written amount of their penalty by this sort of dickering with prosecuting officials. Next there is probation; but where none of these or other avenues of escape from the full penalty are helpful, and where the criminal has no hope of evading his previous record of prison convictions, the law of many States requires that he be sentenced as a second offender.

The parole board in some States, like New York, has little to do with second offenders, and this fact is supposed to weigh deeply with first offenders who are invited to leave prison and turn over a new leaf as paroled convicts. As the law stands, the second offender frequently gets off with a lighter punishment than the supposedly less-hardened first offender.

As to this, crooks are sometimes better informed than judges.

There was a time when a twenty-year determinate sentence meant precisely twenty years, but to-day the laws are so complicated by amendments, jokers, and patches of one sort or another, that a judge needs an adding-machine and the advice of counsel before he can compute the length of time a man he is going to sentence shall serve.

"In 1891," I was told by Supreme Court Justice Harry Lewis, of Brooklyn, "for robbery in the first degree no judge could give a sentence of less than ten years. To-day a judge can suspend sentence. The limit in 1891 for that crime

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was twenty years. To-day the limit is not less than ten nor more than twenty years.

"In 1891 the only time deducted from a prison sentence was commutation for good behavior. Now, in addition, we have compensation, which means additional time off for work performed in prison. The result is that the robber who got a twenty-year sentence in 1891 and had to serve at least thirteen years and seven months, if brought up to-day and given a sentence precisely similar, knows that he will have to serve only seven years and six months. There you have it. Nowadays seven years and six months as against thirteen years and seven months then."

All other penalties among the two hundred in the State have been reduced in proportion. There has been a steady attrition, until words used in the criminal code to describe penalties have ceased to be a part of the English language. They have to be translated in order to be understood. The crooks understand; the public does not.

We have cut penalties in half, and then in many ways that would have been inconceivable a few years ago have managed to soften the effect of that atrophied penalty.

The question is, what are we going to do about it?

To abolish parole and thereby rob every convict of this incentive to reform would be a step backward in the direction of barbarity. What would seem to be a more logical effort would be to try to abolish parole boards as they are at present constituted.

Part-time bankers, hardware dealers, clergymen, musicians, philanthropists, or kind-hearted friends of the governor are not the sort of material to make the parole system work. There is no more reason to think they should be able to function in such places than to assume that they would make good judges of the Supreme Court. The work calls for specialists, whether or no they are called parole commissioners—men or women who can devote not merely eight hours a day to it, but who can, with intelligence, faith, and sincerity, give their lives to it. With such boards a distinction could be established and standards fixed for the scientific judging of human materials, instead of, as at present, simply serving as mills for undoing the work of the police, the prosecutors, and the courts. Given such boards, probably not more than 10 per cent of so-called first offenders would be released on parole on their first application; and many, because of their records, never would get parole. They would be held in prison until they had served their maximum sentences, which would mean, if there is any truth in the statistics of insurance actuaries, that there would be less mischief outside the walls of prison.

In short, what we must have, if we are to cope with crime, is parole boards that will think of themselves as adjuncts to the rest of our machinery for curbing crime instead of as good fairies or foreign missionaries.

Imperishable

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

ALONE in power, supreme in grace,
With the wings of an eagle, the voice of a dove,
Outlasting death, and time, and space—
Love.

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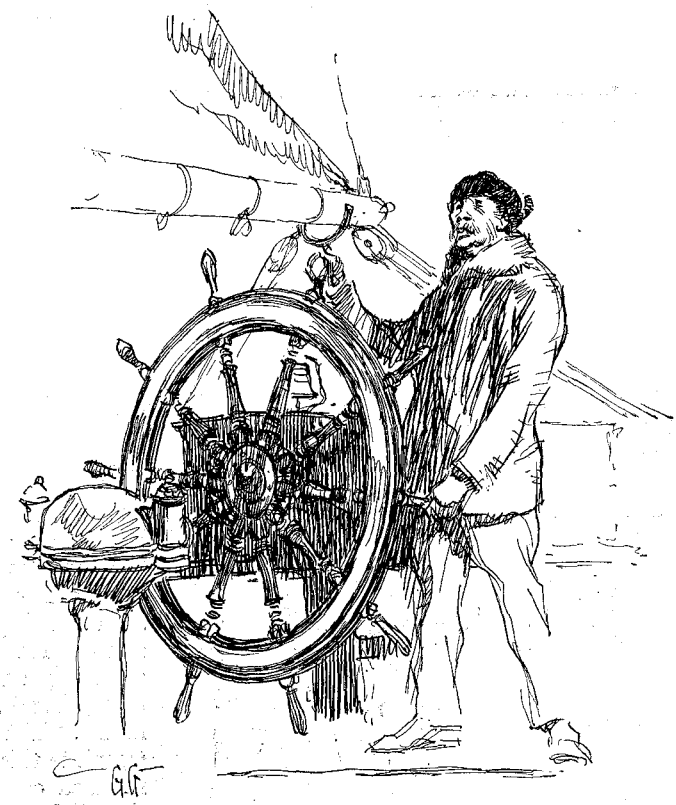

The Last of the Windjammers

BY GORDON GRANT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ALONG the coast of Alaska, from Cook Inlet to the Behring Sea, may be seen to-day the largest fleet in the world, yet pitifully small withal, of the old-time square-rigged ships which, not so many years ago, graced the seven seas.

As stricken animals crawl away to die as far as possible from their enemy, man, so this last remnant of the glory of the sea has retreated to the far northwestern boundary of the continent to breathe its last. The great salmon canneries that dot the coast of this vast fishing-ground have found a use for the ships that steam has driven from the great waterways of commerce. Fifty or more of these fine ships and barques are engaged in the industry. During the winter months they are overhauled in San Francisco Bay or Seattle, and in the months of April and May loaded with coal for power in the canneries, tin-plate and wood for the making of tins and cases, provisions for the army of workers, and trade goods for the natives and residents of Alaska.

Within a few weeks they have all squared away to the north to be gone until September or October. Their captains, officers, and crews are almost exclusively Norwegians, Danes, or Swedes, for these men must be more than good sailors. The man you see on the royal-yard, making or furling sail, will be, a few weeks later,

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hauling seine or gill nets; a trade they learned in the North Sea or the Baltic.

The author, who made a voyage round Cape Horn in the late "eighties," and recently returned from a passage from San Francisco to Chignik, Alaska, aboard one of these faded beauties, could not but draw comparisons between the ships of those times and these glorified fishing-craft.

Officers in smart uniforms then, with huge pride in their craft—meticulously careful of their ship's appearance, jealous lest some other ship look better under sail or at anchor, they frayed the soul and knees of many a sailor man with the holy-stoning of decks and the "spit and polish" of brass-work and white paint. It's a far cry from the yacht-like appearance of the crack wheat and tea ships to the craft of to-day, one and the same even though they be. Their once creamy decks black with smut and grease, the once gleaming brass-work hidden under many coats of brown paint, and the fine teak rails and panelled cabins, once glorious with inlay and varnish, crying aloud for the loving care once lavished upon them. Their present condition is no reflection on their present owners or officers. To-day they are fishing-vessels, nothing more. Their voyages are short, and nine months of the year they spend in port. Only the eye is offended—their gear is in perfect repair, and their hulls as good as on the day they were launched. Until a few years ago a number of fine old Yankee-built wooden ships were in commission, but the few that remain have grown too old for further service. But two or three remain, moored to disused wharves, with no one aboard save ghosts, or perhaps an aged mariner as ship-keeper. The rest have been junked, cut down to coal barges, or sold to the movie people, who will, no doubt, blow them up or set fire to them to make a five-reel thriller.

The present owners of one of the finest of the old-timers, the *Santa Clara*, built in Bath, Maine, in 1876, are planning a final voyage for her that has the true ring of romance: from San Francisco around the Horn.

It is strange to find to-day a corporation such as this great firm of ship-owners displaying anything savoring of imagination or sentiment. Yet they contemplate this in the well-founded conviction that she will be the last wooden sailing-ship that will ever round "Cape Stiff."

Sir Francis Drake steered a westward course—an eastward course will most fittingly close and seal the book.

The iron and steel ships, mostly Clyde built, are still sound, but every year sees one or more less. Gradually but surely they are being replaced by steamers, and a few years will see the end.

Though their former skippers would shudder to see them now, though they themselves suffer the full measure of their humiliation, and no lover of ships doubts for a moment that they do, they are an inspiring sight as they go bowling out through the Golden Gate, and a potent reminder of the glory that was.

(Other drawings by Mr. Grant on four pages following.)

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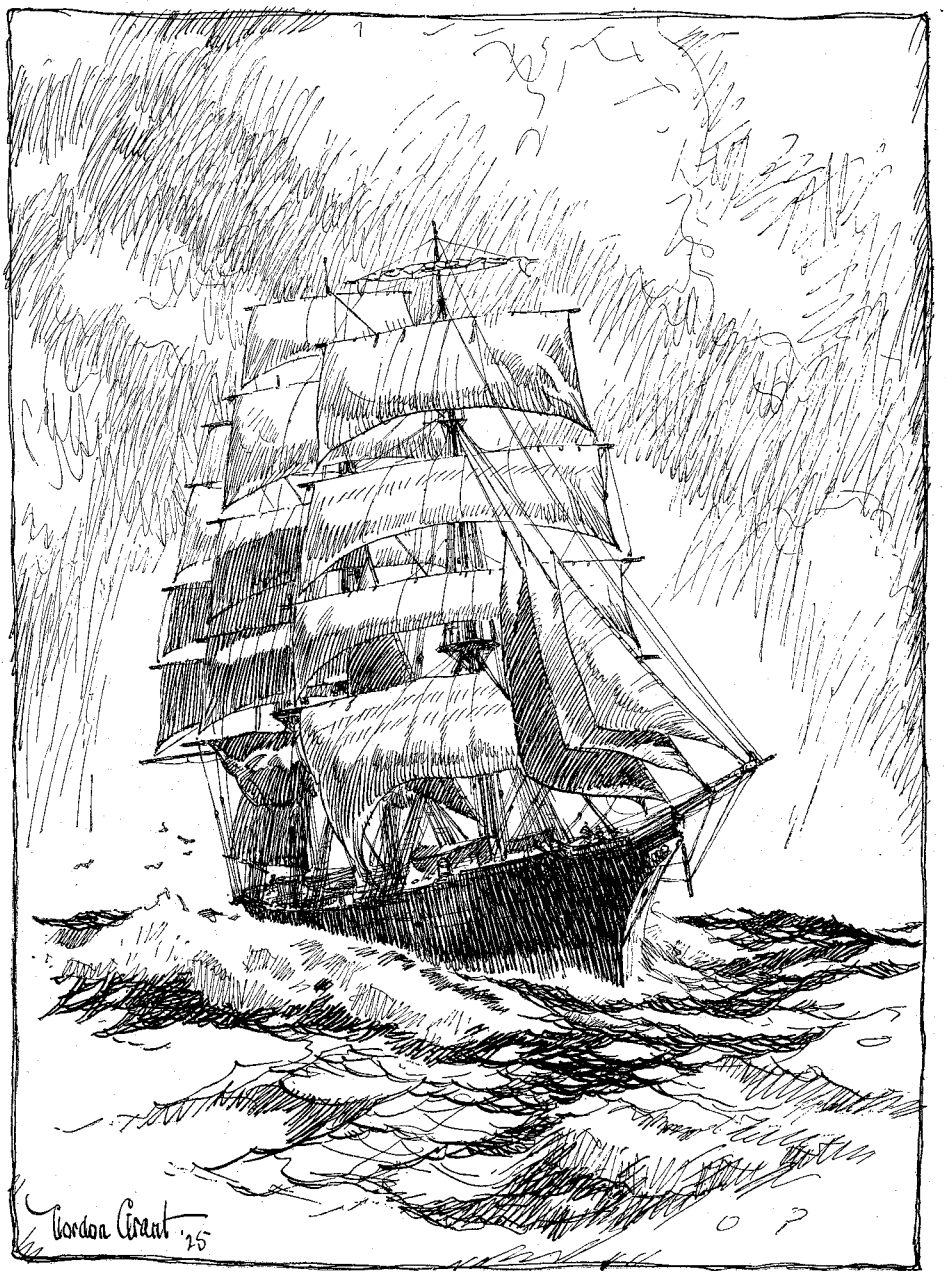

The Windjammer.

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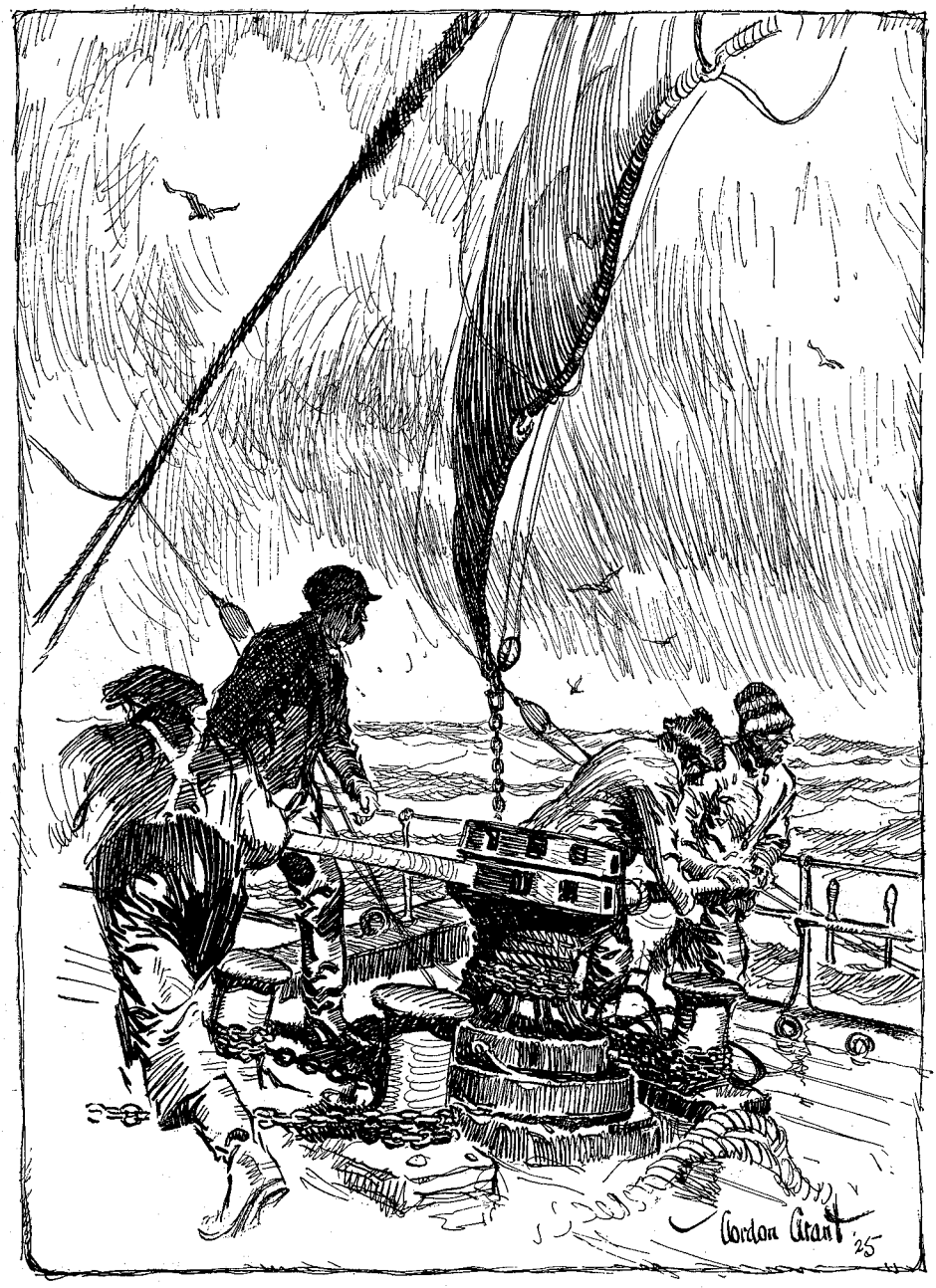

Heaving down the foretack.

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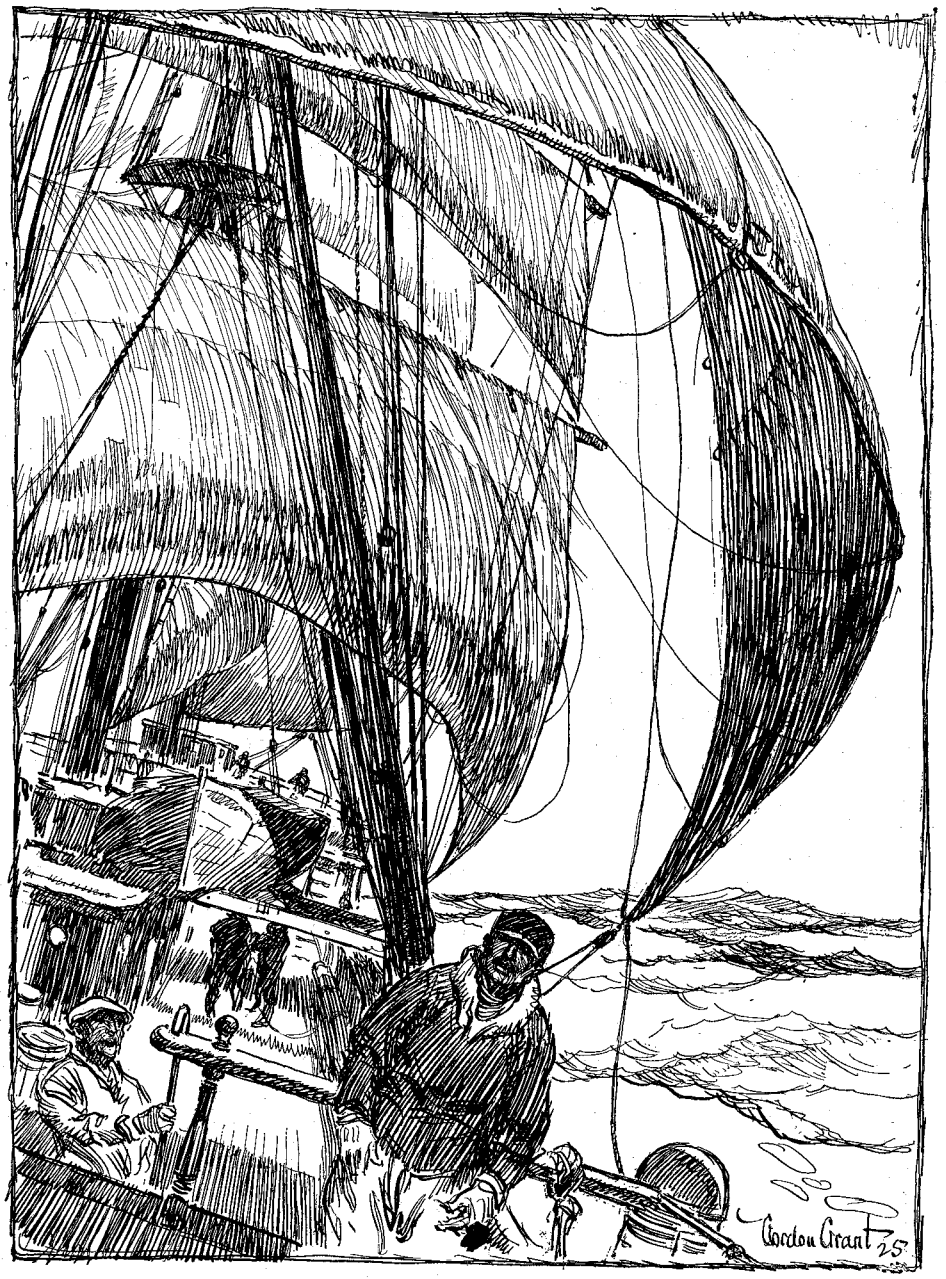

The Foc'sle Head.

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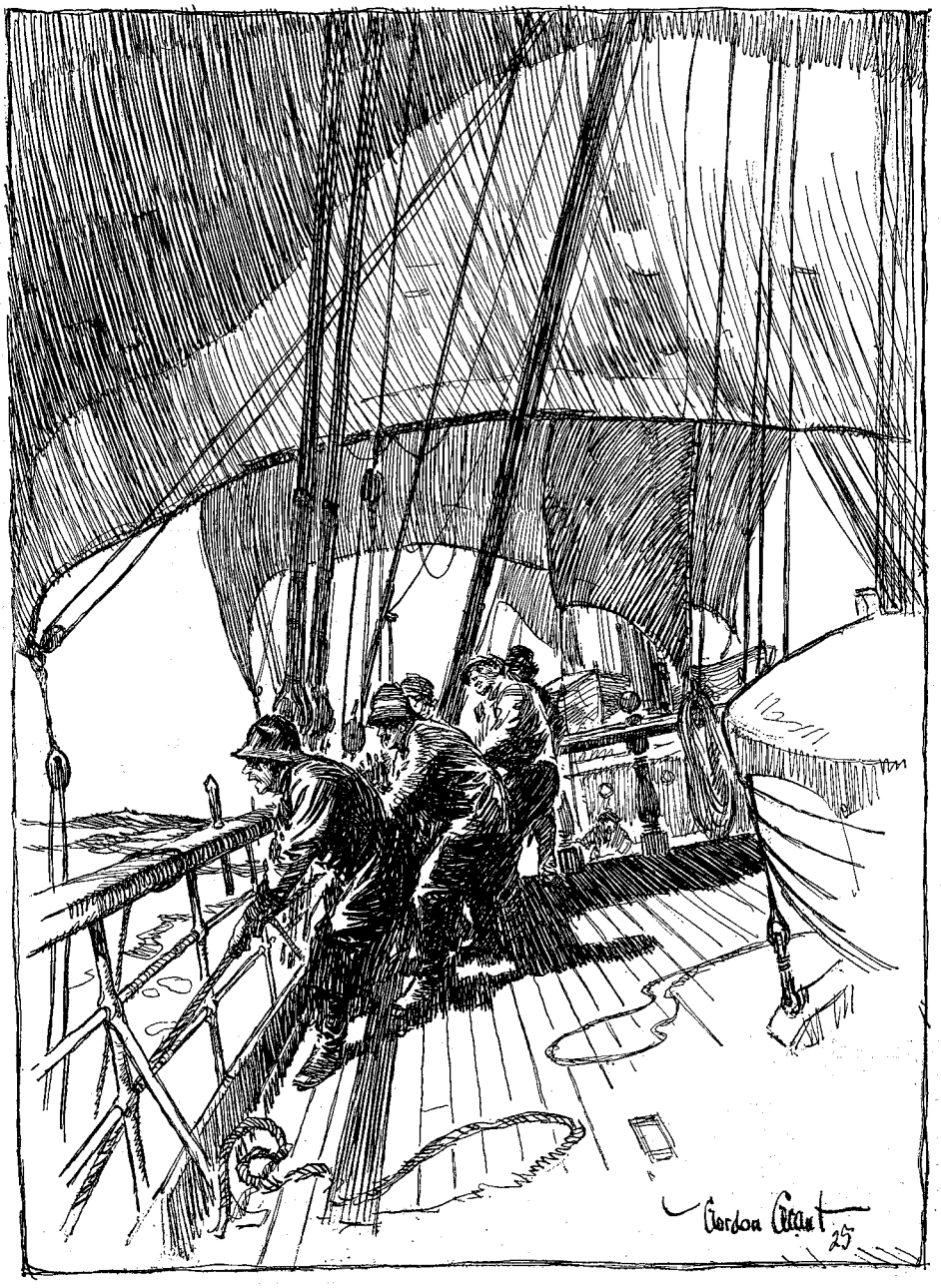

Lee Main Brace.

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"It was a rainy night, and I heard a fog-horn out in the river."—Page 44.

"Extra! Extra!"

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
Editor of "Life"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLIVE WEED

FROM the street below came that most terrifying of sounds, the full-chested roar of two men shouting, "Extra! Extra!" through the rainy night.

"Extra! Extra!"

Mr. Whidden, reading his evening paper (it was the home edition, published at noon, containing no news whatsoever), wondered what the trouble was. He could gather nothing from the ominous shouts that assailed his ears. The two men might have been lusty-lunged Russians for all of him. But there was an ominous note in their voices—the warning of dark calamity—the grim suggestion of wars, plagues, holocausts.

"Where do they get those men with voices like that, and what do they do between extras?" he thought.

Mrs. Whidden emerged from the kitchen, whither she had retired to bathe the supper-dishes.

"There's an extra out, Roy," she announced.

"So I hear," said her husband, who was not above an occasional facetious sally.

She walked over to the window, opened it, and thrust her head out into the rain. In the street, five stories below, she could see the two news-venders.

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"Extra! Extra!"

Mrs. Whidden turned from the window.

"Something must have happened."

There was an overtone of complaint in her remark that Mr. Whidden recognized only too well. It was a tone that always suggested unwelcome activity on Mr. Whidden's part. He wished that she would come right out and say, "Go down-stairs and get the paper," but she never did. She always prefaced her commands with a series of whining insinuations.

"I wonder what it was?" she asked, as though expecting her husband to know.

"Oh, nothing, I guess. Those extras never amount to anything."

Mrs. Whidden turned again to the window.

"Something awful must have happened," she observed, and the counterpoint of complaint was even more pronounced.

Mr. Whidden shifted uneasily in his chair—the one comfortable chair in the flat—the chair which he himself had bought for his own occupancy and about which there had been so much argument. He knew what was coming; he didn't want to move, and walk down and up four flights of stairs for the sake of some information that would not affect his life in the remotest degree.

"Don't you intend to find *out?*" asked Mrs. Whidden, and it was evident that she had reached the snappy stage. Her husband knew that, if he didn't go down and buy that damned paper, he would provide fuel for an irritation that would burn well into the night. Nevertheless, that chair was so comfortable, and the weather was so disagreeable, and the stairs were such a climb! . . .

"I guess I won't go down, Emmy. Those extras are always fakes, anyway, and, besides, if it is anything important, we'll find out about it in the morning paper."

The roars of the men shouting "Extra! Extra!" reverberated through the street, beating with determined violence against the sheer walls of the walk-up apartment-houses, shuddering through the open window of the Whiddens' living-room, jarring the fringed shade of the reading-lamp, the souvenirs on the book-shelves, the tasselled portières that led into the little hall.

"You're just lazy, Roy Whidden," said Mrs. Whidden. "You sit there reading your paper—night after night—night after night." She turned as though to an invisible jury, to whom she was addressing a fervent plea for recognition of her prolonged martyrdom. Then, with all the dramatic suddenness of an experienced prosecutor, she snapped at the defendant: "What *do* you read, anyway? Answer me that! What *do* you read?"

Mr. Whidden knew that the question was purely rhetorical. No answer was expected.

"You don't read a *thing*. You just sit there and stare at that fool paper—probably the death-notices. When anything im*por*tant happens, you don't even care enough to step out into the street and see what it is."

"How do *you* know it's important?" Mr. Whidden inquired, being inclined, albeit unwisely, to display a little spirit.

"How do you know it *isn't?*" Mrs. Whidden back-fired. "How will you ever know *any*thing unless you take the trouble to find out?"

Mr. Whidden uncrossed his legs and then crossed them again.

"I suppose you expect *me* to go down and get that paper," cried Mrs. Whidden, whose voice was now rivalling the newsvenders'. "With all I've got to do—the dishes, and the baby's ten-o'clock feeding, and . . . all right! I'll *go!* I'll walk down the four flights of stairs and *get* the paper, so that your majesty won't have to trouble yourself." There was a fine sarcasm in her tone now.

Mr. Whidden knew that it was the end. For seven years this exact scene had been repeating itself over and over again. If there had only been some slight variation in his wife's technic . . . but there never had. At first, he had tried to be frightfully sporting about it, assuming the blame at the first hint of trouble and doing whatever was demanded of him with all possible grace; but that pose, and it had not been long before he admitted that it *was* a pose, was worn away by a process of erosion, a process that had kept up for seven years—seven years of writing things in ledgers in an airless office

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"I suppose you expect *me* to go down and get that paper," cried Mrs. Whidden.—Page 40.

on Dey Street; seven years of listening to those endless scoldings and complaints at home. Whatever of gallantry had existed in Mr. Whidden's soul had crumbled before the persistent and ever-increasing waves of temper. He knew that now, if he gave in, he did so because of cowardice and not because of any worthily chivalrous motives.

He threw his paper down, stood up, and walked into the bedroom to get his coat. Little Conrad was asleep in there, lying on his stomach, his face pressed against the bars of the crib.

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Over the crib hung a colored photograph of the Taj Mahal, a lovely, white building that Mr. Whidden had always wanted to see. He also wanted to see Singapore, and the Straits Settlements, and the west coast of Africa, places that he had read about in books.

He was thinking about these places, and wondering whether little Conrad would ever see them, when his wife's voice rasped at him from the next room.

"Are you going or will I have to go?"

"I'm going, dear," he assured her, in the manner of one who is tired.

"Well, hurry! Those men are a block away by now."

Mr. Whidden put on his coat, looked at little Conrad and at the Taj Mahal, and then started down the stairs.

There were four flights of them, and it was raining hard outside.

Twelve years later Mrs. Whidden (now Mrs. Burchall) sat sewing on the front porch of a pleasant house in a respectable suburb. It was a brilliantly sunny day, and the hydrangeas were just starting to burst out into profuse bloom on the bushes at either side of the steps.

"And do you mean to tell me you never *heard* from him?" asked Mrs. Lent, who was also sewing.

"Not a word," replied Mrs. Burchall, without rancor. "Not one word in twelve years. He used to send money sometimes to the bank, but they'd never tell me where it came from."

"I guess you ain't sorry he went. Fred Burchall's a good man."

"You'd think he was a good man all right if you could've seen what I had before. My *good*ness! When I think of the seven years I wasted being Roy Whidden's wife!"

Mrs. Burchall heaved a profound sigh.

"Ain't you ever sort of afraid he might show up?" asked Mrs. Lent.

"Not him. And if he did, what of it? Fred could kick him out with one hand tied behind his back. Fred Burchall's a real *man*."

She sewed in silence for a while.

"Of course, I *am* a little worried about Conrad. He thinks his father's dead. You see, we wanted to spare him from knowing about the divorce and all that. We couldn't have the boy starting out in life with his father's disgrace on his shoulders."

Shortly thereafter Mrs. Lent went on her way and Mrs. Burchall stepped into the house to see whether the maid was doing anything constructive. She found her son Conrad curled up in a chair, reading some book.

"You sitting in the house reading on a fine day like this! Go on out into the fresh air and shake your limbs."

"But, mother——"

"Go on out, I tell you. Can't you try to be a *real* boy for a change?"

"But this book's exciting."

"I'll bet. Anything in print is better than fresh air and outdoor exercise, I suppose. You're just like your—can't you ever stop reading for one *in*stant? I declare! One of these days you'll turn into a book. . . . Now you set that book down and go out of this house this instant."

Conrad went out to the front yard and started, with no enthusiasm, to bounce an old golf-ball up and down upon the concrete walk that led from the front porch to the gate. He was thus engaged when a strange man appeared in the street, stopping before the gate to look for the number which wasn't there.

"Hey, sonny, is this Mrs. Burchall's house?"

"Yes," said the boy, "it is. Want to see her?"

The man was short, slight, and none too formidable-looking; although he was obviously a representative of the lower classes—possibly a tramp—Conrad was not in the least afraid of him. He had a rather friendly expression, a peaceful expression, as though he bore ill-will to no one.

"What's your name?" the man inquired.

"My name's Conrad—Conrad Whidden."

Conrad wondered why the man stared at him so.

"I used to know your mother," the man explained, "before I went to sea."

"Oh, you're a sailor!" Conrad was obviously impressed. "Where've you been?"

"Oh, all over. I just came from Marseilles."

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"Oh, you're a sailor!" Conrad was obviously impressed.—Page 42.

"Gosh," said Conrad. "I'd like to go there. I've been reading about it in a book—it's a book called 'The Arrow of Gold.'"

The man smiled.

"You were named after the man who wrote that book," said the sailor.

"I never knew that."

"No, I guess not. Your mother didn't know, either."

Just then Mrs. Burchall appeared on the front steps, attracted perhaps by the suspicious cessation of the sharp pops that the golf-ball had been making on the concrete walk.

When she saw her former husband leaning on the gate, her first thought was this: "Well, of all things! And here I was talking about him to Adele Lent not ten minutes ago." Then she realized, with sudden horror, that her son was actually in conversation with his father. She wondered whether that fool Roy had said anything. . . .

"Conrad, you come here this instant!"

Conrad ambled up the concrete walk.

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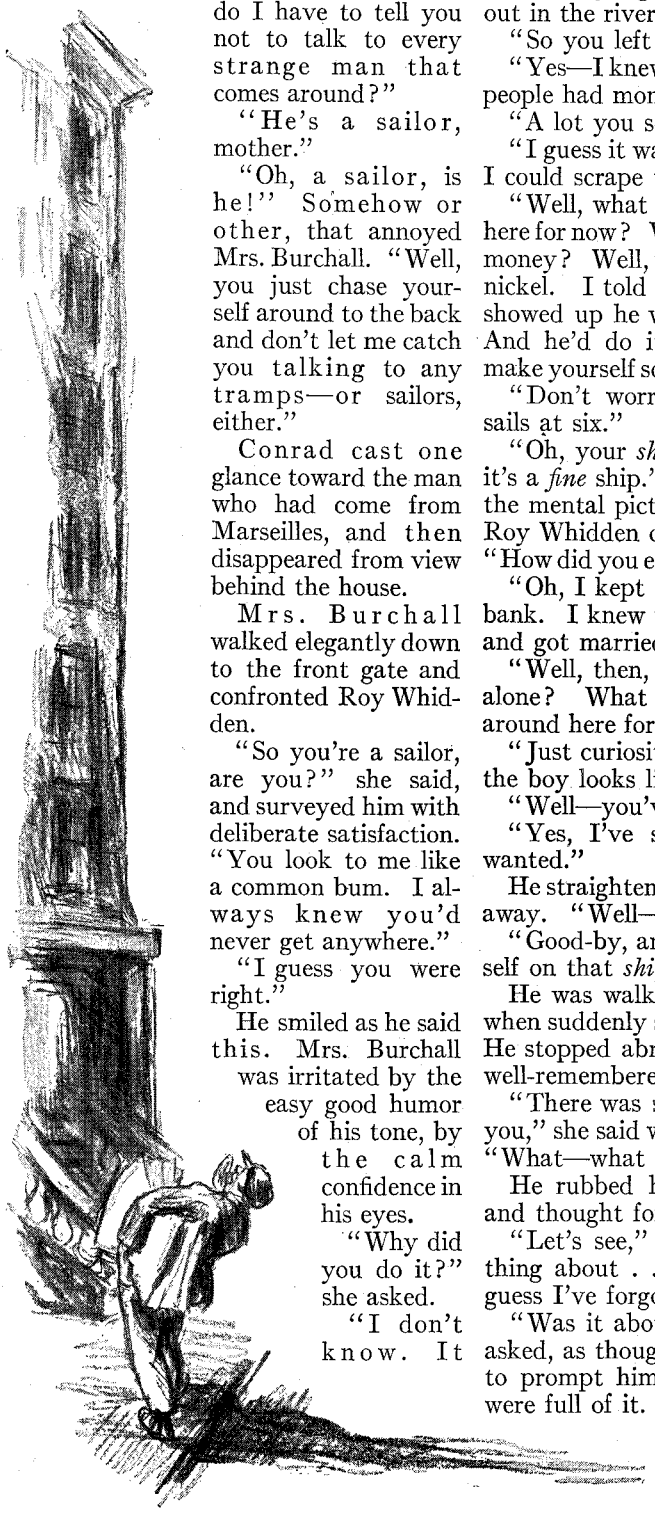

"How many times do I have to tell you not to talk to every strange man that comes around?"

"He's a sailor, mother."

"Oh, a sailor, is he!" Somehow or other, that annoyed Mrs. Burchall. "Well, you just chase yourself around to the back and don't let me catch you talking to any tramps—or sailors, either."

Conrad cast one glance toward the man who had come from Marseilles, and then disappeared from view behind the house.

Mrs. Burchall walked elegantly down to the front gate and confronted Roy Whidden.

"So you're a sailor, are you?" she said, and surveyed him with deliberate satisfaction. "You look to me like a common bum. I always knew you'd never get anywhere."

"I guess you were right."

He smiled as he said this. Mrs. Burchall was irritated by the easy good humor of his tone, by the calm confidence in his eyes.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"I don't know. It was a rainy night, and I heard a fog-horn out in the river."

"So you left me for a fog-horn!"

"Yes—I knew you'd be all right. Your people had money, and I sent some."

"A lot you sent."

"I guess it wasn't much—but it was all I could scrape together."

"Well, what are you bumming around here for now? What do you want? More money? Well, you won't get it. Not one nickel. I told Fred Burchall if you ever showed up he was to kick you right out. And he'd do it, too! I advise you to make yourself scarce before *he* gets home."

"Don't worry, I'm going. My ship sails at six."

"Oh, your *ship* sails, does it! I'll bet it's a *fine* ship." She laughed harshly at the mental picture of any ship on which Roy Whidden could obtain employment. "How did you ever find out where I live?"

"Oh, I kept track of you through the bank. I knew when you got the divorce and got married again."

"Well, then, why didn't you leave me alone? What did you come snoopin' around here for?"

"Just curiosity. I wanted to see what the boy looks like."

"Well—you've seen him."

"Yes, I've seen him. That's all I wanted."

He straightened up and started to move away. "Well—good-by, Em."

"Good-by, and I hope you enjoy yourself on that *ship* of yours."

He was walking away down the street when suddenly she called to him: "*Roy!*" He stopped abruptly in response to that well-remembered summons.

"There was something I meant to ask you," she said with an unusual hesitancy. "What—what was that extra about?"

He rubbed his none-too-smooth chin and thought for an instant.

"Let's see," he said. "It was something about . . . no, that was later. I guess I've forgotten."

"Was it about the world series?" she asked, as though trying desperately hard to prompt him. "The morning papers were full of it. Was it about that?"

He smiled with relief. "Of course—that was it! The Red Sox won."

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The End of the Tow-Path

BY WALTER EDMONDS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK

IN his leather chair, with its high back, its wings, and its rolled arms, old Mark sat, gazing into the heart of an open fire. As he leaned back against the cushions, in his suit of pepper-and-salt, neatly pressed but fitting loosely, one hand caressing a meerschaum pipe whose stem was cradled in the corner of his mouth, Mark looked what he was, an old retired canal-boater of the sort who left the water for the land, who put money in the bank for their children and rum in the cellar for themselves, and who settled down to drink away their remaining years in a state of perpetual self-approbation that would not be denied.

But as Mark dozed by the hearth he felt afraid. He could not have told why, for the fire into which he gazed warmed him through and through. It was a premonition as indefinable as the vague warning of a dream; but it hung close about him and came between him and the fire until he grew uneasy from a sense of cold. . . .

An utter restfulness pervaded the room. The thin voice of the little black clock on the mantelpiece mingled, like a whispered gossip, with the sputtering of the fire and the more distant rocking of a chair. Through the breath of quiet the long ears of old Mark caught another sound, so soft as to be scarcely perceptible; yet it was this, surely, more than the hurried ticking of the clock, more than the warmth of the fire, more even than the sight of his stein, retired to a post of honor over the hearth, that caused him to gaze into the fire and dream. Although, from all appearances, old Mark was not the sort to dream by day or night, before or after drink, the quiet breathing of his grandchild in his mother's arms gripped his heart. He held his breath to hear it more clearly, as if he were afraid that it might stop. After a moment he relaxed and basked in his comfort, for such comfort was very good to have. . . . Everything about him—the house, the farm, the money in the bank—was his, all his, for him and his children—and now for his grandchild. He and Samson Hanks, his partner on the canal, had made it—had taken it—had murdered Harley's bank carrier back of Denslow's in Syracuse to get it. But it was all his now. Hanks was in jail, with something else against him, for forty years. He'd not dare talk where he was. The money would stay; they couldn't take it from him. Not even Samson could have it—until they let him out. . . . It was all his, the comfort and the warmth, all his. . . . And presently the feelings in him rose up even to his mouth, and he wanted to spit, so he placed his hands on the arms of his chair, cleared his throat, and drew himself pointedly toward the andirons.

"Pa!" exclaimed a woman's voice, "you can't spit in the house!"

Mark fell back from his position and turned to glare at the door of the next room, where his daughter-in-law was putting the baby to bed. He swallowed audibly and threw his head back against the chair, puffing furiously as he did so at his meerschaum pipe. Inwardly, in the memory of his former slovenly, licentious life, he rebelled. Who was she, anyway, to tell him what to do? What right had she to law him? The old man fastened his eyes upon the stein and stared his questions defiantly, even as he submitted. His vitals dozed under the warmth of his supper, and he dozed with them. They had named the boy for him, too. . . .

When old Lu Harrigan, who used to cook for him on the *Cardine,* bore him his first bastard, dead, he had been mightily impressed, and when she bore him his second, John, whose first coherent impulse

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had been to claw his eyes, for the first time in his life he almost saw God. There had not been many such times in his experience. More often he saw the devil quite clearly.

"Pa!" said his daughter-in-law. "Me and John's goin' over to Boonville to hear th' band. They've got a new brass piece that plays wonderful. Mind you sweep the hearth and put up the fender."

Hell's waters on her anyway! Always busting in where she wasn't wanted. Mark looked round the back of his chair at her. John was helping her on with her coat. Involuntarily his heart swelled. Good-lookers they were, healthy as colts. He growled at them and turned back to the fire. John laughed cheerfully down in his chest and called a good night. After a minute, Mark heard the Ford rattling down the tow-path above the house. He was alone, and again he felt afraid. If Hanks were to get out and come back one of these nights, he'd have to face him with no one to help. And he wasn't as young as he used to be. . . .

Why did he have to grow old? Those healthy young devils! Off on Saturday night for their own amusement while he had to stay home and mind the baby. They wouldn't even let him drink his rum any more—the doctor said it was bad for his heart . . . damn the doctor! . . . It was that cursed woman mostly. She never let him do what he wanted. Why, if he didn't like the beans old Lu used to make for him, back on the canal, he'd knock her down and lock her out of the cabin. She loved him for it—and learned to cook better.

He hadn't bothered to marry Lu. She was his cook, like any man's cook, unless he had a wife. Lord! It was long ago since she had jumped the bucket. Wonderful, fine woman—tell your fortune on cards, too. Those evenings were pretty fine for him and Lu, and his partner Samson Hanks . . . Hanks! . . . Hanks had tried to come it dirty on him, to take Lu away from him. But he'd fixed him proper for forty years . . . in jail . . . Auburn. Jeepers! If you stopped to think, it was nearly forty years ago; and Hanks would be getting out. . . . That would mean the end of all his comfort; for, as soon as Hanks was free, he'd come back on him. And the forty years would be gone any time now. . . .

Mark got up and poked the fire. An old foxhound, toothless, dim-eyed, with flabby lips, rose from his corner and whimpered. Mark sat down and watched him. In a moment the dog whined again, and presently, from up on the tow-path, the sound of footsteps floated down through the white, night air. As he listened now Mark knew why he had been afraid. The steps were slow and crunched deliberately on the frosty road; they paused for an instant opposite the house and then turned down the hill; they approached the porch and hesitated. Then the screen door and the front door opened and closed in order.

Mark sat rigid in his chair, his face expressionless. But the smoke sprang from his lips in tiny spurts, and, like the backfire of a gun, small rings popped out of the wide bowl of the pipe and wheeled into the fireplace. The hound, who had been standing close to Mark's chair, growled hoarsely . . . and Mark growled as hoarsely to him to be still.

II

THE man who entered now walked with more assurance. Mark watched him as he drew a rocking-chair close to the hearth, and lowered his bearded face to the flames. The ragged fingers of the firelight ran over his features, plucking out the black lines for any to see . . . Hanks. Leaning closer to the logs, he spat squarely on the nearest and cocked his head on one side to listen for the hiss.

"Hello," he said, "how be you?"

Mark sank deeper between the wings of his chair, his mouth pursed like a button about the pipe-stem, and he, too, listened for the hiss. The fire rewarded them with melodramatic suddenness.

"Hello," said Mark.

For a while neither spoke, and the thin voice of the clock seemed to whisper to the fire all manner of things about these two.

"It's gettin' kind of frosty," remarked Hanks, after a moment.

"Eanh," grunted Mark.

The fire entered the conversation with

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The hound growled hoarsely . . . and Mark growled as hoarsely to him to be still.—Page 46.

a loud report—at which the old hound rose and stretched himself and turned about several times on the rug, and settled down again with a deep sigh.

"It's a long time," said Hanks softly.

"Eanh," growled Mark, between puffs.

A long time . . . Samson Hanks, who was his partner in trade and in drink . . . Samson Hanks, who knew him as he knew himself . . . Samson Hanks, who had tried to take Lu Harrigan from his kitchen and his bed . . . dirty Samson Hanks had come back on him; and with him he had brought Mark an utter hopelessness, a sense of lost comfort, and quiet, and peace. . . . A long time since that

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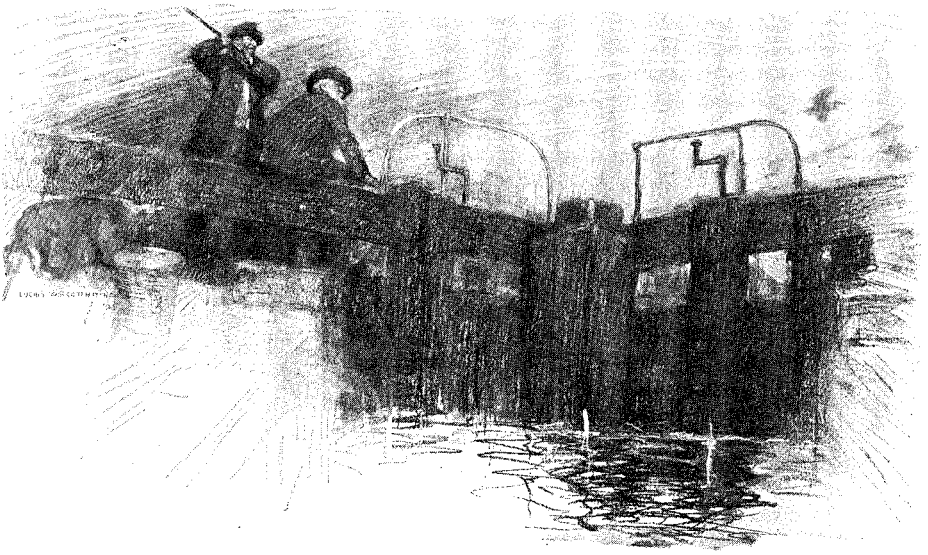
rain-streaked night when he had found Samson lying on the dock, with his fingers about another man's throat, as dead in his drink as the other was drunk with death. Mark had stood looking down on them in the gray rain, thinking of Samson and Lu, and, if he could have blessed anything, he would have blessed the gray rain for running down his neck and driving him for shelter into Parker's oyster-booth, where he met the water-front watchman

Mark gazed straight before him, his round face expressionless, but his eyes were glassy as they caught the firelight.

Samson went on calmly. "Then, if you'd rather not, there's another way. Sure there is. Me and you used to get on good; we can now, I reckon. Settle down here and have the kids to wait on us. You can get me a chair like yourn, and me and you can set here and think. . . . Like old times."



For a moment his age vanished and he seemed again the canal-boater, with all the strength in his vast body poised.—Page 51.

and told him where to look. Forty years the judge gave Samson Hanks, forty years. . . . A long time. . . .

"Mark," continued Samson, in a monotonous tone, as if his speech had been prepared in the long, hot hours on the roads, "here we be—us two—me and you. You done me dirty then; I'll do you dirty now. I know where all this come from"—he looked about the room—"and so do you—you and me both. It wouldn't be so nice if I was to tell the people round about. It wouldn't be so nice if I was to tell your bastard boy and his girl where from. It wouldn't be so nice if I was to say how you and me got this money, neither. Perhaps they'd send us both back to jail, but you're older'n me, and I'm kind of used to it."

He rubbed his hands and spat.

Mark glanced at him with a feeling of awe. It wouldn't be easy to let him in, but there was nothing else to do. Nell would object, and so would John. It wouldn't have been so bad if Nell hadn't been there. It didn't matter so much about John; but he wouldn't dare to let Nell know. Why the devil had John married her? . . . Up-stairs the baby sneezed.

His grandchild! He'd forgotten all about little Mark. He'd been born right, and it wasn't fair that all this should fall on to him when he'd come up to be a man. Named for his grandpa at that!

A sudden sweep of rage carried him to his feet, and he stood over Samson with his huge hands clinched till the stiff mus-

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cles in his hands and arms knotted themselves and bulged under the skin, and the hardened veins swelled above his cheeks. For an instant he wanted to feel the man's face under his foot; he wanted to bear down on it with all his weight, and stamp on it, and turn his heel right and left, and feel the flesh tearing underneath the nails. But Hanks was staring at the fire, and, after a minute, Mark's figure sagged into its usual slackness, and when he spoke his voice was slow.

"The kids'll be comin' home pretty quick now. You'd better quit 'fore they get back. I'll have to talk to 'em. Then I'll see you down to the lock, about supper-time, Saturday, and tell you what."

Samson laughed; he could afford to, for the whip was in his hand. There was no hurry. For what he had waited forty years he could wait another week. All right, he'd go.

Mark listened until his footsteps had died out in the distance; he walked to the far corner of the room to reload his pipe —Nell wouldn't let him keep the tobacco in sight; he grunted as he stooped over to scratch a match on the bricks and sat down again. He started the tobacco in huge, deliberate puffs. His mouth and chin had set as solidly as concrete. He had his back against the wall, but, old man as he was, he could still fight.

He felt suddenly very tired and helpless and old, and he slumped in his chair. After all, there was nothing he could fight with.

A Ford chattered in the yard, the doors banged open, and, in a gale of skirts, coats, and frosty air, Nell swooped upon him and kissed him soundly upon the back of his head. A burst of smoke exploded from his lips. He was disturbed and irritated. A childish petulance, a feeling of hopelessness, came over him; tears appeared in his eyes and trickled down his cheeks.

"Damn that foxhide's tail—always gettin' in my eyes," he stormed; and, without looking at them, he stamped off to bed.

III

During the ensuing days he found it impossible to decide whether to let Hanks come into his house and buy his silence, or to throw him away to spread his scandal. By Saturday morning his thoughts were as confused as ever. About four o'clock that afternoon he called Dan, the hound, to him, threw his loose black coat over his shoulders, picked up his stick, and, slapping his hat upon the top of his head, sallied forth into the sunlight for his daily walk.

It was a warm day, late in October, and the woods looked bare and brown against the vivid blue of the sky; but here and there the distant sheen of sunlight caught up a gleam of scarlet maple or a flash of yellow birch and threw the color forward, like pennons in a lost cause.

With the hound striding solemnly at his heels, Mark followed a trail through the woods, where it was warm, where the sunlight shot down in vivid streams, patterned by the naked branches of the trees. A breath of mist from the preceding night had crept up from the river valley, and now it loitered in the shady places, mysteriously enlarging all things with its dim web, until the bent figure of the old man walked as a giant in a magic forest.

Through this cloister of light and shade Mark climbed the slow rise of a hill and came suddenly into the open once more, and stood upon the summit, with the scent of the northwest wind in his nostrils and the gray clouds rolling overhead. Here, where the brown grass sang crisply all about him, he settled down, and the hound lay down at his feet.

From where he sat he could see the valley of the Black River winding northward for miles. The water shone with a purple light, and the wind plucked up a ripple in a gleam, dazzling as diamonds. The farmers were drawing in the corn, the teams plodding heavily, well set against the collars, while the tall bundles rose in the arms of the men and swung upward and over upon the racks with the regularity of automatons. He could hear the chugging of a gasolene-engine half a mile away, and even catch the whistle and the long sigh as the knives bit through the stalks and the fan blew the ensilage into the silo.

Upon his left, near the tops of the hills, the feed-canal ran just below him. He could trace its downward course across

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the divide to the beginning of the Lansing Kill, where it dropped through forty locks in ten miles, before it reached the Delta Basin, to move on slowly to the Erie Canal. From there, he remembered, the latter moved on, with all its docks at Rome and Utica and Syracuse, until it ran past Geneseo, all the way to Buffalo and the lakes. In his mind's eye he saw these cities, too, and followed the ghostly shadow of the tow-path to their oyster-booths and bars. While he mused, he thought the boats came out upon the water, laden down with heavy cargoes, and the steersmen leaned on the sweeps, while the great rudders brought them slowly round the bends; and one boat tripped its rope for another to pass, while the crews laughed and jollied in the passing. With the coming of night, lights shone suddenly at intervals along the banks, and he was privileged to climb their gang-walks aboard, to sit by the open grates in the cabins and smoke, to drink warm rum from the heavy steins and to sleep deep sleeps again, with the water gurgling close to his ear and the soft swish of water-grass weaving him dreams. A great longing rose up in his heart to be again what he once had been. . . .

The sun was low upon the horizon when he awoke and raised his head. He looked down the canal, but it was empty; and he knew that he had dreamed—that the boats, the horses, and the men, that the canal with its solitary companion tow-path had run to their end; and that he was alone upon the hill—a last, withered owl, perched by the hand of fate upon a dead branch in his dying tree.

He stood up and leaned upon his stick. The wind played about him, running supply through his hair, bending up the wide brim of his hat, and blowing his coat in loose flaps behind him. The last sunlight just reached him from the horizon, and shone on his figure without touching the hill. As he gazed upon the feed-canal flowing black and silent and desolate down to the shadowy lowlands, he breathed strongly; he cursed Hanks, his ancestors and descendants to the very gates of hell, and, making his resolution with a blasphemy, slowly he returned—slowly, for he felt that his tow-path was running surely to the end.

IV

THE young couple left immediately after supper to go as usual to town to hear the band. Sitting close by the fire, Mark waited for the rattle of the Ford to die away. Then he rose, and, once again putting on his coat and hat and taking up his stick, he went out of the house with the hound at his heels.

The wind had gained in strength; the clouds tumbled about the sky like blown bees. A cold, green twilight shone under the clouds, and the road was still visible. The far edges of the hills had changed from cobalt to black, and the river striped the valley like a mourning band.

Bracing himself against the wind, Mark made his way down the tow-path until he reached a deserted lock below a small lagoon. He sat down on one of the gate-beams, waiting patiently, gazing into the black water at his feet. The gates of the lock had nearly rotted away; long fingers of moss felt along the beams and poked between the planks. Here and there water, bursting through, splashed into the pool with an incoherent jangle.

After a round half-hour had passed the old hound growled, and Mark, looking up, discovered Samson Hanks close upon him, walking slow, with his head bent down and his hands in his pockets. Neither said a word as he took his place beside Mark and hung his feet over the edge of the lock. For several minutes they were silent. At length Samson leaned forward and spat into the water. Some imprisoned frogs scattered hurriedly, diving with sounding *chugs* and popping up in other places to gaze owlishly at the two figures above them.

"Well," said Hanks, "here we be. Have you told the young uns?"

"Oh, eanh," grunted Mark, "eanh. I reckon."

They said nothing more, but sat together like crows upon a limb.

As the night closed down upon them, except for one faint glimmer in the West, Mark rose heavily to his feet and leaned upon his stick. Hanks laughed a laugh of triumph, and sat still, drinking his victory. But the wind caught up his laugh and carried it over to the beech grove beyond the lagoon, where it echoed close to

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a great blue heron, dozing on one leg among the reeds. It started up with a crane's lazy flight and flapped over the men with a slow beating of wings. Hanks lifted his head to stare at it, and his gaze followed the bird until it was lost in the gathering night.

In the shadow behind him old Mark drew a deep breath and raised his arms above his head. For a moment his age vanished and he seemed again the canal-boater, with all the strength in his vast body poised. The staff descended in a short, sharp arc and struck full upon the nape of Hanks's neck. A brittle crack broke the stillness—then a heavy splash; and the frogs croaked and dove and reappeared, to examine a new prisoner that floated quietly, face downward, rocking gently and solemnly in the ripples. . . .

V

With a momentary feeling of triumph, old Mark stared into the lock. But a sudden, strange sensation swept him up in a whirling grasp, until he lost contact with the earth, and even ceased to notice the pressure of the dog against his legs. He fancied that he had been carried into the clouds, and the absurdity of their tumbling amused and dizzied him. He experienced an impossible desire to cry out, for the wind seemed to snatch all his breath away. In the next moment he found himself leaning on his stick beside the lock, with the old hound whimpering at his feet. He felt a dull pain in his side; but at the same time a sense of elation carried him on irresistibly. Once again he had triumphed, as he would have forty years before. What if any one did find it floating there in the scum? Who was to know? . . .

As he turned homeward, he laughed softly in his chest; but, though he scarcely noticed it, he moved so slowly that the hound, walking before him, had to make frequent stops to let him catch up.

On entering the house he went into the sitting-room, filled and lit his pipe, and started to settle down in his favorite chair. At that instant his eyes fell upon the old blue-and-white stein on the mantelpiece. Lord! He was just in the mood for some rum—warm rum—to quiet him down. The children were out; there was still some rum in the cellar; it was as simple as that. Damn the doctor! Damn his heart! . . .

The climb up from the cellar proved quite an undertaking, and he puffed and wheezed prodigiously. But in time he reached the landing and returned to the parlor. He placed the stein judiciously on the hearth, where it would warm slowly, and sat down in his chair with a deep sigh. The smoke curled lazily from his pipe; the firelight beat upon his round face until it grew red as his flannel undershirt; but he leaned back heedlessly and kept his eyes upon the rum. . . .

He'd done the thing well! It made him feel strong as a horse. And the look of that old stein made him think of Lu. He wished she could be with him to share his triumph. But perhaps it was just as well, for he was pretty thirsty. . . . Damn her big body! How she could drink! . . . He used to bet on her against Lige Thomas's woman when they got together at Denslow's in Syracuse, and he'd never lost a cent. . . .

Quite a hand himself, he was, at the same trick. He used to empty that stein at one pull. If you came to think of it, now, there was a frog in blue in the bottom. He used to pull up the frog's eyes out of the liquor first, then the rest of him. . . . He could do it now, though! If he hadn't done for Samson, he'd make a bet with him on it. . . . He'd take it down anyway, just to show himself.

The old hound came to him as he bent forward and picked up the stein. It wasn't so heavy, not such a big drink. . . . He'd make it one better, drink it with his legs crossed. He did so, and the hound flopped down by him and rested his chin on the outstretched foot. Mark wiggled it appreciatively, and the dog's tail thumped the floor two or three times in response.

He took a few sips, just to get the knack again—then a long breath—then he drank in earnest. It felt warm, warm—just right. It wouldn't be hard, but where was that damned frog? . . .

Once more he felt a strange sensation of lost contacts, and his breathing troubled him. . . . This kind of thing made one breathe so eternally fast. . . . Where

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had that blasted frog gone to? He glanced into the darkness of the stein. . . . Jeepers! There were its eyes coming up through the rum, round as buttons. They looked bright—very bright; and the light from them came toward him until he thought he could feel it on his face, all round him. . . .

He'd done it! There lay the frog, clear and dry, fine old frog. He placed the stein on the floor rather unsteadily. . . . Eighty years, and he'd taken it down cross-legged—no wonder he felt so tired. He must tell some one about it in the morning. . . .

His accomplishment stirred him so deeply that he looked for a place to spit. He mustn't do it in the house, eh? He'd like to have some one tell him that now! . . . The andirons looked good and hot. He'd take the left one for luck. . . .

He braced himself carefully and judged the distance. Little drops of sweat formed on his forehead, and his eyes bulged above his cheeks like two glass marbles. . . . The left one for luck. . . . That was how it ought to be done! Hear it hiss! He'd take a short rest, and then, by jeepers! he'd get some more rum. He'd set them a mark, he would. . . .

The fire glowed warmly about him as he sank back between the wings of his chair. The hound settled down again and rested his muzzle on Mark's outstretched foot. The old man's broad mouth and tight little chin were twisted together in a wide smile. The red lids closed over the protruding eyes; and his thin, quick breathing seemed to hold a three-cornered gossip with the muttering fire and the clock. . . .

After a while, without warning, the hound's chin slipped from old Mark's foot and struck the floor with a soft thud. And the fire and the thin voice of the clock talked to each other alone.

Katahdin

BY JOHN RICHARDS

Red headlines, yellow journals, gasoline,
Impatient roar of cars that block the street,
A beggar with one leg, a powdered quean,
Hurrying shop-girls with their pointed feet.

And all the while a thousand miles away,
Katahdin's standing silent as a star,
His great stone heads warmed by the golden day,
Gazing across the lakes that shine afar.

Shops where the foul air kills like poison gas,
Jammed lifts that crazy bound from floor to floor,
The restless dead, tucked under grimy grass,
Shiver and chatter to the subway's roar.

And all the while a thousand miles away,
Katahdin's shouting to a storm-swept sky
Through trees and torrents, peaks and chimneys gray
His old uproarious song of liberty.

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The Biological Antecedents of Jesus

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "West of the Pacific," etc.

AS a concrete example of the parts played by physical environment, cultural progress, and biological selection the history of the two little kingdoms established by the ancient Israelites is almost unrivalled. A generation or two ago almost every intelligent person among Christians and Jews knew that after the pioneer period, when the Judges tried to bring unity among the barbarous Israelites who then inhabited Palestine, a really great leader named Samuel came to the front. Under his guidance Saul became King of Israel and almost succeeded in bringing all Palestine under a single rule. The territory that he tried to master was, to be sure, no larger than the State of Connecticut, and he by no means succeeded in ruling all of it. Nevertheless, he struck a severe blow at the relatively civilized Philistines of the coastal plain, who had been oppressing the Israelites, and whom the Israelites in turn had loved to plunder. When Saul failed, Samuel turned to David, another really great man. After many exciting adventures this son of the tribe of Judah succeeded in establishing a kingdom which expanded until it was larger than New Hampshire or Maryland and more than a quarter as large as Pennsylvania. Under David and his son Solomon the Israelites, for the only time in all the three or four thousand years of their history, possessed a sovereign state having genuine political importance. From the view-point of the ordinary historical recital this fact stands out pre-eminently. And so it does from our present view-point. But here we are especially interested in the cause of this sudden expansion of Israel and in its effect on the biological future of the Jewish race.

How did it happen that the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were able to conquer the rest of the Israelites, and that the barbarous Israelites in turn were able to subdue the civilized Philistines and other relatively advanced peoples who lived on the borders of Palestine as far as Damascus? The answer lies partly in the fact that none of the great kingdoms which surrounded Palestine was especially strong at that time, about a thousand years before Christ, and partly in the fact that Israel produced some truly great leaders in the persons of Samuel and David. These are the causes usually assigned. But two other factors may be equally important. One is the type of character inherited by the Israelites from their desert ancestors and preserved in special purity in the rugged Judean plateau. The other is the introduction of iron.

Let us begin with the physical conditions of the Judean plateau whence came the men who were primarily responsible for the sudden expansion of the Israelites. The plateau, it will be remembered, lies two thousand to three thousand feet above sea-level. It consists of a flat-topped arch of rocks broken off steeply on the east side by a great geological fault, and sloping down less abruptly, although quite steeply, toward the west. When nearly horizontal rocks like those forming the flat part of the arch are raised to a high altitude and subjected to the erosion of streams and rivers, the normal result is an intricate series of deep valleys with precipitous sides. If the different layers of rock vary in hardness, as is the case in Judea, the sides of the valleys consist of a series of steps—first a cliff where the rock is hard, next a relatively level bench where the rock is soft, then another cliff, another bench, and so on indefinitely. If the land has been uplifted in relatively recent geological times, the valleys will be narrow with rocky bottoms, and the cliffs on the sides will be steep and near together, while the benches will be narrow. Such is the case in Judea, especially on the east

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side. The slope from Judea down to the Dead Sea is almost impassable, except in a few places. I well remember what a clatter arose when one of my caravan horses slid ten or fifteen feet on the steep rocks and landed on his back while we were on our way down to the Dead Sea.

On the west side the hills are not so steep, but are hard to traverse and easily defended. Only on the north and south can Judea easily be entered. On the north, however, the line of easy entrance is merely a narrow band along the centre of the plateau, for steep-sided valleys have bitten deeply into the rocks on either side. On the south there are many easy lines of approach, for one merely climbs a long slope that presents no special obstacles, but even there the invader must climb, which is always difficult; and the desert likewise serves as a protection. In addition to all this, Judea is a poor country. It is stony and rough with practically no broad, level fields. Whoever would wrest a living from the stony soil must work hard from morning to night, and even then he will get no more than a scanty sustenance. Moreover, aside from the soil, there are practically no resources except sheep and goats; even for cattle most parts of the plateau are too rugged. Thus Judea is not only hard to enter, but offers little to attract an invader.

How then was this little plateau able to dominate the kingdom of Israel and to become a real political power in the days of David? The answer seems to lie partly in the fact that the Israelites had brought with them from the desert certain qualities which had been preserved more fully in the plateau than elsewhere. The processes of natural selection in the desert, put a premium on the strong, wiry type of physique, on the power of quick, decisive action, the capacity for leadership, and the temperament that makes men loyal followers of their chief. David is a fine example. On the Judean plateau, more than anywhere else in Palestine, this type was probably preserved among the Israelites during the two centuries of the Judges, for there the isolation largely prevented the Judeans from mingling with other people. Moreover, the hardships of life in the plateau probably weeded out the weaklings to an unusual degree. Some of the plateau people were attracted to the pleasant land of the Philistines in the plain on the west. Samson, with his love-affairs with two Philistine women, is a good example. But the intense racial feeling which had already become highly developed among the Israelites, helped to keep the stronger-minded people apart by themselves in their rugged plateau.

In spite of all this, the Philistines of the plain were far superior to the Jews in culture. If we had travelled there in those days we should probably have called the Philistines relatively progressive and the Judeans very backward. The Philistines possessed iron tools, chariots, and horses. They were relatively civilized in their art, architecture, dress, and manners. The Jews in their mountain fastnesses were barbarians. As late as the days of Saul, the Jews were so backward that "there was no smith found throughout all of Israel; for the Philistines said, 'Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears'; but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his colter, and his axe, and his mattock; yet they had a file for the mattocks, and for the colters, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to set the goads. So it came to pass in the day of battle, that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hand of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan: but with Saul and with Jonathan his son was there found."

Why were the Philistines thus able to keep iron weapons out of the hands of all the Israelites except a few of the most powerful leaders? Simply because between 1100 and 1000 B. C. iron tools were a relatively new thing, just as automobiles and airplanes are to-day. You and I may have automobiles, but the chances are about one in ten thousand against our owning airplanes. We in the United States have plenty of automobiles, but in China only an insignificant handful of the most wealthy Chinese in the large cities own them. That is the way it was with iron weapons in the days of Saul. They were common among the advanced people, but were only beginning to spread among those who were more backward. Do you think that the steam-engine, tele-

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graph, telephone, automobile, and all the other mechanical inventions of the last century and a half have made much change in civilization? Then try to imagine what iron tools did to the world. They probably revolutionized it even more completely than have our modern mechanical inventions.

About the time of Saul the use of iron, and perhaps also of horses, seems to have spread so rapidly that the rough Israelites of the plateau were soon as well armed as their Philistine oppressors, or as their enemies farther north in Syria. The transformation in them was like that which the introduction of European methods produced in Japan between 1850 and 1900. Just as Japan changed from a negligible factor in world politics to one of the great powers, so Israel suddenly found itself a kingdom which was as great for its day as Japan is for ours. Being suddenly placed on an equality with its more civilized neighbors so far as arms and tools were concerned, the native vigor of the Israelites, their sense of racial unity, and their combined powers of leadership and loyalty enabled them to throw off the yoke of the Philistines and sweep into power. Thus we see that the sudden rise of Israel to genuine political importance is explained not only by the political causes which figure so prominently in the ordinary historical records, but also by physical environment, by the biological inheritance which determines the quality of the leaders as well as of the common people, and by cultural inventions such as the discovery of iron, which may revolutionize the relations of one people to another.

If the power of the Israelite kingdom had not been shattered by internal dissensions, their kingdom might have had a glorious career for hundreds of years. Perhaps it might have rivalled Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia as one of the world's great and enduring monarchies. Would that have increased the contribution of the Jewish race to the world's store of ideas? I doubt it. In fact, such a course might have been fatal. Under such circumstances it is very doubtful whether Israel would have been the world's great source of religious inspiration.

In order to explain this last statement, let us turn back for a moment to a seemingly minor event which took place in earlier times. According to the biblical story the sacred shrine known as the ark was brought by the Israelites from the desert. During the stormy days of the Judges it had no permanent abiding-place. In the days of Eli, when Samuel was a boy, to be sure, it was lodged at Shiloh after having been at Bethel. Then at a time when Saul was engaged in a losing fight with the Philistines, it was brought out to help the Israelites. At first the Philistines were frightened when they heard the triumphant shouts of the Israelites as the famous old ark came out before them. But the Philistines regained their courage, routed the Israelites, captured the ark, and carried it off to Ashdod. There, according to the story, it overthrew the image of the god Dagon and caused an outbreak of plague. The frightened Philistines moved it from city to city, but disorder came in its wake. Finally they placed it on a creaking cart and let the lowing oxen carry it where they would. Thus it came up the hills to Beth-shemesh, spreading death as it went.

Back among its own people the ark still moved from place to place, always on the border line where the rough plateau of Judea merges into the gentler hills and valleys of Samaria. Until Israel had a real capital the ark likewise was without a permanent abiding-place until the days of David. Then David captured Jerusalem, made it his capital, and finally brought thither the ark with much rejoicing. He wanted to build a temple for it. But that work was left to the more magnificent reign of Solomon. From the point of view of racial development it is hard to find any single incident more important than the triumphant procession in which David danced before the Lord so violently that his garments flew up like those of a ballet-dancer and one of his wives, the embittered daughter of Saul, reproached him sourly for his indecency. But the ark had found a permanent home, Israel had at length acquired a definite religious centre, and that centre was in Judea. Attempts were, indeed, made to establish other religious centres, but they never had much success.

Now let us see how this moving of the

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ark joined with other things to produce what seems to be a distinct effect upon the racial temperament of the Jews. After the glorious days of Solomon the Jewish kingdom fell to pieces. The people of the Judean plateau and those of the rest of Israel had never gotten on very well together. Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, in the pride of his young heart, made matters infinitely worse. Did he not say: "My little finger is thicker than my father's loins. And now whereas my father chastised you with whips, I will chastise you with scorpions"?

So the old jealousies flared up. Jeroboam founded a rival kingdom and led off ten tribes. We shall not trace the vicissitudes of the bloody wars between Judea and Israel and between these two and their neighbors. The whole record is intensely barbarous when stripped of the religious significance which the Bible everywhere reads into it. What we are concerned with is the way the split between Israel and Judah affected religion. According to the book of Chronicles, when Jeroboam took the ten tribes away from Rehoboam, he did not have the sympathy of all his people. "The priests and the Levites that were in all Israel resorted to Rehoboam out of all their border. For the Levites left their suburbs and their possessions and came to Judah and Jerusalem, for Jeroboam and his sons cast them off that they should not execute the priest's office unto Jehovah. And he appointed other priests for the high places, and for the he-goats, and for the calves which he had made. And after them out of all the tribes of Israel such as set their hearts to seek Jehovah, the God of Israel, came to Jerusalem to sacrifice unto Jehovah, the God of their fathers. So they strengthened the kingdom of Judah."

Biblical experts tell us that the book of Chronicles was written by priests for the express purpose of glorifying the kingdom of Judah and its religion. Accordingly some of the experts infer that the preceding statement is much stronger than the actual facts. Certainly some religious people remained in Israel, that is in the part of Palestine outside of Judah, for Elisha and some of the other great prophets arose there in later days. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that there occurred a noteworthy migration of priests, Levites, and other religiously minded people from Israel and Judea. Even in our own day people of the religious temperament are especially prone to migrate. Among people so religious as the Jews this certainly must have been the case. If the Mormons would abandon all things and migrate a thousand miles into the wilderness at the dictates of their faith, would not the religiously minded Israelites migrate a few score miles for the same reason? It is only reasonable to suppose that the mere fact that Jerusalem was the seat of the temple, and that the worship of Jehovah was permanently settled there, attracted many people of a religious temperament.

This attraction was intensified by the fact that the kingdom of Israel turned more and more to the worship of Baal and other gods of the neighboring people. The Bible is full of stories like that of Ahab and his wife, Jezebel, who made Israel to sin by introducing heathen practices. This was only natural, for Samaria, where was the centre of the Israelite kingdom, lies open to all sorts of foreign influences. People who have not travelled by caravan in Oriental lands can scarcely appreciate how the presence of a great highway brings the people in constant touch with foreigners. The average caravan travels only about fifteen miles a day. Each night it stops, and the caravan men fraternize with the people in town. Often it rests several days. If it wishes to recuperate, it may move some miles away from the main track and stay for a week or two. Foreigners not only pass through the land but settle in it. The natives inevitably intermarry with the foreigners. Thus a great road destroys the isolation of a race. That was what happened to Samaria, for that part of Palestine is an open land, easy to traverse, whereas the plateau of Judea by its physical harshness and isolation keeps people out, and thus long remained relatively free from foreign influences. Thus it happened that for several hundred years the part of Palestine outside Judea became less and less truly Jewish, and less and less a place where the old religion of Jehovah persisted. But all through these centuries there must have been a steady trickle of

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religious emigrants out of Israel into Judah. The natural result was that Judah became more and more religious. Some of its late kings, like Hezekiah and Josiah, introduced great and sweeping reforms. Thus the final result of carrying the ark to Jerusalem and of all which it implies, was that after three or four centuries the percentage of religious people had become high in Judah and low in the rest of Israel.

What happened next? At first sight the next event appears to nullify the effect of all that had happened before. That event was the exile. First Israel was wiped out as a kingdom, but Judah, in its mountain fastnesses, held on for another century. At last it too fell a victim to the Assyrian armies. Jerusalem was besieged and captured. Then happened something which at the time seemed the worst of all calamities. Not only was Jerusalem burned and sacked, but the cream of its people were carried away captive to Babylonia. As the Bible puts it, Nebuchadnezzar "carried away all Jerusalem, and all the princes, and all the mighty men of valor, even ten thousand captives, and all the craftsmen save the poorest sort of the people of the land. And he carried away Jehoiachin to Babylon; and the king's mother, and the king's wives, and his officers, and the chief men of the land, carried he into captivity from Jerusalem to Babylon. And all the men of might, even seven thousand, and the craftsmen and the smiths a thousand, all of them strong and apt for war, even them the King of Babylon brought captive to Babylon." But that was not the end of the story. Nebuchadnezzar set up the old king's brother in his stead to rule the land as a vassal. For some reason the suzerain changed the vassal's name, perhaps as a sign of the might of the conqueror. But this new king, Zedekiah, rebelled against the King of Babylon. So Nebuchadnezzar was forced to invade Palestine again. Once more the Chaldeans overwhelmed the city and chased the Judean army to the plains of Jericho.

"And the residue of the people that were left in the city, and those that fell away, that fell to the king of Babylon, and the residue of the multitude, did Nebuzaradan, the captain of the guard, carry away captive. But the captain of the guard left of the poorest of the land to be vine-dressers and husbandmen."

Thus again what cream was left was skimmed from Judea and carried away to Babylonia. According to Jeremiah this same thing happened still a third time. He says that Nebuchadnezzar carried away 3,320 Jews in the seventh year of his reign, 833 in the eighteenth year, and 745 in the twenty-third year. Finally the scanty number who remained rebelled once more, and the Chaldeans came to smite them. So "all the people, both great and small, and the captains of the forces arose and came to Egypt, for they were afraid of the Chaldeans." Thus Judea was practically depopulated. The best of the population had been carried to Babylonia. Great numbers had been killed. The more energetic of the poor remnant had fled to Egypt, and none was left except the wretched few who were not sufficiently important to be taken captive or to fear the invader and hence flee to Egypt. To these were doubtless added a certain number of soldiers and others who fled during the fighting and straggled back afterward.

Did this wretched remnant give rise to the Jews who finally put the books of the Bible into their present form, and who, at a later day, produced Jesus and his disciples? Not at all. That would scarcely be possible in view of the laws of biology and inheritance.

The next step in the building up of the Jews who made the supreme contribution to the world's religious thought was the return from the exile. That is a very interesting story. Soon after the exile the Babylonians suffered defeat at the hands of the Persians. Now Cyrus, the Persian, was a broad-minded man. He adopted the modern British principle of letting each race follow its own religion, so far as that did not interfere with the political integrity of the central government. In fact, he even encouraged the rebuilding and improvement of the temples of the various native peoples. So it happened that the Jews shared his kindness. Here is a proclamation which he issued in the first year of his reign:

"All the kingdoms of the earth hath Jehovah, the God of heaven, given me; and he hath charged me to build him a

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house in Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Whosoever there is among you of all his people, his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of Jehovah, the God of Israel which is in Jerusalem. And whosoever is left, in any place where he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with silver, and with gold, and with goods, and with beasts, besides the free-will offering for the house of God which is in Jerusalem."

Some of the exiles jumped at the chance thus offered. Is it not written, "Then rose up the heads of fathers' houses of Judah and Benjamin, and the priests, and the Levites, even all whose spirit God had stirred to go up to build the house of Jehovah which is in Jerusalem? And all they that were round about them strengthened their hands with vessels of silver, with gold, with goods, and with beasts, and with precious things, besides all that was willingly offered. Also Cyrus the king brought forth the vessels of the house of Jehovah, which Nebuchadnezzar had brought forth out of Jerusalem, and had put in the house of his gods; even those did Cyrus, King of Persia, bring forth by the hand of Mithredath the treasurer, and numbered them unto Sheshbazzar, the prince of Judah."

The significant thing here is that we have another selection. Remember that it was the cream of the people of Judah who had been carried to Babylon. Remember that these Judeans themselves, through the process of natural selection, had become a very religiously minded people. Now from the cream of this religious people there were selected a relatively small number "whose spirit God had stirred to go up to build the house of Jehovah which is in Jerusalem."

Such selective migrations occurred not once but several times. Here is the story of Nehemiah, one of the most famous among those who returned:

"It came to pass, as I was in Shushan the palace, that Hanani one of my brethren came with certain men out of Judah, and I asked them concerning the Jews that had escaped and that were left of the captivity and concerning Jerusalem. And they said unto me, The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach. The wall of Jerusalem also is broken down and the gates thereof are burned with fire. And it came to pass when I heard these words that I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days; and I fasted and prayed before the God of heaven. And it came to pass when wine was before king Artaxerxes that I took up the wine, and gave it unto the king, for I was his cupbearer. Now I had not been beforetime sad in his presence, and the king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid. And I said unto the king, Let the king live forever; why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste and the gates thereof are consumed with fire? Then the king said unto me, For what dost thou make request? So I prayed to the God of heaven. And I said unto the king, if it please the king, and if thy servant have found favor in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Judah, unto the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it. And the king said unto me (the queen also sitting by him), For how long shall thy journey be? and when wilt thou return? So it pleased the king to send me; and I set him a time. Moreover I said unto the king, If it please the king, let letters be given me to the governors beyond the River, that they may let me pass through till I come unto Judah: and a letter unto Asaph the keeper of the king's forest, that he may give me timber to make beams for the gates of the castle which appertaineth to the house, and for the wall of the city, and for the house that I shall enter into. And the king granted me, according to the good hand of my God upon me."

Thus Jerusalem and the little neighboring area which was all that counted for much in Judea was peopled once more by a very highly selected people. This does not mean that the richest, or the most influential, or the greatest literary lights among the Jews went back to their old homes. In most cases such people had established themselves and preferred to stay where they were. Only those in whom religious and racial fervor burned very strongly found sufficient incentive

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to make the long journey back across the desert, where they were in fear of their lives from desert raiders. Nor was there much to attract them at the end of the journey, for there, as Nehemiah vividly relates, the neighboring people of the land raised all sorts of difficulties, trying to prevent the building up of Jerusalem and trying to make the Persian kings believe that the returned Jews were plotting revolt. Thus this selection was perhaps the most drastic of all through which the Jews passed in their long history. They had been sifted and sifted until only a grain of one particular size was left, and that size represented a temperament which was extraordinarily religious, and extraordinarily imbued with the feeling of the mission of its race.

Now for the last step in this great eugenic problem of the Jews. The books of Ezra and Nehemiah both end with the same climax. No sooner had the Jews returned to Jerusalem than there cropped out the old trouble. The daughters of the land were fair. Doubtless the number of men who went back to Jerusalem was larger than the number of women. So the Jews took to themselves wives of the people of the land. Then came such men as Ezra and Nehemiah, intensely Jewish, intensely religious, intensely bigoted, if you will. They raised a storm of protest against the foreign marriages, and they had their way. So drastic was the policy that every foreign wife and child were expelled. If the men would not put away their wives, they too must leave. Thus during these years of trial there became intrenched in the Jewish social system one of the strictest rules that has ever prohibited intermarriage with other races. It seems to me that this was the last great step which paved the way for Christianity, and which make it possible for the Jews to be the originators not only of Judaism, but of Mohammedanism and Christianity. Because foreign marriages were so strictly prohibited, and because foreign wives, or those who wanted foreign wives, were driven away, religiously minded Jews who came back from exile maintained their racial inheritance almost unimpaired down to the time of Christ. Five or six centuries may seem a long time for a race to preserve the same characteristics. But if a stock is kept pure, and if those who depart from the accepted standards are lopped off unsparingly, as happened with the Jews, the same characteristics may exist indefinitely. Well-known historical cases of this kind are found among the Parsees of India and the people of Iceland. Among biologists the extraordinary force of heredity is universally recognized. Certain types of lower animals have remained practically unchanged for hundreds of millions of years. They are likely to remain thus for other hundreds of millions of years, provided their environment remains constant and mutations are exterminated.

Here then is the upshot of the whole matter. We see in the Jews an unparalleled example of natural selection and migration, aimed more or less consciously at the segregation of the religious temperament. We see that thus there was produced a race which is rightly called "peculiar," for it is peculiar not only in the sense of being unique but of being greatly honored. That race, as might be expected, gave birth to Jesus, the greatest of religious teachers. He is the natural culmination of such a type of racial evolution. But Jesus did not stand alone. One of the most remarkable features of New Testament times is the strong group of men whom he was able to gather about him. John, Peter, and Paul were great men in their own right. The authors of the Gospels and some of the other apostles were men of real power. The great leader can make his doctrines effective only if he finds among his contemporaries a group of people whose minds go along with his. There must be similarity of temperament. Moreover, the great leader is almost sure to fail unless he is surrounded by other men who also possess at least a certain degree of greatness. That was what happened in Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago. It was the result of a long eugenic process which began with the patriarchs and culminated in Jesus.

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On the Summer-School Campus

BY RAYMOND WALTERS
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IF, after the fashion of Peter Grimm in the play, some college professor of the Victorian era should return to his campus walks and nooks these summer days, he would find himself caught in a strange swirl: a company clearly of students but of a variety to him inexplicable. Men and women no longer young—some of them "old and reverend"; many maidens, like those of "The Princess," in "colors gayer than the morning mist"; a smaller group of young fellows of undergraduate type. Everywhere tortoise-shell spectacles and leather portfolios stuffed with books.

The invaders stream across the Yard at Harvard; they file from Teachers College to the Library at Columbia; they pour into Hutchinson and Noyes Halls at Chicago; they pause to hear the chimes of the Library Tower at Cornell; they sit on the Oak Knoll at Minnesota; in the cool of evening they stroll along the serpentine brick walls that Thomas Jefferson built at the University of Virginia.

At these and at scores of other American colleges and universities there are assembled summer-school students numbering well over 300,000. The number is large, even for a country familiar with large figures in steel tonnage, wheat acreage, automobile manufacture, and motion-picture production.

Is summer-school attendance simply one more evidence of the American passion for bigness, of the crowd instinct which packs the seashore boardwalk and the major-league ball-park? Well, motives are proverbially mixed. But the motives of those who flock to summer schools need not be above the decent human average to make this movement one of importance. Here is an educational development that has shot forward in the past decade with possibilities undreamed of by our Peter Grimm professor of the seventies and eighties and nineties.

The possibilities concern every adult, because the university summer school supports the theory that education is not an affair of childhood and of youth alone, but of adult life as well. More appealing still, to all parents, is the fact that the university summer school concerns their John and Mary through the teachers of John and Mary. For, although there is an increasing number of miscellaneous students, the majority of the 300,000 summer-school students on the college campus are teachers, a large proportion of them secondary-school teachers. If it is more than a platitude that democracy is dependent upon public education, the university summer school is important because it peculiarly serves the public-school teacher. "Education consists first of all in the superior quality and skill of its individual teachers." So, then, it may be worth while to trace the beginning and development of this new branch of adult education.

Historically, the ups and downs of the thermometer have figured only incidentally in the ringing of the schoolhouse and the college bell. Whether to hold or not to hold sessions in the summer has, both for lower schools and higher, been decided by bread-and-butter necessity rather than by temperature. In Colonial days schools opened in the fall after the boys and girls had finished helping with the harvesting of grain and with corn-husking and closed early enough for them to be of use in the spring planting. This did not apply, however, to the first American boarding-schools, such as the Moravian Seminary for Girls at Bethlehem, where there were no long summer vacations.

Harvard and Yale in their earliest years had short summer vacations. The Body of Laws for Harvard College in 1734 provided that "The Vacation be-

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ginning at Commencement shall continue but six weeks."

The situation a hundred years or so ago is indicated in old college catalogues and histories. "There shall be three vacations annually," declared the Laws of Hamilton College (1813). The first of these was "four weeks immediately after commencement"; the second "six weeks from the second Wednesday in January"; the third was three weeks, beginning about the middle of May. At Columbia in the same period, the "stated vacations are a month after commencement, one week at Michaelmas, and a fortnight at Christmas and at Easter." At Yale (1825) the three vacations were six weeks from August 1 to the middle of September, two weeks from the middle of January to February 1, and four weeks from the middle of May to the middle of June.

Writing of the year 1848 at Haverford College, President Isaac Sharpless reported that "it was customary to have a winter session of six months, a summer of four, with a month's vacation each in the spring and fall." It was in this era that Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered summer lectures at New England colleges which have taken their place in literature: the "American Scholar" oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, August 31, 1837; "Literary Ethics" before the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, July 24, 1838; and "The Method of Nature" before the Society of the Adelphi in Waterville College, Maine, August 11, 1841.

The change in the college world to vacations lasting through three summer months came to pass in the seventies and eighties.

It should be said that the summer somnolence which then became universal and which still prevails at many institutions was, and is, more seeming than real. For the many students who work their way through college in part or wholly, the summer months are a period of earning and of learning practical lessons as only the workaday world can teach them. As for the professors, the notion that as a group they are idle in the summer belongs to the category of stage and movie stock characterization and the "How Could You, Professor?" type of fiction.

The third element involved, allowing an expensive educational plant to remain idle for a quarter of each year, is indeed a serious consideration. For numerous smaller, privately endowed colleges, however, it would be uneconomic to try to operate all the year round. They have a definite and secure clientèle for the regular academic semesters; but for summer sessions they cannot compete with the large institutions in attracting students.

The waste involved in the idle plant of State and urban institutions can less justifiably be condoned. It was the late President William Rainey Harper who first met this issue squarely. When he planned the work of the University of Chicago in 1891 he provided for four quarters. "There seems," he wrote, "no good reason why, during a large portion of the year, the university buildings should be empty and the advantages which it offers denied to many who desire them. . . . In the climate of Chicago there is no season which, upon the whole, is more suitable for work than the summer." Chicago has successfully followed President Harper's original plan, with the slight modification of a division of the summer quarter into two terms, making it especially attractive in its alternative offering. Stanford University has likewise had the four-quarter programme. At Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio State, Nebraska, and other State institutions the procedure approaches the scheme of all-year-round sessions.

But the theory of summer instruction and a mild practice of the theory were twenty years older than President Harper's Chicago plan. In their book, "University Extension, Past, Present, and Future," two English educationists, Mr. H. F. Mackinder and Sir Michael E. Sadler, wrote: "The idea of taking the university to the people (in extension courses) is English, that of bringing the people into a Vacation University is American." The American source they cited was the Chautauqua Institution.

Beginning in 1874 on the shore of Lake Chautauqua in western New York, Bishop John Heyl Vincent and Lewis Miller organized a summer training-school for Sunday-school teachers which they later extended to wider fields with

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conspicuous success. It was Chautauqua which Oxford in 1888 and Cambridge in 1890 copied in the holding of extension summer "meetings," as they are called in England, and which, by a happy agreement, have since 1896 alternated between the banks of the Cam and the Isis.

Actually, however, Harvard preceded Chautauqua by three years. In 1871, as Mr. J. H. Gardiner has reported, Professor Asa Gray, of the Harvard faculty, gave special summer work in botany for teachers and for students who wished practice in the field. Here was the real beginning of the university summer school in America. In 1873 the great Agassiz, who had just come from Switzerland to Harvard, opened a summer school of natural history on an island in Buzzard's Bay. The following year a third Harvard professor, Doctor J. P. Cook, gave summer instruction in chemistry to fifteen students. In 1875 Professor N. P. Shaler organized a summer course in geology at Camp Harvard. Professor Shaler was made chairman of the first committee appointed by President Eliot in 1887 to have charge of summer courses. The Harvard summer work was formally recognized by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of the university in 1891, when certain of the courses were accepted toward the degree requirement.

For several years in the eighties the University of Pennsylvania conducted a four weeks' summer session; in the late eighties the University of Wisconsin had summer "review courses for teachers." The beginnings of other early university summer schools, as reported by their present directors, were: California, 1890, Cornell, 1897, Minnesota, 1893, Chicago, 1894, Texas, 1898, Wisconsin (present sessions), 1898, Columbia, 1900, Pennsylvania (present sessions), 1904.

All through the nineties and into the first five years of this century, summer-school enrolment at American universities grew at the same moderate rate as did the regular attendance of the academic year. Then came a decade of expansion, 1905–1915, with marked increases in the regular attendance in State and urban universities. The summer school kept pace with these increases.

It has been in the past ten years that the tremendous summer-school development has come. Great as has been the post-war tide of regular students at colleges and universities large and small, public and privately endowed, it has been surpassed by the summer-school tide. For example, at twenty-seven universities having summer schools the total enrolment of the regular year increased 70 per cent from 1915 to 1925. In the same ten years the total summer-school enrolment of these institutions increased 140 per cent. The table herewith gives the summer-school figures and percentage increases of thirty-five typical universities:

HOW SUMMER-SCHOOL ATTENDANCE HAS INCREASED IN TEN YEARS

UNIVERSITY	1915	1925	INCREASE
Boston	141	1,056	648%
California	3,975*	5,305	....
Chicago	4,369	6,595	51%
Cincinnati	....	1,480	....
Colorado	697	3,520	405%
Columbia	5,961	12,720	113%
Cornell	1,509	2,023	34%
George Washington	237*	1,850	....
Harvard	916	2,470	169%
Illinois	1,028	2,361	129%
Indiana	861	2,032	136%
U. of Iowa	673	3,432	409%
Iowa State	1,055	1,967	86%
Johns Hopkins	428	918	114%
Kansas	562	1,576	180%
Michigan	1,677	3,207	91%
Minnesota	1,067	4,355	308%
Missouri	725	1,858	156%
Nebraska	610	3,247	432%
New York U.	1,048	3,629	246%
Northwestern	359	1,865	419%
Ohio State	1,029	2,826	175%
Oklahoma	550	2,211	302%
Oregon	147	1,012	588%
Pennsylvania	1,035	2,230	115%
Penn State	1,024	2,247	119%
Pittsburgh	549	2,125	287%
Syracuse	311	1,131	263%
Texas	1,265	3,214	154%
Tulane	1,037	1,751	69%
U. of Washington	1,060	2,399	126%
Virginia	1,350	2,212	64%
Washington U.	....	622	....
Western Reserve	533*	1,608	....
Wisconsin	2,780	5,015	79%

* Attendance in 1916.

The difficulty, in looking at figures like these, is to look behind them. One must not be mystified by balloon-like percentage increases. These statistics and the estimated grand total mean just this: On the summer-school campus there are not approximately 300,000 units but approximately 300,000 very human persons, men

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and women, maidens and youths—a great many of them school-teachers.

You know Miss Smith, the mild young woman who teaches your Mary in the third grade; well, she is there. You know Mr. Jones, the oldish young man who, in the high school, is introducing your John and English literature to each other; he is there, too. With them are likely your high-school principal, working toward his master's degree, and your superintendent of schools, taking a course under some expert in school administration.

If we were to follow Miss Smith—Elizabeth Smith—through a July day at Columbia we should find her an eager sharer in a session that offers more than a thousand different courses to 13,000 students. She has a room in the Barnard dormitory with a companionable spinster who, years before Elizabeth, was graduated at the same normal school. Together they go through the registration process in the Columbia gymnasium, a marvel of organization which handles 3,000 students a day. They take one course together; their other work is in different fields.

Elizabeth delights in the atmosphere of Teachers College. She learns that, far from being cold or stilted or "pedantic," the new educational methods are intensely human and that the instructors are worthy expounders of them. She studies hard—harder perhaps than she ought; most of these pathetically earnest teachers do. She gains, as the weeks go by, a zeal for technic as a means to an end, and a scorn for intellectual looseness and bluff. She is becoming a professional.

It isn't all grind. There are tennis and sightseeing tours about New York, receptions and dances, and meetings of the State alumni clubs into which the Columbia summer-session students organize themselves. And then there is the steamer trip up the Hudson, with the loveliness of the historic river as a remembrance and, as something dearly to be cherished, the review and inspection of the cadet corps at West Point and a dance afterward when Elizabeth danced twice with a tall, blond cadet who was adorable in military gray.

And now let us take a look at Royal T. Jones, your John's high-school teacher of English, who, after six years of saving for it, is at Harvard, enrolled for English X. He and Dorothy and little Dorothy, æt. two, are quartered, along with a young couple from Delaware, in a Harvard instructor's house, rented for six weeks.

A graduate of one of Ohio's forty-three colleges in 1920 (thirteen months out for war-time service), Jones has the cultivated Middle Westerner's reverence for New England. Dorothy is disappointed at first with Harvard's "red-brick scholar factories," but she grants all Royal's claims when they and little Dorothy sit at twilight on a bench in the Yard between the Widener Library and Appleton Chapel. At Concord, on one of their pilgrimages, Royal holds Dorothy's hand tight as Emerson's home rekindles his youthful consecration: now courage and self-reliance challenge the prices of grocers and milkmen and the polite disdain of magazine editors.

His course is in Nineteenth Century English Literature, under Professor Copeland. Jones is fairly familiar with the subject-matter; some of this he has been teaching to his high-school seniors. So, acquainted with the facts, he takes notes mainly of appraisals. Triumph of triumphs, as he hears this story of English thought and expression recounted day by day, he catches the vision, the glow of that lover and revealer of true literature—Charles Townsend Copeland. When he returns to his high school, Jones bears with him a share of the scholarly spirit that is Harvard.

It would be misleading so to stress the attendance of secondary-school teachers at the university summer schools as to seem to minimize the scope or influence of the other components of summer-school enrolment. In recent years there has been an increasing proportion of non-teachers: practising lawyers, journalists, business men, clergymen, and, at Cornell last summer, one member of Congress. The largest of the non-teacher elements is the undergraduate group. Some of these are repeating work failed in the regular term; the vast majority are excellent students, usually older than the average, who take advantage of summer instruction to complete early their requirements for the bachelor's degree. At Michigan,

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as an outstanding instance of this, "approximately two-thirds of the summer enrolment is composed of students who are either in attendance during the spring semester or who return to the university for the fall semester."

Granting all recognition to these elements, it probably is fair to say that the most far-reaching effect of the summer school, its great social significance, lies in the betterment of the public schools of the country through the betterment of the professional training of its teachers. "No other enterprise in the United States," Professor W. C. Bagley maintains, "is so important to its future welfare as its teacher-training." Professor Bagley has reported in *School and Society* that "in at least one-half of the States a majority of the teachers have less than standard training (two years of college or normal-school education or better) and in at least one-third of the States the general level of training is still deplorably low."

Summer schools afford the untrained teacher a chance to become trained. To stop teaching to obtain a better education is impossible for many of them, certainly for the men teachers who have given hostages to fortune. Consider that, in the prosperous Middle West area of the North Central Association, the typical salary of the high-school teacher is $1,800 a year; for the entire United States the average annual salary of all teachers is $1,243.

To the teacher who has a college training and to the young college instructor the university summer school is at once a stimulus to graduate work and an avenue for it. As Dean J. W. Tufts, of Chicago, writes, teachers "may there begin advanced work and find out whether they may advantageously go on further in their studies without cutting their anchors."

What about the standard of summer-school work as compared with that of the regular academic year? There are, of course, those who regard the whole enterprise as an intrusion and a delusion, a popularization of college instruction that adds one more sin to the sins of modern educational practice. There are those also who charge summer-school students with aiming chiefly at units, hours, certificates, and degrees that can be converted into salary increases. Admitting that it is an economic rather than an intellectual urge which drives many, this would remain an indictment not peculiar to the summer school. Testimony to the earnestness, the zeal, the industry of summer-school students in general is obtainable from instructors in these schools and from the librarians who report that their use of the library exceeds anything known in the regular year. It is the concentrated effort of these mature and professionally ambitious students which offsets the disadvantages of a six weeks' course in a given subject, one hour daily, as compared with two separate hours a week in that subject for a semester of fifteen weeks. Among professors who really know summer-school work there is pretty generally a rating of the standard as equivalent to that of the academic year.

As to the merit of American summer-school work, there has been early and recent testimony from Britons. Writing of the instruction at Harvard in 1896, George Birbeck Hill, Honorary Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, said: "There is nothing of a literary picnic about these summer courses." Professor Frederick S. Boas, vice-president of the English Association and an eminent Shakespearian scholar, told delegates at the Imperial Education Conference in London in 1924 that he was impressed with the work at the University of Chicago during his summer-quarter lectures in 1923. He said that, for its summer instruction, "Chicago doesn't provide only its own professors but scholars of high standing from all parts of the United States and, indeed, of the world. There I saw for three months representative professors dispensing the very best available thought." Praise of summer work at Chicago and at Harvard has been given by Professor W. A. Craigie, editor-in-chief of the Oxford Dictionary, who lectured at Chicago and at Harvard in the summers of 1924 and 1925.

The interchange of professors referred to by Doctor Boas prevails at most institutions; the University of California, for example, calls half of its summer staff from other universities. To the instructors thus invited, there is the stimulus of new surroundings and contacts. To ad-

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ministrative officers there is afforded a chance to weigh the qualities of the visiting instructor as a possible permanent instructor.

A spread of the summer-school idea to fields other than university study has come about in the past few years. At mountain, seashore, and other resorts there are hundreds of religious institutes and Chautauquas of all denominations, dozens of social-service groups and library-training courses, and a series of regional army training-camps for young civilians. Following the pioneer all-year schools in Newark, N. J., vacation sessions are now being held in the public high schools of New York and other States.

As to the future of the university summer school, directors of the schools in leading institutions have replied almost unanimously that the high peak of numbers has probably been reached but that the present attendance level will be maintained. Statistics tabulated by the present writer for the United States Bureau of Education in 1921 showed that fifteen of the largest summer schools of the country then had 38 per cent of the total enrolment of the 241 colleges and universities having summer schools. The likelihood is that this concentration of summer-school attendance at the great State and urban universities will increase rather than diminish. As has already been said, it is difficult for small colleges to draw summer-school students in competition with the widely known professors and the prestige of the State institutions and with the metropolitan attractions of New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. There will nevertheless remain a definite usefulness for the summer school of some small colleges and of the normal schools and normal colleges in local service for teachers and others who cannot go far away.

Certain privately endowed colleges have developed a form of summer work distinct from regular academic instruction. Most celebrated of these is the Williamstown Institute of Politics, conducted at Williams College for three weeks each summer. Founded in 1921 by President Harry W. Garfield upon annual gifts from Mr. Bernard Baruch, the institute has attained international note. Specialists from all parts of the United States, Europe, and Asia assemble at Williamstown for the July and August round-table conferences and lectures. The annual proceedings are forming a contribution to the literature of politics and international relations. The Summer School for Women Workers in Industry at Bryn Mawr College is in its sixth year. The course of eight weeks includes instruction in science, art, and history. The young women workers are encouraged to carry on in winter classes in their own communities the study begun at Bryn Mawr, and to teach their fellow workers.

With the financial support of Mr. Otto Kahn, Princeton University began last year a Summer Institute of Fine Arts for teachers of art and advanced students of art. Princeton has summer courses to enable undergraduates to make up deficiencies, but these are not designed for outside students.

The one summer session at Yale is that of the Yale Law School, open to teachers of law and to practising lawyers. Last summer 133 were enrolled for this advanced study.

Mention may well be made of the distinctive work done in the summer session of the Modern Language Schools of Middlebury College.

Hundreds of Americans, largely teachers of French, go abroad for the Vacation Courses for Foreigners, given at the University of Paris and at the ten provincial universities of France. Certificates and diplomas are awarded upon examination at the completion of courses, a factor that is of importance to American teachers who have to show their school boards evidences of work accomplished.

There are no examinations at the extension summer meetings held alternately at Oxford and Cambridge and consequently no academic credits. The reward of the American pilgrim is that, amid these ancient halls and walks and stimulated by the living minds of scholars, he may, in the phrase of Charles Lamb, "seem to inhale learning."

England is witnessing an extension of the summer-school movement into the sphere of party politics and social problems. At Cambridge and at Oxford, apart

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from the regular extension meetings, there are summer meetings of the Workers Education Association, founded by Mr. Albert Mansbridge in 1903. The Labor Party Summer School was held at Oxford last summer, while at Cambridge there took place sessions of the Liberal Summer School. Expressly to offset the activities of labor, the conservatives have established summer courses at Philip Stott College, Stanton Court, Broadway, and Worcestershire. The Independent Labor Party had a summer school at Dunmow, in Essex, last summer.

These English schools and the Williamstown Institute, with their groups of political and social thinkers, emphasize the theory indicated at the beginning of this article that there should be continued education for the mature man and woman. Doctor Edward L. Thorndike, the psychologist, has declared that the learning process may be carried on far later in life than is commonly thought. President Eliot, who was a pioneer in promoting the summer school and systematic cultural reading, has himself beautifully illustrated his doctrine that education "really should be the work of the whole life."

No humdrum nor conventional enterprise this—the university summer school—but rather, for the individual and for the democracy, a chance for high endeavor.

The Social Arctic Circle

BY MARY LEE DAVIS
Author of "God's Pocket"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"HOW cold have you ever really seen it?"

"You don't mean to say that you *like* it there?"

"Do you *ever* see the sun at all?"

"Is your house an igloo?"

You see, I have been living for eight years in a little town of far interior Alaska, the Inside, as we call it, a town that snugs itself up against the Arctic circle very closely, a town that is "the end of the trail" in so far as transportation in the modern sense is concerned. When I go Outside, back to the States, to my friends and kinsfolk in Washington, in New York, and Boston, I find myself a curiosity. I am pelted with questions such as the above, incessantly, for the place-name Alaska seems to mean even to the most educated and cultured people in the States only the lost and gone Alaska of a generation ago, the Alaska of Klondyke days (and the Klondyke, though not one in a thousand Outside apparently realizes it, isn't a part of our American Alaska at all, but is in British, or Yukon, territory), of Rex Beach's adventures, and of rushing diphtheria antitoxin to Nome by the antiquated and unnecessary means of a dog-team (to satisfy front-page head-lines), when airplanes were available and ready to go.

Now I have myself lived and nursed through an epidemic in the north much more wide-spread and disastrous than the Nome trouble last year, though we were far too busily at work fighting the plague to put our troubles on the wire; I have travelled many days at a time with dogs and sleds, when no other method of locomotion was possible; I have kept house in every-day womanly fashion in my Arctic home all these years; and I have also "seen the sun," at midnight and otherwise, and usually worn the legal normalcy of those clothes in which my Eastern friends take so much interest.

So I have tried to answer all their queries patiently, for I love Alaska not only because my home is here but for the many invaluable and ineluctable lessons

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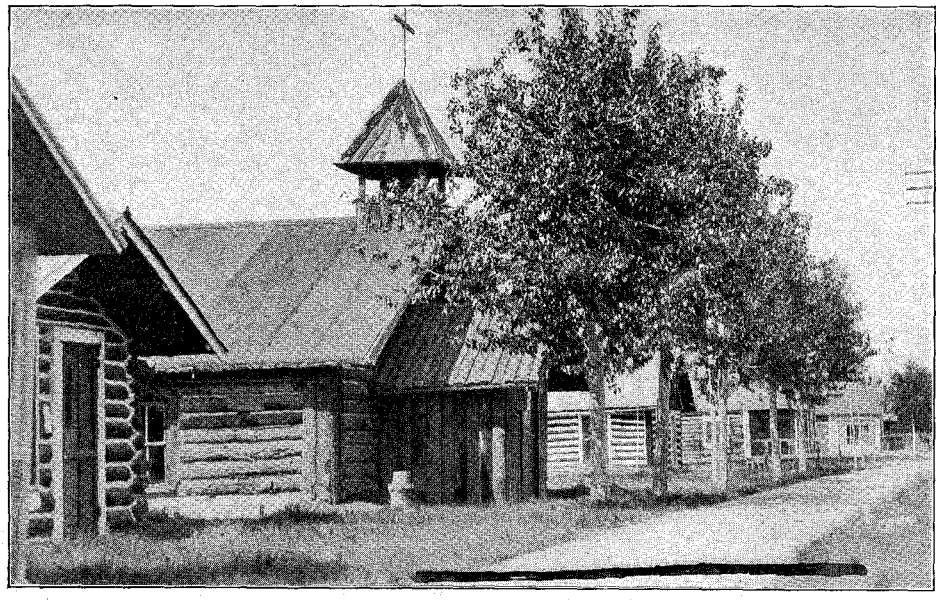
of patience and courage and understanding that Alaska and her people have taught me. And because I do so love this country I am truly hurt to find it misunderstood, just as one resents the misappreciation of a dear friend by a casual stranger.

For Alaska to-day, though not perhaps a woman's country, yet appeals strongly as a great challenging personality to a cer-



Our little town consists of a group of cabins staggered along a river-bank.

tain type of woman—the woman who, irrespective of her physical make-up, has in that old-fashioned and to-day seldom-mentioned portion of her, once called a soul, some hand-down of the pioneer strain. There are many women in Alaska to-day, women of all varieties, women such as you and I—and others—and between us we are doing a part in making over all the old Alaska that once was (of the turbulent days of those gold stampedes of whose high spots Beach and London and Service wrote so vividly) into an American colony of homes and children and schools. We are beginning (a woman's enfranchisement bill was the first ever to come before the Alaska legislature) through woman's jury bills and school supervision, and the prick of civic pride, to have no little and gentle hand in reshaping this vast wilderness of raw empire material into something livable and shapely; just as Pilgrim mothers in another century (though the distaff side of that adventure too has not had suitable or equal publicity!) had their hand and say-so in the shaping and settling of another equally supposed wilderness in the far-away colony of New England.

Our little town sprang up in the days of the gold rushes, a quarter-century ago. A group of cabins staggered along a winding river-bank has gradually become a village, with a church or two, a school of parts, a bank, a movie theatre, streets that know some regularity, a power-plant fed by native wood that provides jerky and variable but necessary—and expensive—"juice," and stores that are really grown-up trading-posts, for raw furs and gold-dust are still taken daily over their counters as media of exchange from trappers and prospectors. Ours is the last and northernmost frontier of America. When we came here first, my mining-engineer husband and I, our household goods had to follow us by steamer from Seattle to St. Michael, at the mouth of the Yukon River, and then up-stream 1,400 miles by slow stern-wheeler craft, a matter of many

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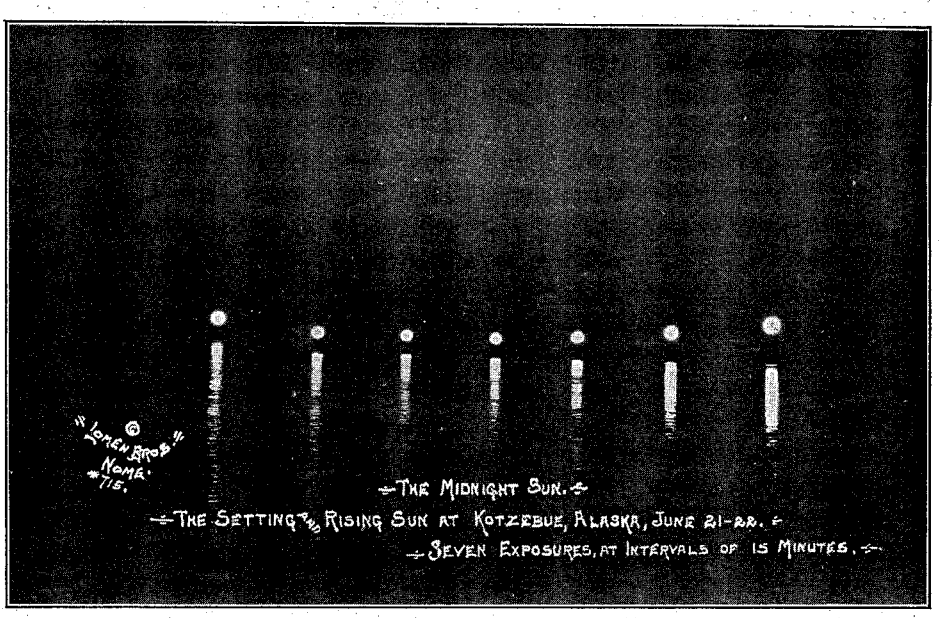
"Lomen Bros."
Nome.
#715.
The Midnight Sun.
The Setting & Rising Sun at Kotzebue, Alaska, June 21-22.
Seven Exposures, at Intervals of 15 Minutes.

The arc indicated by these seven exposures, covering an hour and a half, is $\frac{1}{16}$ of the total vertical circle of the sun, in summer, swinging high in the north. The sky looks dark in this picture from the overexposure (7 times!) but is of reality intensely brilliant, of course.

weeks. Quite as many, indeed, as the Pilgrims one time took in reaching Plymouth.

Unlike the Atlantic, however, our Yukon opens for navigation only four months in the summer. The remainder of the year it is frozen solidly for all its great length, and time was when we were almost completely isolated for the other eight months. "Letter mail only" came to us in winter over 500 miles of bitterly wind-blown trail through mountains that never let you near, and hills whose heads seemed to touch heaven. Any one absolutely needing to leave the country in midwinter, for sickness or for business reasons, must face many days of gruelling land travel, involving some actual risk, and ending in a week's sea-voyage upon the misnamed Pacific. The recently completed government railroad which now reaches our town has eliminated many of these former hardships.

That is one side of the picture, but there is another. How cold? In winter, sometimes 75 degrees below zero. I have myself seen the thermometer (not the mercury, for mercury does not register at such temperatures, but a spirit thermometer) at minus 68 Fahrenheit. But houses are sturdily built, fuel is plentiful and not too costly, the air is clear and clean and dry; and during the Deep Cold, as old-timers call temperatures below minus 40, in our wide interior valley the air is absolutely still, so still indeed that it seems as though the very earth itself had ceased its spinning and was held poised in planetary wheeling upon a silent axle-tree. The low-swung boughs of spruce bear their snow burden mutely. Not a branch stirs of all the deeply laden forests of tamarack, in the stark birch woods not a tremble. But all stand breathless and silent, like the enchanted garden of an ice-bound Sleeping Beauty.

You who have suffered, as I have, bleak blustrous "spells" of despicable intensive winter in Boston or New York or Chicago, not to mention blizzards and "snaps" of down-swooping mercury in Wisconsin or Wyoming, will realize in part what a real blessing clean, dry, quiet, and *dependable* cold may be.

For the very fact that you can absolutely rely upon the cold is a very real blessing. In November comes the first Deep Cold, and you can plan for it almost to a day. But there is no fear—too warm the housing. Your log cabin is securely

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and newly chinked. Your wood-pile is high and neatly convenient. The coal-bin is full of coal that comes from only a few miles distant, for our whole country is munificently underlain with excellent coal. You are prepared, ready, expectant. The cold, when it does come, will not fly out at you in a vicious blizzard, nor swoop down unheralded in a pneumonia-breeding "spell." It comes quietly, normally. I can almost say that it comes welcomed as a friend returned, for I know that to the housekeeper at least it is, indeed, a friendly thing.

The thrifty housewife bespeaks from hunters early in the fall a quarter or a half of moose, according to the size of her family, half a caribou, and half a mountain-sheep—the finest game meat in the world, in my opinion. Her husband cuts these quarters of meat into serviceable sections, roasts, chops, and steaks, and lays them out on shelves in the cache or in tubs, with slips of paper between. By next morning, for it is now November, the meat is frozen solid. Nothing can now harm it, for it is preserved in the most admirable way, secure and clean, until one morning you say to yourself in the manner of housewives immemorial: "What *shall* we have for dinner to-night?" And then: "I believe a roast of caribou, well larded with good fat bacon, would taste mighty fine." Whereupon you make a sortie into your cache, armed with a hammer and ice-pick and mittens, give an expert nick to a big red-and-white chunk of solid meat, and carry it inside to let it thaw all morning, or put it all frozen into a slow oven, so that it may roast and thaw simultaneously. No ice bills, madame, no butcher boy, no middleman and his obnoxious profits—only Alaska's own bounty and Alaska's own conservation policy.

Would you have a choice dessert? During the afternoon take a pint of cream, real or tinned, beat it stiff, stir in a small jar of strawberry preserve, place it in a pyrex dish on a shelf in the cache. By dinner-time you have a luscious ice-cream —no ice, no salt, no freezer to clean, no crank to turn. Alaska's own! Or bake your Christmas pies in mid-November, a dozen fat and juicy ones, as I love to do—a whole morning an orgy of floury rollings and fruity flavors. Let the crust only cream to biscuit color, and then, while yet steaming hot from the oven, whisk the pies out into the cache and place them on the very topmost shelf, or that delicious whiff carried across the still cold air will attract the flattering attention of your neighbor's prowling malemutes, or prove too subtle a temptation for her small children. When frozen solid, as these pies soon will be, steamy aroma and all, stack

Noon in midwinter and only a glow showing, to the south.

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them in orderly piles and cover them with a clean cloth, high in an out-of-the-way corner of the cache. Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year dinner-times, when you thaw and brown them, piping hot and flaky crisp, will bring your due deserts for this forehandedness. And there is no better tenderer of pie-crust than is frost, as any expert pastry-cook will confirm. It renders even mediocre dough inexpressibly delicious. Try it!

Though we do sometimes keep chickens through the winter, they are a problem and a real care, for not only must their houses be thoroughly heated but lighted also, and with electricity at twenty-five cents per kilowatt hour, that is a very heavy expense. With chickens in the dark winter months, it is a matter of no light, no eggs—and what is more, at the end of the season, perfectly good dead chickens! I have seen guaranteed fresh eggs in early spring sell, in the old days, for five dollars a dozen, and plenty of takers. Two and a half a dozen was the regular and accepted winter price for fresh eggs when I first came to Alaska. Case eggs carried over the winter, as was necessary before the coming of the railroad brought them to us by year-round express and parcel-post, were opened with prayer—or a gas-mask! The building of angel cakes is not even to-day a favorite winter sport among Alaska's famed good cooks.

"But all this," you say, "is winter. How long *is* winter? And in the summer have you then any vegetables or flowers? Does *anything* grow in that far country?"

Alaska is a land of terrific contrasts, and this infinite variety is undoubtedly a part of her charm. There is no real spring here, and no long Indian summer come like spring returned to us, "won from her girlishness," as you in the States know it. There is only summer—and then winter, a rather long and intensive winter, too, sometimes. The first frost may come in August, and I have known it for two successive years to arrive on the thirteenth, but of course when it comes so early it does not stay, but serves only to blacken the glory of the nasturtium-vines. By mid-October the days are fairly cold, sometimes 15 or 20 below, which is splendid hunting and travel weather. But the Deep Cold will not come until November, and even then the extreme temperatures usually do not endure for more than a few days at a time, although my own first December in the north was an exception to this rule, and *averaged* forty and a half degrees below zero for the entire month, which is rather continuous! That's Winter, and well deserves the capital letter that we of the north instinctively grant to it. But I've a poor opinion of any one who doesn't carry under his ribs something that makes him laugh at mere winter and rough weather. He (and you can "play it double" for the other gender) who can see no enemy but these twain, already dwells within the limits of Arcady—or so Will Shakespeare hinted.

But there is summer, too, often not more than three full months (mid-May to mid-August), but oh, so intensive also, and so beautiful, so luxurious, so gleaming in opal lights, so lush, so exuberant in vegetation! For three full months the moon and stars are literally forgot, and we never know darkness at all; for three full months the sky is constantly glowing and bright; for three full months the sun swings in a vertical circle to the north as though twirled there in space by a great invisible arm; now high, now low to the hills, but for the entirety of the summer the sun is *there*. And all life responds with energy to the primordial life-giver. The gardens fairly burst and pop open, the plants can actually be seen to grow. The little cabins of log, so long blanketed in great white snowy hoods of pent-roofs and capes of overhang, become almost overnight the warm rustic background for a clambering mass of nasturtiums and sweet peas. Pansy beds spring up as by magic. People eight months without green things feed ravenously upon the first lettuce and radishes. I have known a small bunch of early Easter lettuce, hothouse grown, to sell for a dollar, and we all stood in line and begged for the privilege of buying!

Though it seldom rains for long periods in summer, our precipitation being approximately that of Southern California, the ground is nevertheless well-watered; for the winter frost is thawing from the earth and coming up through the roots of new plants, and feeding them invigorating draughts. While it lasts, the Arctic summer is literally a bit of heaven, for night,

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as marked by darkness, ceases to exist for all that time, and luminous air, brilliant sky, and fertile earth conspire together to create beauty. Wild flowers in riot, berries galore, delectable mushrooms of the most exotic varieties, the finest fish in the world fresh-caught from streams that feed themselves from inexhaustible ice-fields, and twenty-four hours of pure daylight to revel in and choose for your own, and take your playtime in that cooler part of the day which would otherwheres be night, all very well and good. Picnics that start out at midnight are not here what they sound to be, but perfectly decorous and daylight adventures, partaken by young and old alike. Sleeping at night is merely a convention, you know, convenient because in most places nighttime means dark, and the impossibility

Our water-wagon in winter. It being only a little matter of 35 degrees below zero, he refused, did the waterman, to put on real winter togs in which to be snapped.

encompass this, your perpetual dwelling in the light of descending suns, encircled by the Tyrian splendor of the hills.

Quite naturally there is no normal life here during the summer. The miners work all twenty-four hours of the day, trying in three hectic shifts in three hectic months to "clean up" all the gold-bearing gravel mined during the long winter months underground. After being shut in for so long (although we all go about the town when necessary even in the coldest weather, and children set out alone for kindergarten when it is not below 40) every one feels the pressing need of spending each waking moment in the open. Our 1,200 townsmen own 400 automobiles, and so no person need travel afoot. And the entire population is abroad, early and late. If you prefer to sleep through the warmer noon hours of outdoor work or recreation. Where there *is* no night, the reason for the convention disappears, and a summer party here that "lasts through the night" is conducted under the same daylight auspices as might a Sunday-school picnic elsewhere! Little twisting auto roads spread through a pattern of alternate silver birch and blue spruce—roads only a few years since the hunting-trails of Indians and trappers—and take us up into the surrounding hills and across the valley to the white-rimmed ranges.

"How warm?" The day President Harding was with us registered 92 in the shade, and there were three heat prostrations. Another day of that July of 1923 it was 98—still dry, however, and crystal clear—not 98 as we used to know it in Washington, when eggs were cooked on the pavement of the Avenue!

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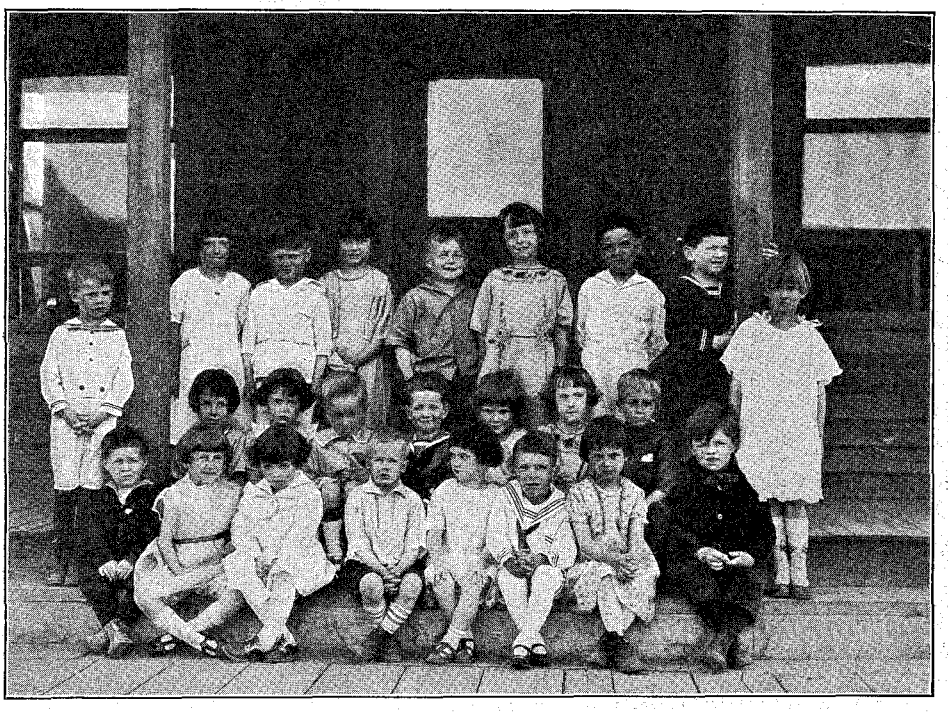
Plenty of good birch wood and spruce, plenty of coal, free refrigeration in winter on your own back porch, and in summer the cellars always cool, for the earth below a relatively few surface inches remains perpetually frozen to a depth of several hundred feet. "But how about water?"

Water is a curious problem in our part of Alaska. There is a world of it, and yet good drinking-water is sometimes hard to get right in our town, and one may, at times, embarrass a hostess very much by asking for a glass of it. This situation is not so much due to a fault of the country, however, as to a fault in the mental attitude of the earlier settlers here. These first came as adventurers, frankly on the make, to win an easy fortune in the gold-fields, and then return to old homes Outside. But many were unfortunate. The gold did not cling to the grass-roots as rumor had reported, and most comers necessarily drew unlucky numbers in that soul-testing wracksome lottery of the stampedes. Many would not return home empty-handed to confess a failure, and Alaska papers to-day invariably run a column every so often, called "The Port of Missing Men," in which are printed the scores and hundreds of letters from relatives, describing the son or husband or brother, who "went to Alaska in '98, and has never since been heard from. Can you tell us anything of him?" Such letters, in such numbers, tell their own story of the tragedy, the waste, the pride, the futility, which our most human film-actor has recently epitomized in "The Gold Rush." Many more have fallen unwittingly in love with this vivid land of paradox, and remain captive and enchanted but still imagining themselves free agents.



The kindergarten in our town. They are our climate's best boosters!

But without exception our earliest settlers had the feeling—strongly—that they were pilgrims here upon a foreign shore, and until quite recently there has been no material change of view-point on the part of most of our citizens, no sense of permanent dwelling. Our first two winters were spent in a log house that literally cracked open whenever severe frosts upheaved the ground, or neighbor Katmai's

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frequent convulsions knocked dishes from the kitchen shelves—"the old devil being still in pain," as my Indian friend says. Then my husband and I invested what seemed a goodly sum in a well-built, thoroughly comfortable, and well-equipped home, and have suffered exactly the same criticism, amused comment, and aspersions of luxury and poor judgment from our neighbors (some of them) that the first builders of comfortable, livable, still-standing homes, built on the English pattern in New England, once endured. Being contemporary ancestors has drawbacks as well as fascinations. But we have felt no need to reduce our ordinary American standards of living in any unnecessary way just because we are colonists, any more than did those others who once brought their English standards to a new England and felt themselves to be carrying on a tradition quite as much as performing a political experiment. Our own faith in this country of our choice has surely since been amply rewarded.

Yet only a very few of the homes here to-day have any arrangements for either water-supply or drainage. Our own well is sixty-eight feet deep, and extends through frozen strata to a supply of excellent water that underlies much of our town in a mysteriously "thawed" area. The water is clear and pure, and so cold that it frosts a glass immediately, as drawn from the tap, and if the well is not used daily, it freezes solidly, especially in midsummer, when the frost is being drawn upward through the soil to the sun. We have an electric automatically controlled pump, a large attic tank, and a very complete and serviceable sewage and water system of our own, including hot-water heat, which has proved the most dependable in severe temperatures. Indeed our present house is so well built to withstand cold, with double windows and sawdust-filled double walls throughout, that during many of our winters in the north we have burned less coal than have friends in houses of similar size in New York and Philadelphia—and paid considerably less for it.

But with most of our people every aspect of householding has been more or less of a makeshift, not only in the early days when materials were hard to come by and very expensive, but even now, when many of these conditions have changed with the coming of the railroad. Arrangements were made "to do" until the next season only, when the claim would pan out well, and we'd make our big stake at last and go Outside, "back home," whether that might mean some far Scandinavian fiord-side, the Bluenose provinces of Canada, or the gold-plated cities of California. Unfortunately, as yet, no other formative vision has taken the place, definitely, of this earlier one. Consequently there are houses in our town where, although two days' work of an unskilled laborer would mean a steady and free supply of water, the inhabitants have been buying this precious thing at two cents a gallon for twenty years and more, quite incredible as this may seem. The depth and intensity of the frost in winter makes anything like a year-round municipal supply of water impracticable, except at a present prohibitive cost of bleeding and steam-thawing, and consequently two watermen make their rounds daily, driving slowly up and down the little streets, and water-signs are hung out and water-barrels filled as they were at the time of the gold rush. In winter the water is carried about in a tank on a sled, and because at 40 or 60 below zero the water would speedily freeze, in the centre of the sled is a separate compartment occupied by a vigorous stove, that puffs away in the very midst of the water-tank, sending up frosty clouds of smoke as it jaunts slowly down the street to the accompaniment of tinkling bells on the harness of the two sleek arch-necked Percherons, their driver's ultimate pride. He himself goes attired in winter with martin cap of floating tails atop, and a beaded moose-hide coat below.

There is another effect not so much of the cold, perhaps, as the relative nearness of the magnetic pole, or some other peculiar and disturbing far-north phenomenon. For we who live within the Circle of the Arctic are made constantly aware, especially in winter, that we have staked out claims not only in a highly mineralized land area but also in a highly electrified atmospheric area. I am neither an electrical engineer nor a radio expert, and I am almost as unqualified to speak either

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as neurologist or psychiatrist. But I do know from personal experience, and the observed actual experiences of my woman companions in the far north, that the fact that we inhabit, as it were, a great electric preserve, the home of the northern dawn, and are neighbors to the magnetic north, all has its effect upon our daily lives in strange ways, influencing our mental and our bodily states equally. In winter there is so much static in the air almost constantly that one cannot walk across a room and touch another body without generating a long, snappy electric spark. Our Airedale soon learned this, much to our amusement, and when he comes to us across the wide Bokhara of our living-room, he invariably turns his head aside and down, as he snuggles to be scratched, knowing that otherwise his black wet nose will receive a bee-like sting which he can neither shake off nor paw away.

In winter, too, no one dares to clean a silk or woollen garment in gasoline. It is truly more than one's life is worth, for two women of my acquaintance have been burned to death in so doing. Just the friction of lifting the material from the gasoline bath produces such sparks in the surcharged air that an explosion almost invariably occurs. Our little town has been forced to pass stringent laws about the storage of gasoline in winter, for we keep on using our cars even in the most severe weather.

The Deep Cold has an effect upon kerosene that is amusing and sometimes disconcerting. It makes an emulsion of it, thick and white, and not always easy to ignite. Indeed, here at the Arctic one feels constantly like an Alice in Wonderland—or Blunderland—running daily and hourly into unfamiliar aspects of familiar things.

Our doctors here in the north tell us that the continued Deep Cold has, in time, an appreciable effect upon the constituents of the blood, thickening it to a degree. For certain winter months we have an almost complete absence of sunlight, and so lose completely the well-recognized actinic values of direct sunlight upon the skin and its curative agency. During November, December, and January, when artificial light is necessary for close work indoors every hour of the day, we suffer most from that surcharge and tension due to the prevalent static—if I may be allowed this figurative and lay description of our familiar phenomenon. Perhaps you can imagine the cumulative and keyed-up effect of an Arctic winter, under these conditions, upon any nervous organism.

By February the more nervously organized of our camp become scratchy, tense, irritable to a degree. By the end of March (the most unendurable month in the north, physically and psychically) we are most of us avoiding and hating one another! Little frictions that at other times would be meaningless assume now immense proportions.

I have since learned that all this is a yearly phenomenon, and that it will pass surely and quickly with the breaking of the ice in the river, in late April or early May. But there are always the March scandals. Some one in camp can't endure the stresses and the tension, so the dam of conventional restraint is broken, and we are all submerged in the ensuing flood, quite as surely as the Yukon yearly overflows its banks. To tell the truth, "the spring scandal" brings us a blessed relief, something to speculate over and discuss, and, in the miners' phrase, to pan. It is hard on the person who furnishes the immediate occasion, but it provides an emotional catharsis that is often a life-saver to the body politic of our town. Some one goes crazy (a not infrequent occurrence now that the white-mule line furnishes most of the spirituous transport) or jumps a marital claim with due melodramatic concomitants (and our houses are much too small and snuggled much too closely together to keep our inner lives apart); or the school-children decide to stage a revolution, and the school board obligingly puts in with them against the teaching force; or a lonely miner pulls a gun on his best friend and partner with whom he has been living all winter in a too isolated intimacy. Whatever it may prove to be, the event provides interesting grist for the spring term of court, and while the grand jury are sitting in our midst we do most sedulously mind our p's and q's, are repressed and dogged, and go about our strictly personal business.

Then the ice breaks in the river, some one of us wins a fortune in the ice pool,

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and with spring comes a truly new life to citizens and countryside alike. The first boats arrive shortly after the ice goes, bringing cargo from that Outside from which we have been lost, apparently, for so long. Neighbors who have not spoken for weeks greet one another on the street and across fast-melting back lots; on Memorial Day every one plants garden; the sun is now with us constantly, and what would in unhappy southern latitudes be night, is to us of the friendly Arctic merely a glory of opal fires, a true budding morrow in midnight, a blending of sunset and sunrise color. For three months the constellations are put out, and the northern swinging sun remains continuously to repay us full measure for the desertion of midwinter. We have forgotten the cold. The hills are aflame with fireweed and burning cones of sumach, lupin, and delphinium, and bluest violets make acres of heaven upon the mountain slopes below the waning snow-fields. Our Alaska warms herself in a perpetual flood of sunlight, and smiles on us, her favored children, who know surely that this is indeed our homeland, ours from fifty-four-forty to the utmost limits of the Frozen Sea, so that we feel deep pity for those unfortunates who must live their lives Outside. All the birds of the southern hemisphere seem to have come to enjoy this summer with us. On June 22 we declare a holiday to do honor to the midnight sun, and a ball game is called for twelve midnight, to the amazement of venturesome tourists, who have reached us by the first river-boats or the now completed railway. And the tennis-courts back of our home are reserved for games all twenty-four of the clock's hours. We are truly in heaven here, for there is no night, but only a warm, continuous, glowing day.

Beautiful as all this seems to us in contrast to our winter, many of us still love the winter months the best, perhaps for their unspeakable eerie mystery of faery light, a light that is not that of sun or moon or stars, but a witchery of illumination peculiar to this Frost-King's palace where we live. I have told you of the midsummer sun, twirled visibly in the north upon an invisible cable. The midwinter sun is just as peculiar in its way, too, for it literally does not appear at all, and is represented merely by a glow that shows over the high mountain ranges to the south for an hour or so at noon, and then is gone. The rest is by no means the blackness of darkness in the shadow of a silent night, however, for the Arctic moon and the Arctic stars are more brilliant and more close to earth, apparently, than any moon or stars seen elsewhere, so much so that when we leave Alaska we always feel that we are leaving the stars behind us, they become so dim and distant. Here they are so near and clear that one is visually conscious of the majestic roll of the earth eastward, a palpable and mighty movement through the overhanging fields of space.

And ever, so it seems, on the northern horizon the winter long is that phantom dancing light of the aurora borealis, a false northern dawn of a far hyperborean day, burning keen through the cryptic night. And sometimes, especially when the weather is changing and an extreme drop in temperature is to be expected, the entire sky from rim to rim is filled with flames of the aurora, darting, writhing beams of snaky colored light, ribbons of red and yellow, and sometimes of an other-worldly weird electric green, with streaks of an elfin violet dimly seen, that snap and fling over the whole heavens in a terrific spectacle of celestial conflagration. Sometimes these bands of electric flame seem to snap so close to earth that we spectators instinctively wince and sidestep, and one feels a strange prickling of the scalp. Is it a primitive fear of this unknown thing, or an actual electric discharge that lifts one's hair like a cool stinging breeze, the very wind that blows between the rushing worlds?

No one seems to account for the aurora borealis with any lucid scientific description, and of a certainty no one can describe its appearance through the medium of words. The best explanation, because the simplest, is the one that was told me by an Esquimau friend, a wee copper woman of quaintly Oriental charm:

"Devil and him wife live all time big hole." And she pointed away to the north. "Devil wife make big fire in him hole. Cook him meat. Devil wife poke him fire. Make big light in him sky."

Which is utterly reasonable. Isn't it?

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The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

VI

IN THE BOX

MARJORIE FERRAR stepped into the Box, not exactly nervous, and only just 'made-up.' The papers would record a black costume with chinchilla fur and a black hat. She kissed the air in front of the book, took a deep breath, and turned to Mr. Bullfry.

For the last five days she had resented more and more the way this case had taken charge of her. She had initiated it, and it had completely deprived her of initiative. She had, in fact, made the old discovery, that when the machinery of quarrel is once put in motion, much more than pressure of the starting button is required to stop its revolutions. She was feeling that it would serve Alec and the lawyers right if all went wrong.

The voice of Mr. Bullfry, carefully adjusted, soothed her. His questions were familiar, and with each answer her confidence increased, her voice sounded clear and pleasant in her ears. And she stood at ease, making her figure as boyish as she could. Her performance, she felt, was interesting to the judge, the jury, and all those people up there, whom she could dimly see. If only 'that little snob' had not been seated, expressionless, between her and her counsel! When at length Mr. Bullfry sat down and Sir James Foskisson got up, she almost succumbed to the longing to powder her nose. Clasping the Box, she resisted it, and while he turned his papers and hitched his gown, the first tremor of the morning passed down her spine. At least, he might look at her when he spoke!

"Have you ever been party to an action before, Miss Ferrar?"

"No."

"You quite understand, don't you, that you are on your oath?"

"Quite."

"You have told my friend that you had no animus against Mrs. Mont. Look at this marked paragraph in *The Evening Sun* of October 3. Did you write that?"

Marjorie Ferrar felt exactly as if she had stepped out of a conservatory into an east wind. Did they know everything, then?

"Yes; I wrote it."

"It ends thus: 'The enterprising little lady is losing no chance of building up her *salon* on the curiosity which ever surrounds any buccaneering in politics.' Is the reference to Mrs. Mont?"

"Yes."

"Not very nice, is it—of a friend?"

"I don't see any harm in it."

"The sort of thing, in fact, you'd like written about yourself?"

"The sort of thing I should expect if I were doing the same thing."

"That's not quite an answer, but let me put it like this: The sort of thing your father would like to read about you, is it?"

"My father would never read that column."

"Then it surprises you to hear that Mrs. Mont's father did? Do you write many of these cheery little paragraphs about your friends?"

"Not many."

"Every now and then, eh? And do they remain your friends?"

"It's not easy in Society to tell who's a friend and who isn't."

"I quite agree, Miss Ferrar. You have admitted making one or two critical—that was your word, I think—remarks concerning Mrs. Mont, in her own house. Do you go to many houses and talk disparagingly of your hostess?"

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The Silver Spoon" will be found on page 5 of the advertising section.

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"No; and in any case I don't expect to be eavesdropped."

"I see; so long as you're not found out it's all right, eh? Now, on this first Wednesday in October last, at Mrs. Mont's, in speaking to this gentleman, Mr. Philip—er—Quinsey, did you use the word 'snob' of your hostess?"

"I don't think so."

"Be careful. You heard the evidence of Mrs. Ppynrryn and Mrs. Maltese. Mrs. Maltese said, you remember, that Mr. Forsyte—that is Mrs. Mont's father—said to you on that occasion: 'You called my daughter a snob in her own house, madam—be so kind as to withdraw; you are a traitress.' Is that a correct version?"

"Probably."

"Do you suggest that he invented the word 'snob'?"

"I suggest he was mistaken."

"Not a nice word, is it—'snob'? Was there any other reason why he should call you a traitress?"

"My remarks weren't meant for his ears. I don't remember exactly what I said."

"Well, we shall have Mr. Forsyte in the box to refresh your memory as to exactly what you said. But I put it to you that you called her a snob, not once but twice, during that little conversation."

"I've told you I don't remember; he shouldn't have listened."

"Very well! So you feel quite happy about having written that paragraph and said nasty things of Mrs. Mont behind her back in her own drawing-room?"

Marjorie Ferrar grasped the Box till the blood tingled in her palms. His voice was maddening.

"Yet it seems, Miss Ferrar, that you object to others saying nasty things about you in return. Who advised you to bring this action?"

"My father first, and then my fiancé."

"Sir Alexander MacGown. Does he move in the same circles as you?"

"No; he moves in Parliamentary circles."

"Exactly; and he wouldn't know, would he, the canons of conduct that rule in your circle?"

"There are no circles so definite as that."

"Always willing to learn, Miss Ferrar. But tell me, do you know what Sir Alexander's Parliamentary friends think about conduct and morality?"

"I can guess. I don't suppose there's much difference."

"Are you suggesting, Miss Ferrar, that responsible public men take the same light-hearted view of conduct and morals as you?"

"Aren't you rather assuming, Sir James, that her view *is* light-hearted?"

"As to conduct, my lord, I submit that her answers have shown the very light-hearted view she takes of the obligations incurred by the acceptance of hospitality, for instance. I'm coming to morals now."

"I think you'd better, before drawing your conclusions. What have public men to do with it?"

"I'm suggesting, my lord, that this lady is making a great to-do about words which a public man, or any ordinary citizen, would have a perfect right to resent, but which she, with her views, has no right whatever to resent."

"You must prove her views, then. Go on!"

Marjorie Ferrar, relaxed for a moment, gathered herself again. Her views!

"Tell me, Miss Ferrar—we all know now the meaning of the word 'stuffy'—are public men 'stuffier' than you?"

"They may say they are."

"You think them hypocrites?"

"I don't think anything at all about them."

"Though you're going to marry one? You are complaining of the words, 'She hasn't a moral about her.' Have you read this novel, 'Canthar'?" He was holding up a book.

"I think so."

"Don't you know?"

"I've skimmed it."

"Taken off the cream, eh? Read it sufficiently to form an opinion?"

"Yes."

"Would you agree with the view of it expressed in this letter to a journal? 'The book breaks through the British "stuffiness," which condemns any frank work of art—and a good thing too!' Is it a good thing?"

"Yes. I hate Grundyism."

"'It is undoubtedly Literature.' The

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word is written with a large 'L.' Should you say it was?"

"Literature—yes. Not great literature, perhaps."

"But it ought to be published?"

"I don't see why not."

"You know that it is not published in England?"

"Yes."

"But it ought to be?"

"It isn't everybody's sort of book, of course."

"Don't evade the question, please. In your opinion ought this novel, 'Canthar,' to be published in England? . . . Take your time, Miss Ferrar."

The brute lost nothing! Just because she had hesitated a moment trying to see where he was leading her.

"Yes. I think literature should be free."

"You wouldn't sympathize with its suppression if it were published?"

"No."

"You wouldn't approve of the suppression of any book on the ground of mere morals?"

"I can't tell you unless I see the book. People aren't bound to read books, you know."

"And you think your opinion generally on this subject is that of public men and ordinary citizens?"

"No; I suppose it isn't."

"But your view would be shared by most of your own associates?"

"I should hope so."

"A contrary opinion would be 'stuffy,' wouldn't it?"

"If you like to call it so. It's not my word."

"What is your word, Miss Ferrar?"

"I think I generally say 'ga-ga.'"

"Do you know, I'm afraid the court will require a little elaboration of that."

"Not for me, Sir James; I'm perfectly familiar with the word; it means 'in your dotage.'"

"The Bench is omniscient, my lord. Then any one, Miss Ferrar, who didn't share the opinion of yourself and your associates in the matter of this book would be 'ga-ga'—that is to say, in his or her dotage?"

"Æsthetically."

"Ah! I thought we should arrive at that word. You, I suppose, don't connect art with life?"

"No."

"Don't think it has any effect on life?"

"It oughtn't to."

"When a man's theme in a book is extreme incontinence, depicted with all due emphasis, that wouldn't have any practical effect on his readers, however young?"

"I can't say about other people; it wouldn't have any effect on me."

"You are emancipated, in fact."

"I don't know what you mean by that."

"Isn't what you are saying about the divorce of art from life the merest claptrap, and don't you know it?"

"I certainly don't."

"Let me put it another way: Is it possible for those who believe in current morality to hold your view that art has no effect on life?"

"Quite possible, if they are cultured."

"Cultured! Do you believe in current morality yourself?"

"I don't know what you call current morality."

"I will tell you, Miss Ferrar. I should say, for instance, it was current morality that women should not have *liaisons* before they're married, and should not have them after."

"What about men?"

"Thank you; I was coming to men. And that men should at least not have them after."

"I shouldn't say that was *current* morality at all."

In yielding to that satiric impulse she knew at once she had made a mistake—the judge had turned his face toward her. He was speaking.

"Do I understand you to imply that in your view it is moral for women to have *liaisons* before marriage, and for men and women to have them after?"

"I think it's current morality, my lord."

"I'm not asking you about current morality; I'm asking whether in *your* view it is moral?"

"I think many people think it's all right, who don't say it, yet."

She was conscious of movement throughout the jury, and of a little flump in the well of the court. Sir Alexander

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had dropped his hat. The sound of a nose being loudly blown broke the stillness; the face of Bullfry, K. C., was lost to her view. She felt the blood mounting in her cheeks.

"Answer my question, please. Do *you* say it's all right?"

"I—I think it depends."

"On what?"

"On—on circumstances, environment, temperament; all sorts of things."

"Would it be all right for you?"

Marjorie Ferrar became very still. "I can't answer that question, my lord."

"You mean—you don't want to?"

"I mean I don't know."

And, with a feeling as if she had withdrawn her foot from a bit of breaking ice, she saw Bullfry's face re-emerge from his handkerchief.

"Very well. Go on, Sir James!"

"Anyway, we may take it, Miss Ferrar, that those of us who say we don't believe in these irregularities are hypocrites, in your view?"

"Why can't you be fair?"

He was looking at her now; and she didn't like him any the better for it.

"I shall prove myself fair before I've done, Miss Ferrar."

"You've got your work cut out, haven't you?"

"Believe me, madam, it will be better for you not to indulge in witticism. According to you, there is no harm in a book like 'Canthar'?"

"There ought to be none."

"You mean if we were all as æsthetically cultured—as you."—Sneering beast!—"But are we?"

"No."

"Then there is harm? But you wouldn't mind its being done. I don't propose, my lord, to read from this extremely unpleasant novel. Owing apparently to its unsavory reputation, a copy of it now costs nearly seven pounds. And I venture to think that is in itself an answer to the plaintiff's contention that 'art' so-called has no effect on life. We have gone to the considerable expense of buying copies, and I shall ask that during the luncheon interval the jury may read some dozen marked passages."

"Have you a copy for me, Sir James?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And one for Mr. Bullfry? . . . If there is any laughter, I shall have the court cleared. Go on."

"You know the 'Ne Plus Ultra' Play-Producing Society, Miss Ferrar? It exists to produce advanced plays, I believe."

"Plays—I don't know about 'advanced.'"

"Russian plays, and the Restoration dramatists?"

"Yes."

"And you have played in them?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you remember a play called 'The Plain Dealer,' by Wycherley, given at a matinée on January 7th last—did you play in that the part of Olivia?"

"Yes."

"A nice part?"

"A very good part."

"I said 'nice.'"

"I don't like the word."

"Too suggestive of 'prunes and prisms,' Miss Ferrar? Is it the part of a modest woman?"

"No."

"Is it, toward the end, extremely immodest? I allude to the dark scene."

"I don't know about extremely."

"Anyway, you felt no hesitation about undertaking and playing the part—a little thing like that doesn't worry you?"

"I don't know why it should. If it did, I shouldn't act."

"You don't act for money?"

"No; for pleasure."

"Then, of course you can refuse any part you like?"

"If I did, I shouldn't have any offered me."

"Don't quibble, please. You took the part of Olivia not for money but for pleasure. You enjoyed playing it?"

"Pretty well."

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask the jury, my lord, to run their eyes over the dark scene in 'The Plain Dealer.'"

"Are you saying, Sir James, that a woman who plays an immoral part is not moral—that would asperse a great many excellent reputations."

"No, my lord; I'm saying that here is a young lady so jealous of her good name in the eyes of the world, that she brings a libel action because some one has said in a private letter that she 'hasn't a

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moral about her.' And at the same time she is reading and approving books like this 'Canthar,' playing parts like that of Olivia in 'The Plain Dealer,' and, as I submit, living in a section of Society that really doesn't know the meaning of the word morals, that looks upon morals, in fact, rather as we look upon measles. It's my contention, my lord, that the saying in my client's letter: 'She hasn't a moral about her,' is rather a compliment to the plaintiff than otherwise."

"Do you mean that it was intended as a compliment?"

"No, no, my lord."

"Well, you want the jury to read that scene. You will have a busy luncheon interval, gentlemen. Go on, Sir James."

"Now, Miss Ferrar—my friend made a point of the fact that you are engaged to a wealthy and highly respected Member of Parliament. How long have you been engaged to him?"

"Six months."

"You have no secrets from him, I suppose?"

"Why should I answer that?"

"Why should she, Sir James?"

"I am quite content to leave it at her reluctance, my lord."

Sneering brute! As if everybody hadn't secrets from everybody!

"Your engagement was not made public till January, was it?"

"No."

"May I take it that you were not sure of your own mind till then?"

"If you like."

"Now, Miss Ferrar, did you bring this action because of your good name? Wasn't it because you were hard up?"

She was conscious again of blood in her cheeks.

"No."

"*Were* you hard up when you brought it?"

"Yes."

"Very?"

"Not worse than I have been before."

"I put it to you that you owed a great deal of money, and were hard pressed."

"If you like."

"I'm glad you've admitted that, Miss Ferrar; otherwise I should have had to prove it. And you didn't bring this action with a view to paying some of your debts?"

"No."

"Did you in early January become aware that you were not likely to get any sum in settlement of this suit?"

"I believe I was told that an offer was withdrawn."

"And do you know why?"

"Yes, because Mrs. Mont wouldn't give the apology I asked for."

"Exactly! And was it a coincidence that you thereupon made up your mind to marry Sir Alexander MacGown?"

"A coincidence?"

"I mean the announcement of your engagement, you know?"

Brute!

"It had nothing to do with this case."

"Indeed! Now when you brought this action did you really care one straw whether people thought you moral or not?"

"I brought it chiefly because I was called 'a snake.'"

"Please answer my question."

"It isn't so much what *I* cared, as what my friends cared."

"But their view of morality is much what yours is—thoroughly accommodating?"

"Not my *fiancé's*."

"Ah! no. He doesn't move in your circle, you said. But the rest of your friends. You're not ashamed of your own accommodating philosophy, are you?"

"No."

"Then why be ashamed of it for them?"

"How can I tell what *their* philosophy is?"

"How can she, Sir James?"

"As your lordship pleases. Now, Miss Ferrar! You like to stand up for your views, I hope. Let me put your philosophy to you in a nutshell: You believe, don't you, in the full expression of your personality; it would be your duty, wouldn't it, to break through any convention—I don't say law—but any so-called moral convention that cramped you?"

"I never said I had a philosophy."

"Don't run away from it, please."

"I'm not in the habit of running away."

"I'm so glad of that. You believe in being the sole judge of your own conduct?"

"Yes."

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"You're not alone in that view, are you?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"It's the view, in fact, of what may be called the forward wing of modern Society, isn't it—the wing you belong to, and are proud of belonging to? And in that section of Society—so long as you don't break the actual law—you think and do as you like, eh?"

"One doesn't always act up to one's principles."

"Quite so. But among your associates, even if you and they don't always act up to it, it *is* a principle, isn't it, to judge for yourselves and go your own ways without regard to convention?"

"More or less."

"And, living in that circle, with that belief, you have the effrontery to think the words: 'She hasn't a moral about her,' entitles you to damages?"

Her voice rang out angrily: "I have morals. They may not be yours, but they may be just as good, perhaps better. I'm not a hypocrite, anyway."

Again she saw him look at her, there was a gleam in his eyes; and she knew she had made another mistake.

"We'll leave my morals out of the question, Miss Ferrar. But we'll go a little further into what you say are yours. In your own words, it should depend on temperament, circumstances, environment, whether you conform to morality or not?"

She stood silent, biting her lip.

"Answer, please."

She inclined her head. "Yes."

"Very good!" He had paused, turning over his papers; and she drew back in the Box. She had lost her temper—had made him lose his; at all costs she must keep her head now! In this moment of search for her head she took in everything—expressions, gestures, even the atmosphere—the curious dramatic emanation from a hundred and more still faces; she noted the one lady juryman, the judge breaking the nib of a quill, with his eyes turned away from it as if looking at something that had run across the well of the Court. Yes, and down there, the lengthening lip of Mr. Settlewhite, Michael's face turned up at her with a rueful frown, Fleur Mont's mask with red spots in the cheeks, Alec's clenched hands, and his eyes fixed on her. A sort of comic intensity about it all! If only she were the size of Alice in 'Wonderland,' and could take them all in her hands and shake them like a pack of cards—so motionless, there, at her expense! That sarcastic brute had finished fiddling with his papers, and she moved forward again to attention in the Box.

"Now, Miss Ferrar, his lordship put a general question to you which you did not feel able to answer. I am going to put it in a way that will be easier for you. Whether or no it was right for you to have one—" She saw Michael's hand go up to his face—"have you *in fact* had a—*liaison?*" And from some tone in his voice, from the look on his face, she could tell for certain that he knew she had.

With her back to the wall, she had not even a wall to her back. Ten, twenty, thirty seconds—judge, jury, that old fox with his hand under the tail of his gown, and his eyes averted! Why did she not spit out the indignant: No! which she had so often rehearsed? Suppose he proved it—as he had said he would prove her debts?

"Take your time, Miss Ferrar. You know what a liaison is, of course."

Brute! On the verge of denial, she saw Michael lean across, and heard his whisper: 'Stop this!' And then 'that little snob' looked up at her—the scrutiny was knowing and contemptuous: 'Now hear her lie!' it seemed to say. And she answered, quickly:

"I consider your question insulting."

"Oh! Come, Miss Ferrar, after your own words! After what——"

"Well! I shan't answer it!"

A rustle, a whispering in the Court.

"You won't answer it?"

"No."

"Thank you, Miss Ferrar." Could a voice be more sarcastic?

The brute was sitting down.

Marjorie Ferrar stood defiant, with no ground under her feet. What next? Her Counsel was beckoning. She descended from the Box, and, passing her adversaries, resumed her seat next her betrothed. How red and still he was! She heard the judge say:

"I shall break for lunch now, Mr. Bullfry"; saw him rise and go out, and the jury getting up. The whispering and

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rustling in the Court swelled to a buzz. She stood up. Mr. Settlewhite was speaking to her.

VII

"FED UP"

GUIDED by him into a room designed to shelter witnesses, Marjorie Ferrar looked at her lawyer.

"Well?"

"An unfortunate refusal, Miss Ferrar—very. I'm afraid the effect on the jury may be fatal. If we can settle it now, I should certainly say we'd better."

"It's all the same to me."

"In that case you may take it I shall settle. I'll go and see Sir Alexander and Mr. Bullfry at once."

"How do I get out quietly?"

"Down those stairs. You'll find cabs in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Excuse me"; he made her a grave little bow and stalked away.

Marjorie Ferrar did not take a cab; she walked. If her last answer had been fatal, on the whole she was content. She had told no lies to speak of, had stood up to 'that sarcastic beast,' and given him sometimes as good as she had got. Alec! Well, she couldn't help it! He had insisted on her going into Court; she hoped he liked it now she'd been! Buying a newspaper, she went into a restaurant and read a description of herself, accompanied by a photograph. She ate a good lunch, and then continued her walk along Piccadilly. Passing into the Park, she sat down under a tree coming into bud, and drew the smoke of a cigarette quietly into her lungs. The Row was almost deserted. A few persons of little or no consequence occupied a few chairs. A riding mistress was teaching a small boy to trot. Some sparrows and a pigeon alone seemed to take a distant interest in her. The air smelled of Spring. She sat some time with the pleasant feeling that nobody in the world knew where she was. Odd, when you thought of it—millions of people every day, leaving their houses, offices, shops, on their way to the next place, were as lost to the world as stones in a pond! Would it be nice to disappear permanently, and taste life incognita? Bertie Curfew was going to Moscow again. Would he take her as secretary, and *bonne amie?* Bertie Curfew—she had only pretended to be tired of him! The thought brought her face to face with the future. Alec! Explanations! It was hardly the word! He had a list of her debts, and had said he would pay them as a wedding present. But—if there wasn't to be a wedding? Thank God, she had some ready money. The carefully 'laid-up' four-year-old in her father's stable had won yesterday. She had dribbled 'a pony' on at a nice price. She rose and sauntered along, distending her bust—in defiance of the boy-like fashion, which, after all, was on the wane—to take in the full of a sweet wind.

Leaving the Park, she came to South Kensington Station and bought another paper. It had a full account under the headlines: 'Modern Morality Attacked.' 'Miss Marjorie Ferrar in the Box.' It seemed funny to stand there reading those words among people who were reading the same without knowing her from Eve, except, perhaps, by her clothes. Continuing her progress toward Wren Street, she turned her latch-key in the door, and saw a hat. Waiting for her already! She took her time; and, pale from powder, as though she had gone through much, entered the studio.

MacGown was sitting with his head in his hands. She felt real pity for him—too strong, too square, too vital for that attitude! He raised his face.

"Well, Alec!"

"Tell me the truth, Marjorie. I'm in torment."

She almost envied him the depth of his feeling, however unreasonable after her warnings. But she said, ironically:

"Who was it knew me better than I knew myself?"

In the same dull voice he repeated:

"The truth, Marjorie, the truth!"

But why should she go into the confessional? Was he entitled to her past? His rights stopped at her future. It was the old business—men expecting more from women than they could give them. Inequality of the sexes. Something in that, perhaps, in the old days when women bore children, and men didn't; but now that women knew all about sex and only bore children when they wanted to, and not always even then, why should men be freer?

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And she said slowly: "In exchange for your adventures I'll tell you mine."

"For God's sake don't mock me; I've had hell these last hours."

His face showed it, and she said with feeling:

"I said you'd be taking a toss over me, Alec. Why on earth did you insist on my bringing this case? You've had your way, and now you don't like it."

"It's true then?"

"Yes. Why not?"

He uttered a groan, recoiling till his back was against the wall, as if afraid of being loose in the room.

"Who was he?"

"Oh! no! That I can't possibly tell you. And how many affairs have you had?"

He paid no attention. He wouldn't! He knew she didn't love him; and such things only mattered if you loved! Ah! Well! His agony was a tribute to her, after all!

"You're well out of me," she said, sullenly; and, sitting down, she lighted a cigarette. A scene! How hateful! Why didn't he go? She'd rather he'd be violent than deaf and dumb and blind like this.

"Not that American fellow?"

She could not help a laugh.

"Oh! no, poor boy!"

"How long did it last?"

"Nearly a year."

"My God!"

He had rushed to the door. If only he would open it and go! That he could feel so violently! That figure by the door was just not mad! His stuffy passions!

And then he did pull the door open and was gone.

She threw herself at full length on the divan; not from lassitude, exactly, nor despair—from a feeling rather as if nothing mattered. How stupid and pre-war! Why couldn't he, like her, be free, be supple, take life as it came! Passions, prejudices, principles, pity—old-fashioned as the stuffy clothes worn when she was a tot. Well! Good riddance! Fancy living in the same house, sharing the same bed, with a man so full of the primitive that he could 'go off his chump' with jealousy about her! Fancy living with a man who took life so seriously, that he couldn't even see himself doing it! Life was a cigarette to be inhaled and thrown away, a dance to be danced out. On with that dance! . . . Yes, but she couldn't let him pay her debts, now, even if he wanted to. Married, she would have repaid him with her body; as it was—no! Oh! why didn't some one die and leave her something? What a bore it all was! And she lay still, listening to the tea-time sounds of a quiet street—taxis rounding the corner from the river; the dog next door barking at the postman; that one-legged man—ex-Service—who came most afternoons and played on a poor fiddle. He expected her shilling—unhappy fellow!—she'd have to get up and give it him. She went to the little side window that looked on to the street, and suddenly recoiled. Francis Wilmot was standing in the doorway with his hand up to the bell! Another scene! No, really! this was too much! There went the bell! No time to say 'Not at home'! Well, let them all come—round her past, like bees round a honey-pot!

"Mr. Francis Wilmot."

He stood there, large as the life he had nearly resigned—a little thinner, that was all.

"Well, Francis," she said, "I thought you were 'through with that fool business'?"

Francis Wilmot came gravely up and took her hand. "I sail to-morrow."

Sail! Well, she could put up with that. He seemed to her just a thin, pale young man with dark hair and eyes and no juices in his system.

"I read the evening papers. I wondered if, maybe, you'd wish to see me."

Was he mocking her? But he wore no smile; there was no bitterness in his voice; and, though he was looking at her intently, she could not tell from his face whether he still had any feeling.

"You think I owe you something? I know I treated you very badly."

He looked rather as if she'd hit him.

"For heaven's sake, Francis, don't say you've come out of chivalry. That'd be too funny."

"I don't follow you; I just thought, perhaps, you didn't like to answer that question about a love-affair—because of me."

Marjorie Ferrar broke into hysterical laughter.

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"Señor Don Punctilio! Because of you? No, no, my dear!"

Francis Wilmot drew back, and made her a little bow.

"I shouldn't have come," he said.

She had a sudden return of feeling for that slim unusual presence, with its grace and its dark eyes.

"I'm a free lance again now, Francis, anyway."

A long moment went by, and then he made her another little bow. It was a clear withdrawal.

"Then for God's sake," she said, "go away! I'm fed up!" And she turned her back on him.

When she looked round, he *had* gone, and that surprised her. He was a new variety, or a dead one, dug up! He wasn't even an ordinary Yank! He didn't know the rudiments of life—old-fashioned, *à faire rire!* And, back at full length on the divan, she brooded. Well, her courage was 'not out'! To-morrow was Bella Magussie's 'At Home,' to meet—some idiot. Everybody would be there, and so would she!

VIII

FANTOCHES

When Michael, screwed toward Sir James Foskisson's averted face, heard the words: "Well, I shan't answer," he spun round. It was just as if she had said: "Yes, I have." The judge was looking at her, every one looking at her. Wasn't Bullfry going to help her? No! He was beckoning her out of the Box. Michael half-rose, as she passed him. By George! He was sorry for MacGown! There he sat, poor devil!—with every one getting up all round him, still, and red as a turkey-cock.

Fleur! Michael looked at her face slightly flushed, her gloved hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the ground. Had his whisper: 'Stop this!' his little abortive bow, offended her? How could one have helped sympathizing with the 'Pet of the Panjoys' in so tight a place! She must see that! The Court was emptying—fine birds, many—he could see her mother and her aunt and cousin, and "Old Forsyte," talking with Foskisson. Ah! he had finished; was speaking: "We can go now."

They followed him along the corridor, down the stairs, into the air.

"We've time for a snack," Soames was saying: "Come in here!"

In one of several kennels without roofs, in a celebrated room with a boarded floor, they sat down.

"Three chump chops, sharp," said Soames, and staring at the cruet-stand, added: "She's cooked her goose. They'll drop it like a hot potato. I've told Foskisson he can settle, with both sides paying their own costs. It's more than they deserve."

"He ought never to have asked that question, Sir."

Fleur looked up sharply. "Really, Michael!"

"Well, darling, we agreed he shouldn't. Why didn't Bullfry help her out, Sir?"

"Only too glad to get her out of the Box; the judge would have asked her himself in another minute. It's a complete fiasco, thank God!"

"Then we've won?" said Fleur.

"Unless I'm a Dutchman," answered Soames.

"I'm not so sure," muttered Michael.

"I tell you it's all over; Bullfry'll never go on with it."

"I didn't mean that, Sir."

Fleur said acidly: "Then what *do* you mean, Michael?"

"I don't think we shall be forgiven, that's all."

"What for?"

"Well, I dare say I'm all wrong. Sauce, Sir?"

"Worcester—yes. This is the only place in London where you can rely on a floury potato. Waiter—three glasses of port, quick!"

After fifteen minutes of concentrated mastication, they returned to the Court.

"Wait here," said Soames, in the hall; "I'll go up and find out."

In that echoing space, where a man's height was so inconsiderable, Fleur and Michael stood, not speaking, for some time.

"She couldn't know that Foskisson had been told not to follow it up, of course," he said, at last: "Still, she must have expected the question. She should have told a good one and have done with it. I couldn't help feeling sorry for her."

"You'd feel sorry for a flea that bit

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you, Michael. What do you mean by our not being forgiven?"

"Well! The drama was all on her side, and it's drama that counts. Besides there's her engagement!"

"That'll be broken off."

"Exactly; and if it is, she'll have sympathy; while if it isn't, he'll have it. Anyway, we shan't. Besides, you know, she stood up for what we all really believe nowadays."

"Speak for yourself."

"Well, don't we talk of every one being free?"

"Yes, but is there any connection between what we say and what we do?"

"No," said Michael.

And just then Soames returned.

"Well, Sir?"

"As I told you, Bullfry caught at it. They've settled. It's a moral victory."

"Oh! not moral, I hope, Sir."

"It's cost a pretty penny, anyway," said Soames, looking at Fleur. "Your mother's quite annoyed—she's no sense of proportion. Very clever the way Foskisson made that woman lose her temper."

"He lost his, at the end. That's his excuse, I suppose."

"Well," said Soames, "it's all over! Your mother's got the car; we'll take a taxi."

On the drive back to South Square, taking precisely the same route, there was precisely the same silence.

When a little later Michael went over to the House, he was edified by posters.

"SOCIETY LIBEL ACTION"
"MARQUESS'S GRANDDAUGHTER AND K. C."
"DRAMATIC EVIDENCE"
"MODERN MORALITY"

All over—was it? With publicity—in Michael's opinion—it had just begun! Morality! What was it—who had it, and what did they do with it? How would he have answered those questions himself? Who could answer them, nowadays, by rote or rule? Not he, nor Fleur! If they had been identified with the Inquisition, what was their position, now? False, if not odious! He passed into the House. But, try as he would, he could not fix his attention on the Purity of Food, and passed out again. With a curious longing for his father, he walked rapidly down Whitehall. Drawing blank at Snooks' and 'The Aeroplane,' he tried the 'Parthenæum' as a last resort. Sir Lawrence was in a corner of a forbidden room, reading a life of Lord Palmerston. He looked up at his son.

"Ah! Michael! They don't do justice to old Pam. A man without frills, who worked like a nigger. But we mustn't talk here!" And he pointed to a member who seemed awake. "Shall we take a turn before the old gentleman over there has a fit? The books here are camouflage; it's really a dormitory."

He led the way, with Michael retailing the events of the morning.

"Foskisson?" said Sir Lawrence, entering the Green Park: "He was a nice little chap when I left Winchester. To be professionally in the right is bad for a man's character—counsel, parsons, policemen, they all suffer from it. Judges, High Priests, Arch Inspectors, aren't so bad—they've suffered from it so long that they've lost consciousness."

"It was a full house," said Michael, glumly, "and the papers have got hold of it."

"They would." And Sir Lawrence pointed to the ornamental water. "These birds," he said, "remind me of China. By the way, I met your friend Desert yesterday at 'The Aeroplane'—he's more interesting now that he's dropped Poetry for the East. Everybody ought to drop something. I'm too old now, but if I'd dropped baronetcy in time, I could have made quite a good contortionist."

"What would you recommend for us in the House?" asked Michael, with a grin.

"Postmanship, my dear—carrying on, you know; a certain importance, large bags, dogs to bark at you, no initiative, and conversation on every doorstep. By the way, do you see Desert?"

"I have seen him."

Sir Lawrence screwed up his eyes.

"The providential," he said, "doesn't happen twice."

Michael colored; he had not suspected his father of such shrewd observation. Sir Lawrence swung his cane.

"Your man Boddick," he said, "has persuaded some of his hens to lay; he's giving us quite good eggs."

Michael admired his reticence. But

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somehow that unexpected slanting allusion to a past domestic crisis roused the feeling that for so long now had been curled like a sleepy snake in his chest, that another crisis was brewing and must soon be faced.

"Coming along for tea, Sir? Kit had tummy ache this morning. How's your last book doing? Does old Danby advertise it properly?"

"No," said Sir Lawrence, "no; he's keeping his head wonderfully; the book is almost dead."

"I'm glad I dropped *him*, anyway," said Michael, with emphasis. "I suppose, Sir, you haven't a tip to give us, now this case is over?"

Sir Lawrence gazed at a bird with a long red bill.

"When victorious," he said, at last, "lie doggo. The triumphs of morality are apt to recoil on those who achieve them."

"That's what I feel, Sir. Heaven knows *I* didn't want to achieve one. My father-in-law says my hitting MacGown on the boko really brought it into Court."

Sir Lawrence whinnied.

"The tax on luxuries. It gets you everywhere. I don't think I will come along, Michael—Old Forsyte's probably there. Your mother has an excellent recipe for child's tummy ache; you almost lived on it at one time. I'll telephone it from Mount Street. Good-by!"

Michael looked after that thin and sprightly figure moving North. Had he troubles of his own? If so, he disguised them wonderfully. Good old Bart! And he turned toward South Square.

Soames was just leaving.

"She's excited," he said, on the doorstep. "It's the reaction. Give her a Seidlitz powder to-night. Be careful, too; I shouldn't talk about politics."

Michael went in. Fleur was at the open window of the drawing-room.

"Oh! here you are!" she said. "Kit's all right again. Take me to the Café Royal to-night, Michael, and if there's anything funny anywhere, for goodness' sake, let's see it. I'm sick of feeling solemn. Oh! And by the way, Francis Wilmot's coming in to say Good-by. I've had a note. He says he's all right again."

At the window by her side, Michael sniffed the unaccountable scent of grass. There was a southwest wind, and slanting from over the housetops, sunlight was sprinkling soil and buds and branches. A blackbird sang; a piano-organ round a corner was playing "Rigoletto." Against his own, her shoulder was soft, and to his lips her cheek was warm and creamy. . . .

When Francis Wilmot left them that evening after dinner at the Café Royal, Fleur said to Michael:

"Poor Francis! Did you ever see any one so changed? He might be thirty. I'm glad he's going home to his river and his darkies. What are live-oaks? Well! Are we going anywhere?"

Michael cloaked her shoulders.

"Great Itch, I think; there's no other scream so certain."

After their scream they came out into a mild night. High up in red and green the bright signs fled along the air: 'Tomber's Tires for Speed and Safety,' 'Milkoh Makes Mothers Merry.' Through Trafalgar Square they went and down Whitehall, all moonlight and Portland stone!

"The night's unreal," said Fleur: "'*Fantoches*!"

Michael caught her waist.

"Don't! Suppose some Member saw you!"

"He'd only sympathize. How nice and solid you feel!"

"No! *Fantoches* have no substance."

"Then give me shadow."

"The substance is in Bethnal Green, perhaps."

Michael dropped his arm.

"That's a strange thought."

"I have intuitions, Michael."

"Because I can admire a good woman, can I not love you?"

"*I* shall never be 'good'; it isn't in me."

"Whatever you are's enough for me."

"Prettily said. The Square looks jolly, to-night! Open the doll's house."

The hall was dark, with just a glimmer coming through the fanlight. Michael took off her cloak and knelt down. He felt her fingers stir his hair; real fingers, and real all this within his arms; only the soul elusive. Soul?

"*Fantoches*!" came her voice, soft and mocking—"and so to bed!"

(To be concluded.)

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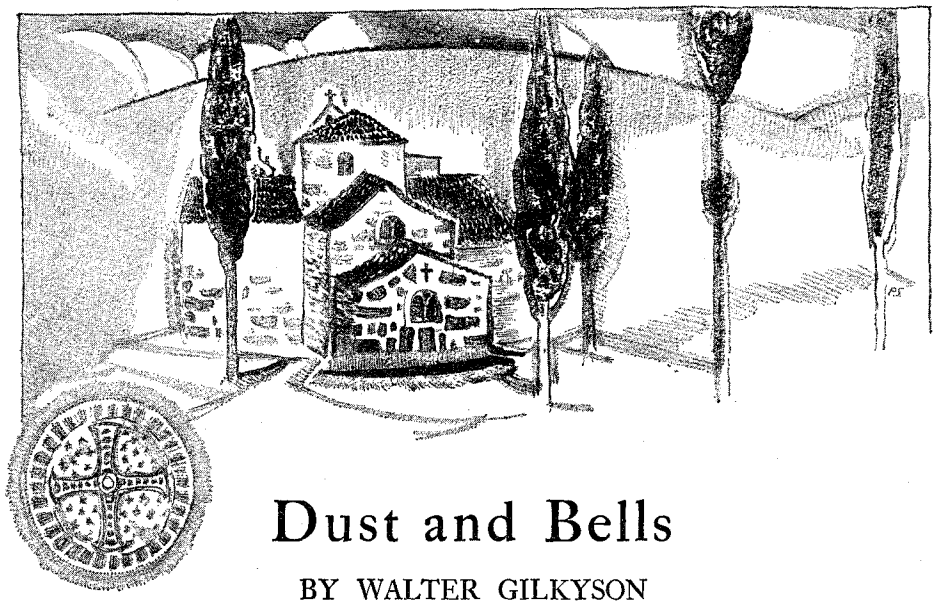

Dust and Bells

BY WALTER GILKYSON
Author of "Oil"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

THERE were four of us—the author, his wife, Mrs. Renault, and myself. We called her Mrs. Renault because of the car. A serviceable implement it was for passage over Spanish roads—a lean, sober, thoughtful car, without the melancholy grandeur, the fateful Arlenesque romance, of the Hispano-Suiza.

As for the author, he was a loose-fitting, slow-smiling man, with a sardonic eye and a grave, humorous mouth. I think it was his wife that gave him these; at least one felt it. Knowing her, and knowing what the author knew of her, one read the lines of marriage on his face. Small, dark, with coarse black hair and wide gray eyes that seemed to slide at you from under heavy lids, she was a fragile, mannered, little thing, tinged with a vulgarity that matched her width of nose, the unexpected widening of her face, which at odd moments shone with a soft light, as if her fancy caught some lovely dream. A Rabelaisian Shelley, the author once called her in a moment of stress.

I had known them all for many years. In other countries we had travelled together, fighting bitterly, joining in swift enthusiasms and lapsing into long silences after the fashion of friends. And we were doing it now, in Spain. Only Mrs. Renault did less of it than the rest of us. Enthusiasm and battle seem a little foolish at times. And especially to a wise woman whose divination is so often incapable of words.

It was a rich September afternoon, and we were on our way to Barcelona, speeding through dust that lay like snow upon the road. The faces we passed, which had been slowly changing all the day, seemed to cross to a dividing line, to remain fixed, as if in some subtle way their variations had become a type. In the changed landscape, the clearer air, and harsher light they were more primitive, solid, and austere, more shaped by nature and less shaped by man.

"Curious," said the author, his eyes on the wheel, "how a country brands its own. These people are marked by rocks and plains and weather—that's why they have such paintable faces. Not blurred, like the faces of city dwellers, nor marked by thought." He smiled. "I suppose it's the reason why only the very great dare

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to paint subtle faces. You can envelop thought with mystery, but you can't smear it with romance."

"Yes," said his wife. Through the veil her eyes moved in a sudden gleam of gray and white. "You never smear things with romance, do you, dear? Look!" She leaned toward him, her lips parted, as if she had caught her breath.

We were driving into the setting sun, and below us the town of Gerona lay in a cluster of scarlet roofs about the dark golden tower of the cathedral. In the air was the sound of bells, pale, evanescent as the faint puffs of dust that drifted through the fields; across the valley the shadows crept toward the town, edged with the chill of coming night.

"It's ninety-one kilos to Barcelona," said Mrs. Renault, looking up from the typewritten pages on her lap. "Don't you think," she turned to me, "we'd better stop at Gerona?"

The tall houses enclosed us in a trench of amber light. Swarms of children ran after the car shouting in unintelligible Catalan. It was difficult to find the hotel; the author appeared a little vague at the answers to his questions. Driving uncertainly, he delivered himself in low, drawling sentences that seemed to emerge from a depth of placid doubt.

"They have no power of visualization," he said. He lifted his hand, and the car swerved, to the joy of the following children. "You can imagine the Spanish mind, wrapped in layers of accustomed thought, indwelling, sluggish, proud." The car started for the pavement and he brought it up. "Seeing the world as a vague image of itself, unconscious of all that's not before its eyes, and so"— he smiled dreamily—"an easy prey to abstractions, dreams of glory, and dark superstitions." He stopped in front of the hotel.

"Norman," his wife said, as she waited for him to help her out, "no wonder they have no powers of visualization. I watched them. They couldn't understand your Spanish."

As we rounded the stairway to the second floor of the hotel the author's wife gave a little cry. The slim figure of a man smiling down at us from the landing flashed into the familiar face and form of Avery Mennel. "Well!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here, Alva, my darling?" He raised her hands to his lips. "And Norman! Which way you coming—in or out?"

"Coming in, Avery," said the author's wife. "Always coming in, Norman and I. How long've you been here?" Her eyes slid upward, then vanished beneath drooping lids. "Painting, I suppose," she murmured, taking him by the arm. "Painting—and looking at beautiful women?"

"Oh, about that. Business as usual. Where you going—Barcelona?"

"Yes."

"Good." He waved his hand at us with an inclusive smile. "Hurry up and get washed and I'll wait for you downstairs."

In a few minutes we joined Avery, and together we walked up the street. "I'll miss this at the Ritz," he said, returning the stares of the Spaniards, who surveyed us as if we were public characters. "I've never had enough notice taken of me at home. I can imagine," he swung his stick vigorously, "it glazes you after a while. Must be why statesmen and sandwich-men have such a silly look. Of course, these people all stare at each other. Latin frankness, I guess." He took the author's wife by the arm. "No Latin could ever write: 'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.' He'd have said: 'I have been unfaithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion,' and been quite right about it."

"He'd never have written the thing at all," said the author. "There'd be no point to it, for him."

It was dark when we reached the plaza, a wide, gravelled street flanked by arcaded buildings that sheltered an unbroken line of sidewalk cafés. We sat down at one of the tables near the curb. The light from the sidewalk behind us played in steely ripples across the slow-moving faces of the throng; a guttural buzz floated over the street, thinning shrilly, almost stridently, in the note of the women's voices. In the velvety gloom the cathedral rose dim, solitary; like an arm thrust up from immemorial night.

Avery stirred restlessly in his chair. His thin face, his dark eyes, with their look of half-conscious pain, gleamed for

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an instant in the light as he turned. "How incongruous," he said. "All these dreary little people with their second-class clothes, their second-class manners, and second-class minds living and loving and dying against such a background! It's like insects on a rock. That cathedral," he lifted his hand, "is worth all of them. It represents their highest reach, the great moment of their greatest. All this"—he waved his hand—"is only dross, detritus, the mere crawlings of life."

"Old stuff," replied the author. "See George Moore in the confessions of the things he never did."

"Yes," said Mennel, "you authors always write about what you never do. That's why a libertine's book is always pure, and the book of some unfortunate rolls sex like a great red snowball through its pages. That's old, too." He sighed. "There's never anything new to discuss."

"Only old things in new combinations," the author answered. "For a painter, no—there's never anything new to discuss, except what the old form was and what the new form will be. I should think that would hold you for a while, my son."

"Yes. But it happens not to be discussable, except by critics. No—honestly." He turned in his chair. "Wouldn't you like to sink Spain in the sea for five minutes and then bring it up and wipe it off, and keep it for all the rest of the world to look at?"

The author's wife laughed. On her face, thrust a little forward, the coarse shadows seemed to dissolve in a primitive glow. "I love to hear you talk that way, Avery. I have visions—" She smiled and her eyes grew dark, then scurried beneath their lids. "Norman," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "what do you think?"

"Oh, all rot!" said the author cheerfully. "Just painter's rot that takes no account of human nature, except as material for the light of genius to play on. Why—what would a country be without the imprint of men and women! Unintelligible, and as sterile as the mountains of the moon. No," he shook his head, "I'm interested in these people—more than in what they've built. There's as much beauty in the shadow of a face as there is in the shadows that fill Barcelona Cathedral. Indeed, the latter is only an abstraction of the first and I prefer realities to abstractions."

"I suppose the history, the politics, and the social conditions of these people interest you?" said Avery with a yawn.

"Most certainly they do. Look at them." The author waved his hand. "Individualists, like ourselves. Emotional. Capable of being moved by empty words, such as glory, honor, the church. If they were educated a shibboleth would sweep through them like wind through wheat. As it does through us. And they talk. God, how they talk! None of the practical sense of the English. And neither have we. Look what the Catholic church has done to Spain! An abstraction become flesh and blood, taken so seriously that their lives are governed by its minutest formulæ. Taken so seriously that they can laugh at a priest on the stage and confess to him in church. That's believing, that is!" His eyes gleamed and he thrust his hat back on his head. "And look at us! Are we any better? Not a bit! Look at the Methodist church! It rules us with precepts compounded of fear and Samuel Smiles's 'Self-Help.' It prescribes how we shall live and how we shall think, and what we shall put on or leave off—our bodies and tables. The next thing it'll be telling us how to vote. Yes." He nodded emphatically. "I should say these people do interest me. And so do the people of my own country—far more than its scenery."

For an instant no one spoke. Then Mrs. Renault drew a deep breath. "I don't think you ought to talk so bitterly about religion, Norman," she said.

"Ah, my dear," he answered in a changed voice, "I wasn't talking about religion."

II

MRS. RENAULT and I were standing at the window of one of the corridor cars that made up the *rapide* from Barcelona to Saragossa. In the compartment behind us were the author, Avery, and the author's wife. And still further behind us in Barcelona was the Renault waiting until we should return from the mountains.

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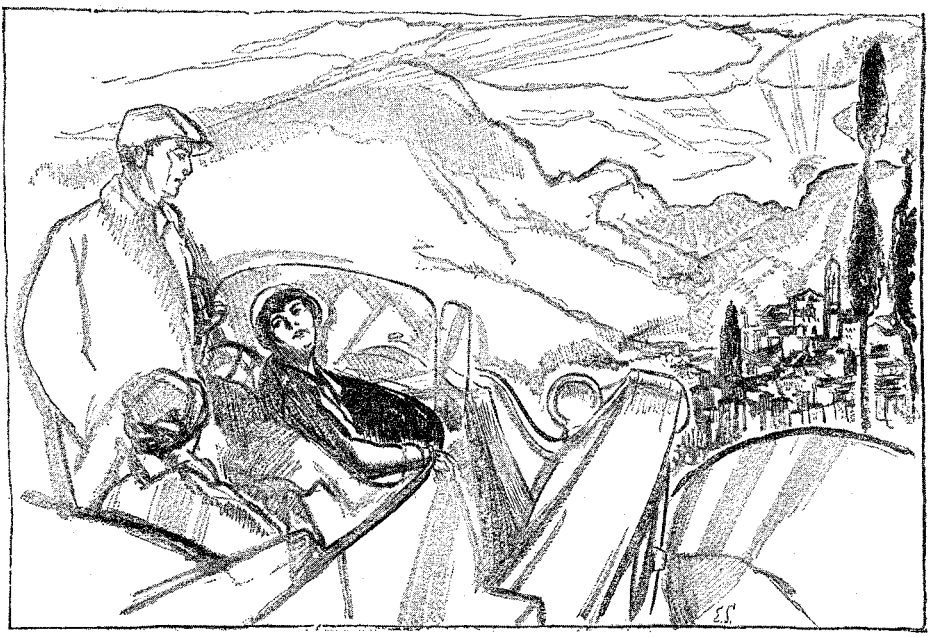
There was an atmosphere about us not wholly of Spain. It was human, quite too human for Mrs. Renault and me, and we didn't know, either of us, just what to blame. No one can blame wild, unconscious scenery for its effect on mankind, and certainly mankind can't be blamed really a bundle of women, and each one needs a man. And then, with emotional adventurers like Alva, there's always the desire for the unknown—to become a Ulysses with a Penelope waiting at home. Really, you know, there's a streak of masculine in her. If she were more



. . . and below us the town of Gerona lay in a cluster of scarlet roofs about the dark golden tower of the cathedral.—Page 88.

for responding. It would be a pity if there were no response. The difficulty, or tragedy if you like, is in never knowing just what the response will be. And now, for some days, certain responses had been making the author very unhappy.

"I don't know whether she's only deviling him or not," said Mrs. Renault. "She doesn't tell me, or rather she tells me so much I don't know what she means. It's always that way with people who talk a lot." She rested her hands on the bar that crossed the window and gazed at the slow-moving plain. "I'm sorry," she said slowly. "I love Norman, and I don't like to see him hurt."

"Oh, he won't be hurt. Not seriously, that is. She pulls him about, and she always will, but I think in her heart she loves him more than she'll ever love any one else. It's her complexity that does the trick. These complex women are feminine she'd be more of a one-man woman."

"Maybe so," said Mrs. Renault. Her eyes as she turned to me were very grave and clear. "It's a little difficult for me to understand. One man was always enough for me."

I didn't answer, and without more we left the corridor and joined the others in the compartment.

The author and Avery were seated across from each other by the window. The author was reading and his wife was sitting very close to Avery. Her face was relaxed and her eyes rested unseeingly on the landscape, as if the panorama moved blankly before her. Avery was talking, and they paid no attention to us. The author looked up for an instant, then went back to his book. Marcel Proust, it was, in the wide paper edition. Poor devil, I thought, he'll learn something

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there, but I don't know how much to his liking.

"We should go to Altea after Valencia," Avery was saying. "It's a little town at the foot of moon-colored rocks with the sea like a sky-blue mirror before it. And in the evening the rocks burn with a crimson fire, and the sea grows gray, and the shadows creep like ghosts from the shore. . . ."

"Almost scans," I whispered to Mrs. Renault.

"What?"

I shook my head and listened.

"There are things you know for the first time in such a country," Avery continued vaguely. "The softness of early morning light, the piercing blue of noon, and that far-hidden afterglow that clothes the rocks with a mystic, sharp austerity. Ah!" he sighed, sank a little further back in his seat. "If——"

A sudden crash split the air, broke into flying splinters of glass. I leaped up, and the author's wife plunged against me. There was no jolt, only the smooth movement of the train. A star-shaped hole gaped in the window just beyond Avery's head. On the opposite seat lay a piece of gray ballast, motionless, like an outgrowth of the gray cushion.

Avery had risen. As he turned his face a scarlet trickle of blood dropped off his chin and vanished into the brown of his coat. Alva looked at him with a little cry. Then she flung herself on her knees on the cushion beside the author. "Norman, are you hurt?" she gasped. She took his face in her hands, looked steadily at the cut on his forehead. "Has it hurt your eye?" she wailed. "Oh, has it hurt your eye? Tell me, Norman!" Her voice died in a whisper.

"I can't feel it," said the author. He smiled, and the line on his cheek curved absurdly outward. "I can see you all right. Be careful—better keep away. You'll get blood on you." She kissed him, and the mocking light in his eyes became still. As she climbed down from the cushion he rose, leaned over the glass, and examined himself. "Nothing wrong with that," he grunted, mopping the cut with his handkerchief. "In a way it's a pity. I've always said a man ought to have one eye, or three. You see too well, and yet not well enough, with two. What do you think, painter? Scratched your cheek a bit, didn't it?" he said, scanning Avery's face.

When they had settled down, I walked alone to the end of the car. The houses had become more frequent, were growing into the suburbs of a city. In a moment the author came out and joined me. He had tied a handkerchief round his forehead; it gave him a romantic look, as if he had endured great suffering. "Hotel del Universo y de las Cuatro Naciones," he said, consulting the paper in his hand. "That's where Bradshaw tells us to go. There you have it. In Saragossa it's the Hotel of the Universe and the Four Nations. In London it's Berkeley's. I think Avery would make a good Spaniard," he added irrelevantly.

The first afternoon we went to the Cathedral of Nuestra Señora del Pilar. Mrs. Renault insisted on seeing the cathedrals, no matter how ugly they were, and this one was stupendously ugly. "Gilt. One flamboyant mass of guilt," as Avery said, "beneath domes that look like pregnant trolls."

Once inside, Mrs. Renault led the way. She advanced as she always advanced in cathedrals, with a firm, impersonal step, guide-book in hand. Not that she was insensible to ugliness—quite the contrary. But she was in a church. With her Quaker instinct she disregarded form; the Quaker meeting-houses are so plain that one does not see them. There is only an enclosure of peace and simplicity—the mysticism of bare walls and grave, devout faces. And that trains an inner eye, gives it a clairvoyance that resolves matter into its ultimate illusion.

At the altar we paused. Above the blue and gold was the Virgin of the Pillar in her glittering dress. A little carven image she was, dark with age and incense, an impassive little image, gazing into space. A church had been built about her, and men and women came from difficult distances to worship at her shrine. And there she stood in her glittering dress, dark, speechless, remote, a helpless symbol of the strangest of all the passions of mankind.

We turned away in silence. As we crossed the stone floor I saw a woman approaching the altar on her knees. Her arms were outstretched and she came

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slowly, like one laboring through an infinity of space. And the look on her face —there are things that one cannot describe. I could not see for a moment, and when I lifted my face the author's wife was smiling at him and her eyes were as gray as the sea on a day of cloud. Her lips trembled as if she were going to speak, and I wondered what he would answer, for all the hardness had gone from his face. Then I heard Avery's voice, cool, insolent, undisturbed. "Remarkable how we creep to our devotions in this world," he said. And the light went out of her eyes in a sharp little smile.

After dinner we went to the theatre, or rather to the song and dance. The house was bare of women, for the same reason, I suppose, that there are bars on windows and a *sereno* who keeps the keys of his block on a great iron ring and lets the dwellers into their houses when they come home late at night. I studied the advertisements on the curtain, wondering just how this collection of keys affected the life of the young married set of Saragossa. Were they moral? A bad word, I concluded. But at any rate cold, public vice was not for them. Like all passionate people, their blood was too warm to be chilled by the breath of sophistication.

As I was reflecting, something much more important happened. A short, black-browed girl came on the stage to sing a *malagueña*.

She seated herself, stared at the audience like a tense, compact animal. Then she struck the guitar, a few strangely disturbing notes, and the song began.

It was low, plaintive at first, ending in brooding, quavering minors. Through the melancholy chords of the guitar it seemed to stir, to sigh, like the awakening of an old sorrow. Then it rose suddenly to a wild human cry, infinitely mournful, filled with a dumb tragedy. In the long-drawn wail of its notes was the anguish of a desire never to be fulfilled, an aching fever of passion that knew it could only spend itself in defeat, all the longing, the despairing revolt of that creature of the senses who knows that he alone must die in a world of heart-breaking beauty. It awakened old primitive memories—the touch of rich crumbling earth, a sun-burned plain trembling beneath the noon, the smell of trees at dusk, and the sharp fragrance of the white flowers that bloom on summer nights. It made one restless, that song did; restless in no usual way. I looked at the author. Feeling it with his mind, was he? I couldn't tell. Then I glanced at Avery. His eyes were vague, his lips a little parted, and the song seemed to ripple over his face. And Alva, beside him, was a dim shadow, her spirit withdrawn. She sighed, and her heavy eyelids lifted, then drooped, and she stirred in her chair. In the darkness between them Avery's fingers closed over her hand. The author turned, as if unconsciously, and met my eye. "Primitive enough for you?" he asked.

Nobody said much as we left the theatre. Led by Mrs. Renault we walked to the old Puente de Piedra that spans the Ebro River. For a little while we leaned over the parapet, watching the river. On the opposite bank the towers of Nuestra Señora del Pilar rose before us, exotic and beautiful, as if the night had clothed their ugliness with her mystery. The accents of Avery's voice sounded vaguely above the murmur of the water; they were a little apart, he and Alva, leaning over the parapet together. Suddenly she turned, and her face rose above the shadow of his shoulder. For a moment they faced each other. "I think you have slept on a white stone in the midst of a people of dreams," I heard her say.

III

The sun was setting when Mrs. Renault and I returned from our walk. The foothills about us were changing color, and the peaks of the French Pyrenees seemed nearer, more individual, in the level light. We passed the fort that lay outside the town; it was an old affair with a moat and a portcullis, and some children were playing football on the drill-ground before it. They were strong, ruddy children of the mountains, shepherded by two pleasant priests.

We had been discussing many things, as men and women do, with that allusive intimacy which the difference in sex develops. I suppose I had bored Mrs. Renault. Most men do bore women, either by silence or by an eternal splitting of personal fibre that must be most tiresome to watch. Or else they recount their

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deeds, which soon wearies even the oldest Desdemona.

At any rate, Mrs. Renault looked weary as we marched across the plain. And she looked worried. For the last few minutes we had been talking about the author, and the author's wife.

In the street, a short way ahead, we saw them, walking three abreast, with Alva in the centre. Of the group she was the high light, the focal point. The two men seemed only details, as if through her, and because of her, they were there. "The Shadowy Third," I said, as I swung my cane at their backs. "The Shadowy Two-Thirds, maybe," Mrs. Renault murmured without a smile.

We joined them, and together we walked to the hotel. After dinner we sauntered out into the street to drink our liquors in the little sidewalk café, where we could watch the people. It was our last night in Jaca; in the morning we were going to the monastery of San Juan de la Peña.

The author was quiet; he sipped his tarragona as if in a revery, now and then gazing unconsciously at the glass. Avery talked, as he always did, wheeling about in his chair at times to gaze at some figure in the crowd. There were soldiers in the street and long lines of girls walking arm in arm; it reminded me of one of the scenes in "Faust." And they passed and repassed in the uncertain light like the slow-moving links of a chain, up one side, down the other, in unvarying intervals.

"I wonder," said Avery, "why women love soldiers. What is it? Innate cruelty, or delight in a display of courage, or the love of strength? Why is it, Alva?" He turned to her. "Or is it because you enjoy the forward march of a man, even if it takes him away from you?"

"I don't know," she said. "Women rarely know why they like any one. You can't separate yourself and another person like a puzzle and find out why all the pieces fit. And they don't all fit either." She looked at her husband. "Do they, Norman?"

"I'm not sure they ought to all fit," said the author. "I don't agree with Sherwood Anderson and the others who feel so lonely because they can't always be climbing down somebody's throat or into somebody's mind. That's the psychology of mass action. Do it all together—everything—eat, sleep, drink, think, everything. I don't think it's good for the human soul. We were meant to be lonely, a little." He smiled. "Even the great democrats have been lonely men."

"Lonely and savage," Avery broke in. "And it's the savagery that women like. That elusive animal quality that's always on the alert to escape. It's strength, you see—something that persists independent of themselves—something they can't touch or mold or destroy. It escapes the maternal in them—represents eternal flux as they represent eternal stability."

Alva looked at the author. His eyes were very blue and sardonic. "Fine words!" he said. "Eternal flux and eternal stability! Like some of the holy words of the East—so big they don't mean anything. If you"—he stared at Avery—"can really tell what a woman wants, you're a very great man."

"Do you think that?" Alva exclaimed. "Oh, I don't! I always know what I want. Only"—she clasped her hands—"I want different things at different times."

The talk ceased, and Alva sat watching the street. Now and then she looked at the author, but he paid no attention. "I know what I really want," she said wistfully, out of the silence. She waited, but there was no response. Then she turned to Avery: "Only, I have other little wants too, sometimes."

I was reflecting on those other little wants the next day as our horses descended the slope leading to San Juan de la Peña. It was afternoon, and the mountains rose before us in a circle of barren peaks, enclosing a valley that ended in a great lift of yellow and scarlet leaves. At a sudden turn in the path the monastery appeared, resting beneath a ledge of rock like a mythical bird, with wings outstretched.

We entered the iron-studded door, passed into the damp gloom. About us was the smell of centuries of darkness, the breath of ancient stone and dying wood, the moist odor of the living rock that formed the roof. We felt our way through the shadow. The sombre spirit of the place seemed to come close, to stare at us, like some creature out of a night of the dark ages. Mrs. Renault, at my side, shivered nervously. Through the door-

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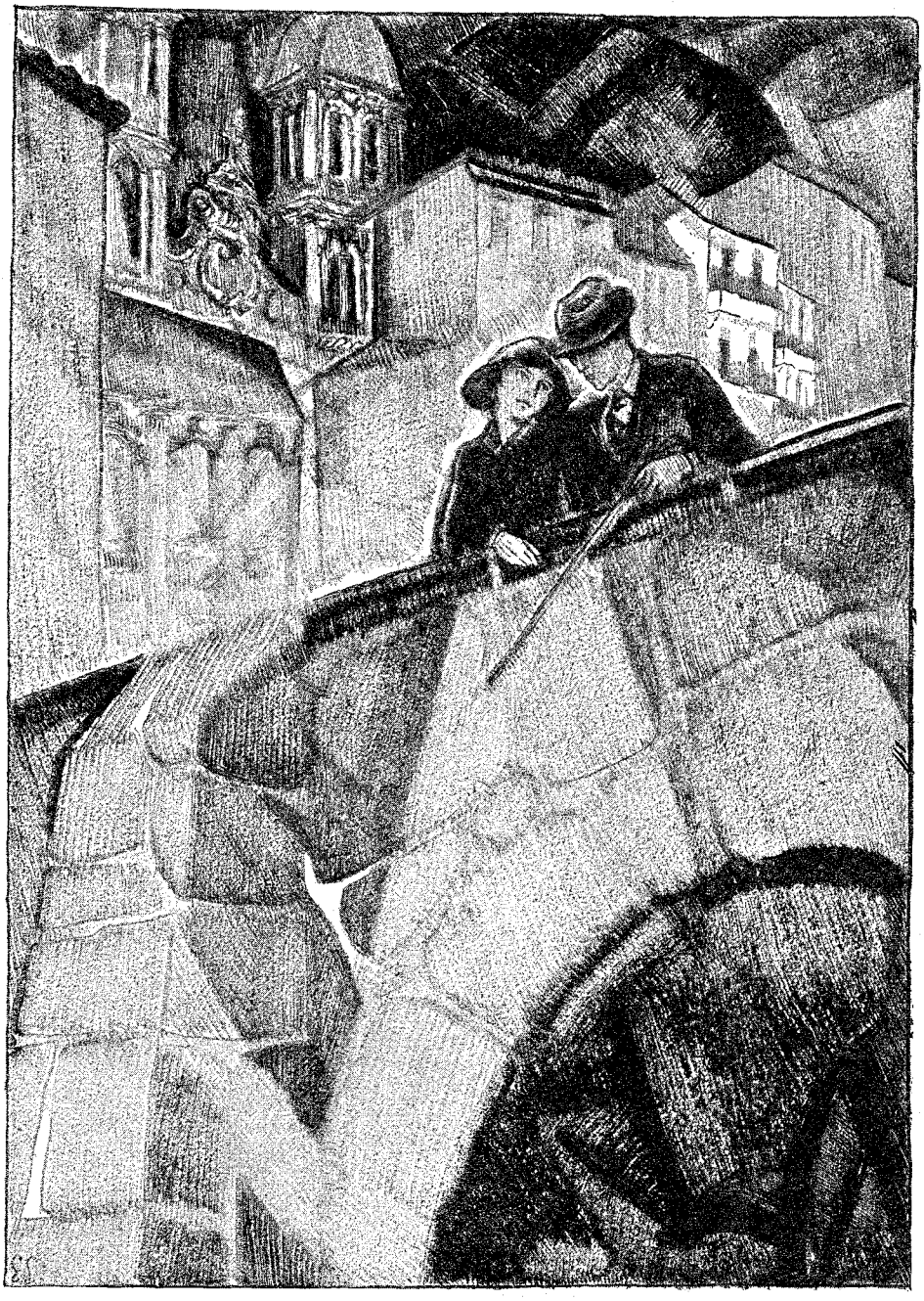

"I think you have slept on a white stone in the midst of a people of dreams," I heard her say.—Page 92.

way we saw beneath the rock a line of tablets set into the wall.

At the entrance to the cloister we paused. The rock hung like a frozen sponge above the pavement, filling the enclosure with a pale brown light. In the centre were two converging lines of Romanesque arches whose capitals were thick with carven stone. We walked over to one of the pillars and examined the detail. The carving was grotesque, tortured, and obscene, with a slow agony in its rhythm as if the hand of the sculptor had moved toward it painfully, out

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of a knowledge of evil, terrible and profound.

"What curious minds those eleventh-century sculptors must have had!" said Avery with amusement. "Quite a paradox!" He turned to Alva. "They believed in God, and made men like beasts. Nowadays we believe in beasts and make men like Gods. How"—he turned to the author—"do you explain that, oh, Socrates?"

Alva laughed. "That's so true, Avery. We make men like Gods!" She looked suddenly at the author. "Norman, isn't it true?"

"Who makes men like gods," broke in Mrs. Renault, "Avery?"

"Oh, not me." He shrugged his shoulders. "Not me. H. G. Wells and the collar artists, I should say."

The author said nothing, but the set of his mouth was not pleasant. Socrates, I thought. Then I wondered. Behind that still face was something that history does not give to Socrates, notwithstanding Xantippe. He left us, walked across the cloister, then stopped, and in a moment we followed. One of the stones of the pavement had been removed, disclosing a wide space that dropped into blackness. Far below we could hear the murmur of running water.

Avery crouched at the hole. I expected some philosophical discourse, but he was silent, and in a moment we drifted away, leaving the author and Avery behind us. The others preceded me through the doorway and as I paused to examine the arch, the noise of their footsteps vanished. In the shadow I looked back to the cloister before following. Avery had risen and was standing at the brink; in some mysterious way his thoughts seemed held to that hole, as if they were caught inside it. Behind him the author stood motionless, his arms at his sides.

Then he swept the cloister with a quick glance. There was something sinister, stealthy, in the sweep of his shoulder; he seemed to become shorter, squatter, thicker. His arms moved back and I felt my heart leap, as suddenly sink. The cloister shot out to a tiny square in the distance. I saw the author crouch down, thrust his great hands on Avery's back, saw Avery's face, his fingers, then nothing. I tried to shout, heard a gasp in my throat, and the cloister sprang back into place. The author had turned away, his hands in his pockets, and was walking toward me. And Avery, who had not heard him leave, was still standing by the hole.

The moon had risen when we returned to the convent. Our dinner at the house of the forastero had been short and silent. As soon as it was over we had taken the path that led down the mountain, each of us intent on his own thoughts, or possibly the same thought.

Mrs. Renault and I left the others and made our way to the cloister. It was deserted and brooding; the two bars of moonlight that fell from the narrow windows penetrated the shadow like luminous vapor. The pillars in the centre were gray and ghostly, moving back in dim columns between the dark lines of the arches.

"Look out for that hole," said Mrs. Renault as we left the path of the moonlight.

I started, and she looked at me with surprise. "It's over there, not under your feet, you silly. You're always starting away from imaginary holes. Some day you'll fall back into one, just out of fear." Her placid voice seemed to lighten the darkness. "This is lovely, isn't it? I wonder," she paused, "where Avery and Alva are at this moment?"

"With the author?"

"I guess not. Not to-night." She sighed. "I'm afraid Norman's too human to handle this affair. I know"—she shook her head—"what I'd do if I were a man!"

"Yes! Women would always do so much if they were men! And men too, perhaps. What would you say"—I stretched out my arm—"if Norman threw Avery down that hole?"

"Oh, he couldn't do it! Avery could, and maybe Alva, but Norman couldn't."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I think"—she hesitated—"it's because he loves people more than any—any abstraction, do you call it? That is art, or beauty, or perfection, or any of those big things." She paused, then spoke as if the thought had dropped full grown into her mind. "It's only people with a passion for perfection that are ruthless. And Norman's never cared much for perfection in his work."

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"Yes," I said, "that's his weakness."

"I don't know." Mrs. Renault deliberated again. "With women sometimes, it's strength."

"Maybe so," I said. "That's something I don't know anything about. I think I'll find Norman and see what he's up to. Want to look for him with me?"

"No. I'd rather stay here alone. That's something else"—she paused, her eyes deep with memory—"that you don't know anything about."

I stumbled against the author in the vault beneath the cloister. "That you?" he muttered, seizing me by the arm. "Damn black down here, isn't it? Hell how these monks did their work in darkness. Seen the council-chamber yet? I had a candle, but the thing went out and I threw it away. Where you been—up with Elizabeth?"

"Yes. God, it's dark, Norman." I felt my way along the wall. "Where's this council-chamber you speak of—ahead?"

"Yes. There's some moon in it. Looks ghastly. You can see the old beggars—auto-da-fe—and all that. Judging." He seized my arm. "They were hell for judging in those days, my boy!"

"Yes," I said soothingly. "More for it than we are now. Ugh!" I stumbled over a stone. "This vault must have been built before God was born, from the feel of it."

"You can see in a minute," the author muttered. "There's moonlight in the council-chamber. And beyond there's a church. An underground church, as is fit and proper. I didn't go in though." His fingers were tight on my arm. "I didn't go in!"

"Why not?" I couldn't make out his talk.

"I don't know." He laughed. "I might have heard voices. Like Joan of Arc. The poor fish!"

"Who—you or Joan?"

"Both, maybe. I don't know." His voice changed. "This place makes me ribald. Turns me upside down and shakes out the bottom. Beliefs shouldn't be examined. Maybe that's the reason."

"Well, you're in a great frame of mind, old man. Better save it and put it on paper." We paused in the gray light of the doorway. "This is interesting. You can fairly see the old beggars ranged round in their scarlet robes, can't you? And the squat arches and sweating walls like a tomb about them."

"Quite," said the author. I looked at him, and his eyes seemed to glitter. "Of course, they had torches and the whole thing was lurid and smoky. Not the way it is now, with that delicate shaft of moonlight on the stones."

"Delicate shaft of moonlight!" I felt better. The man was coming back. In a minute I could ask him where Avery and Alva were, see if I couldn't get him to relieve his mind.

A faint murmur of voices came from the doorway beyond the chamber and the author trembled, drew back. Two figures appeared, the blur of two faces moving side by side. They were talking in low tones, very close together; they seemed to float into the room like unconscious spirits, absorbed in themselves. Alva's voice was soft and remote as if she were on the edge of some dream, only half comprehended, and her little body, slender and supple, moved through the gloom with a shadowy wraith-like warmth.

At the shaft of moonlight they stopped, and she lifted her face. The light fell upon it, purifying the outline, touching it with mystery and beauty, as if she were gazing up into another world. "Let me look in the moonbeam," I heard Avery say. As he spoke his arm went about her, and he lifted his face to hers.

For an instant they clung together. Then I heard the author's voice crashing into the silence. There was something appalling, like the cry of a wounded animal, in the sound. Alva started back, and came running toward him. Her eyes were enormous in the darkness. "Oh, Norman!" she moaned. She lifted her hands to his face. "Oh! I've hurt you! I've hurt you! Oh, my darling! Oh!" She flung herself on him frantically. "Why do I? Why do I?" She clung to him in an agony of pain.

He looked down at her with a long sigh that caught and broke in the darkness. Then he seized her, held her, blotted her out. In an instant she seemed to vanish within him, to be only a little moaning sound. I turned to the door, and he lifted his face. "Will you tell Avery to keep

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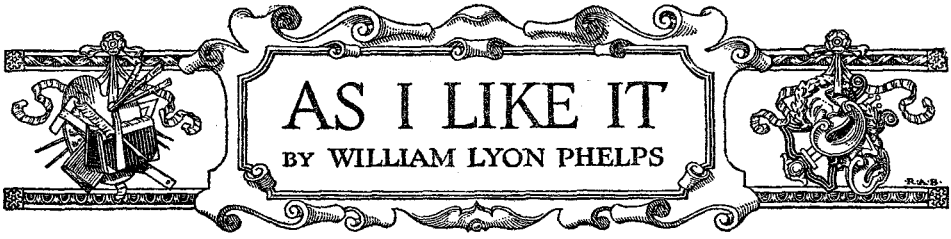
away?" he said. "Tell him—" His voice was ferocious, suppressed. "Tell him——"

"I know. I'll see that he gets out all right. And, Norman"—I couldn't help it—"I'll tell him to keep away from that hole."

"Yes." His eyes turned upon me were incurious and still. "Tell him by all means to keep away from that hole!"



AMONG the new books that will be widely read, long remembered, and frequently consulted, is Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," of which the first volume, "The Turn of the Century" (1900–1904), a tall copy with 610 pages and scores of invaluable illustrations, has already filled me with information, food for reflection, pleasant and poignant reminiscence, and a powerful admiration for the author's mind and method. This book is important, both for its intrinsic interest and value and for its revolutionary manner of writing history. Although Mr. Sullivan announces no formal programme, it is clear that he believes the achievements of scientific men are more valuable and more lasting than military victories; and that social history is fully as significant as the rise and fall of politicians. He also believes that it is more interesting and perhaps more logical to begin the study of history with the last twenty-five years, and then work *backward* to Greece, India, or whithersoever you please.

Literature and science receive due attention. It is my own belief that Robert Burns did more to make the world safe for democracy than any statesman has done; it is a matter of common knowledge that the invention of gunpowder did more to destroy the inequalities of the feudal system than any political thinking. It is absurd that "history" should mean merely battles between armies or politicians, and omit the inventions of science, the development of art, the habits, recreations, and fashions of the average citizen, as expressed in clothes, sports, songs, and slang.

At the close of a thrilling chapter dealing with the successful fight against yellow fever, Mr. Sullivan says:

> We think of the discoverers in medical science as relieving man's body from disease. We fail to take account of what they do for man's spirit. The addition of some six years to the average man's life within a quarter-century is, in the aggregate, an immense enrichment of the world. Even greater is the enrichment that comes of relief from anxiety, the intellectual and spiritual release, the more abundant flowering of man's powers that follows rescue from the tyranny of fear.
>
> History is crowded, literature is crowded, song is crowded, the drama is crowded, with military and political heroes who brought freedom to their peoples. Many have been sincere patriots; not a few have been merely following a personal ambition they happened to hold, and drumming up recruits by a familiar appeal to emotion. Grant them the best of motives and concede their achievements fully; still it may fairly be doubted if any political tyranny ever imposed on its people such a fear, such a longing for freedom, such a paralysis of the spirit, as disease. I doubt if the average Englishman felt himself as much oppressed by Charles I as by the plague; or if any colonial American was as much in dread of taxation without representation as of smallpox. And it may reasonably be contended that Walter Reed and William Crawford Gorgas brought to man freedom in a more happy sense and in a larger measure than any military or political leader.

Reading this book is more instructive than turning over old files of newspapers, for Mr. Sullivan is a trained newspaper man, and is able to pick out the salient

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things of the past and give them the proper emphasis. Such episodes as Admiral Dewey's abortive political career—Admiral Dewey, who fell farther in a shorter time than any individual since Lucifer; Bryan and bimetallism, the Gibson girl, Roosevelt, Hanna, and Platt, Edward Bok's services to domestic architecture and interior furnishing, the street-sweeping trains of women's garments, Moody and Sankey, "Coin" Harvey, Weber and Fields, "Just tell them that you saw me," the rise of the automobile and airplane.

With reference to "Casey at the Bat," which De Wolf Hopper is actually reciting in New Haven to-day (April 23), Mr. Sullivan could have obtained some information from this corner in SCRIBNER'S.

The prodigious blessing of electricity is thus described by Mr. Sullivan:

> A picture of an electric wire in a modern house excels a fairy story. It comes through conduits or on poles. Once inside the walls it divides into a score of tentacles that burrow, climb, and reach, each ending in some separate service. In any house, at the same hour, electricity might be producing heat in one room, cold in another, light in a third. To yet another it brought the voices of friends thousands of miles away. It heated water, it cooked, it froze ice in the refrigerator, it carried healing through ingenious pads that curved on aching backs, it swept, sewed, ironed—and it provided heat for the curling-iron with which the housewife beautified herself for the evening's gaiety, a housewife who in the preceding generation would have accepted old age at forty and been too much occupied with the work, now done for her by electricity, to give much thought to adornment or gaiety. "Modern woman," said the Waco *News Tribune* in June, 1925, "may have faults, but she doesn't look as bent and worn as a 'dutiful wife' did in the old days."

Mark Sullivan has not only written the history of an epoch, he has written an epoch-making book.

Another work of prime importance is "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. Arranged as a narrative by Charles Seymour." These two volumes, prepared by a man who combines scholarship with common sense, make an important contribution to political and military history. The hero is unique. We are all familiar with the political boss, who, although a private citizen, is more influential in law-making than the leading legislators; but the political boss is usually looking out for himself, his personal friends, and the "interests" which supply him with ammunition. It is often said that the government should keep its hands off business, and I agree; but I think the government would not have been so active, if business had always kept its hands off government. I am no politician; but a railway president once told me that he had never cared to be a United States Senator himself, because he had made so many of them. This remark I heard a long time ago, and I know of no railway president to-day engaged in such an avocation. But we of to-day must pay for the sins of our predecessors just as posterity will foot the bill for ours.

Colonel House is unique because his ambition was unselfish. It is easy enough to throw things at him, now that he has stepped out into the limelight; already he has been viciously attacked, and even burlesqued. But the fact remains that he was actuated by patriotism, and that he is in his heart of hearts an international pacifist. I cannot recall any other character in history who played such a rôle in such a way.

Many readers will think that private letters, intimate conversations, and amazingly frank judgments of the intellectual capacity of politicians who are yet alive, should not have been published until some future date. But we are living in an age notorious for its "frankness," and why not this kind as well as the other?

Personally I take not the slightest interest in the mooted question whether this book should or should not have been published. *It has been published.* Together with Lord Grey's book and Spender's "The Public Life," it gives us valuable information and ought to help us in preparedness for peace. But unfortunately for the world, to the average statesman red tape seems more important than human life; and to the average man national sentiment seems more important than individual happiness. I am myself a hater of war and of its causes; but I have considerable sympathy with one who, having incurred obloquy by opposing a

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war in which his country was engaged, announced that he would never take such a course again. In the future he would be as the others, heartily in favor of murder, arson, rapine, pestilence, and famine.

The accomplished English journalist, S. K. Ratcliffe, thinks I am mistaken in saying that Colonel House disliked publicity. He thinks that the colonel did not care for office, but that he was not averse to publicity, giving as substantiating evidence the book "The Real Colonel House." But Professor Seymour tells me that I am right, and that Colonel House, after repeated attempts, finally succeeded in getting that book withdrawn from circulation. (Book collectors, take notice.) I am convinced that Colonel House would not have permitted the publication of these letters and journals if he had not thought they were in the nature of a public service.

Quite naturally, I think, Mrs. Wilson would not consent to the publication of the President's letters, hence Mr. Seymour had to give their substance without their text. Presumably, Mrs. Wilson is planning their publication herself.

The only objection I have to the two books I have just discussed is their mechanical weight; they are unpardonably heavy. It is not just to impose such a burden on wrists, knees, and travelling-bags. Five years ago I thought the campaign for light books had been won. We must begin that fight all over again.

A third important book of the last few months is Carl Sandburg's "Life of Abraham Lincoln." This biography closes with the departure of Lincoln in February, 1861, for Washington, and it is the early years, the formative years, of Lincoln's life that are given to us as only Mr. Sandburg could have given them. I regard this as one of the most important biographies of the century. It is invaluable, not only in the detailed information it gives but in the clear light it throws on the personality of Lincoln. I cannot really praise this book beyond its merits, for it is a work of such beauty and power that it will have to be consulted by every one in the future who wishes to know the kind of man that Lincoln actually was. Mr. Sandburg has put every American permanently in his debt.

I hate war. But I am sentimentally stirred by the courage of foreign and native soldiers, by brass bands playing martial tunes, by the clash of arms, by showy uniforms, and all the paraphernalia of the dance of death.

Those who enjoy reading about battle and murder, of machine-guns and bayonets, should secure a copy of "Fix Bayonets!" by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., of the United States Marine Corps. It is embellished by many illustrations from the author's hand, and takes us into the gory scene. The style is full of animation, a much better literary style than the twisted convolutions of "No More Parades." Captain Thomason knows how to use a gun, a pen, and a pencil.

An interesting contribution to the Carlylean method of writing history is "Disraeli and Gladstone. A Duo-Biographical Sketch," by D. C. Somervell. It is of course a study in contrasts, and written with vivacity and humor. In the preface we find this disarming statement: "The writer . . . has concluded his work, as he started it, with a genuine admiration, in fact, a kind of affection, for both his heroes, and . . . he would be disappointed if the reader who started in search of a villain to the piece should succeed in finding one." I found no very black villain, but much humanity. There is also one typographical error so charming that it must here be recorded: "During his first tenure of cabinet office Gladstone published a little manual of players for family use," and on page 229 there is an error which is, alas, not typographical. Disraeli is credited with the remark "lay it on with a trowel." Shades of "As *You* Like It!"

Ring W. Lardner has done it again in a series of short stories called "The Love Nest." He delights in writing a preface of apparently inconsequential mirth, as though it were a prologue to a swelling act of nonsense. This is, I suppose, a burlesque on the programmes of novelists who take themselves too seriously. The preface is of course followed by a series of tales which are, to use Mr. Lardner's favorite baseball word, "serious." In fact they are works of art, in which a knockout blow is delivered to many popular idols. Mr. Lardner is altogether too original to

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follow the popular trend of satire and hit the mythical rotarian complex. No; he transfixes the prizefighter, the professional baseball player, the hospital nurse, the motion-picture magnate, and the motion-picture actor. The well-known fluency of barbers is turned to artistic advantage in the narration of a tragedy called "Haircut."

One of the superficial differences between this volume and its predecessors is the gradual dropping of "of" for "have." I used to think that Mr. Lardner must himself grow weary of writing that two-lettered word. Perhaps he has.

I look upon him as the true successor in our fiction to O. Henry; and I mean it as a compliment, for my admiration for that man of genius has not been lessened by time. If you who see this page feel that O. Henry was not a man of genius, please reread "The Furnished Room."

The surest way to regain a lost fervor for Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Henry James, and O. Henry is to reread them. You think your coldness toward these artists is owing to your growth in fastidiousness; it isn't; it is your memory, not your taste, that needs quickening.

Do all dogs dislike thunder as heartily as mine? And is it the noise or the electricity in the air that excites them? Rufus H. Phelps is an elderly Irish setter; if I am in the room during a thunderstorm, he endeavors to climb onto my knees, but if he is alone in the small hours, and such a storm arises, he barks vociferously, taking exactly the attitude that the poets take to tyranny—"Although I can *do* nothing about this evil, I can at least protest against it."

The driving idea of John Galsworthy's play, "The Show," which is a protest against official or journalistic intrusion into the motives for suicide, and a defense of the individual's right to die as well as of his right to live, I found somewhat similarly expressed in a remark by another distinguished dramatist, August Strindberg, who says:

For example, some one commits suicide: "Bad business!" says the citizen; "Unhappy love!" says the woman; "Sickness!" the sick man; "Disappointed hopes!" the bankrupt. But it may be that none of these reasons is the real one, and that the dead man hid the real one by pretending another that would throw the most favorable light on his memory.

I am pleased to see that the world is full of Cattists. David Soloan, principal of the Normal College, Truro, Nova Scotia, writes that in a Swedish book which I once mentioned in this column, Henning Berger's "En Katt," there is a beautiful story, and he adds: "I am sorry you do not read Swedish, for you would enjoy every page of the book." My sincere hope is that in heaven there will be many foreign languages, for I love to study them, and there and then I shall have time to learn them all. Doctor Soloan kindly translates the story, which I here reprint, and I shall send it to Thomas Hardy, who loves truth and cats.

In a Smoland manor, whose owner was a friend of mine, they had a big, handsome cat which had had frequent litters of young. Subsequently to the last one of these, a wild animal fell foul of the cat, which came off badly from the fray—indeed, mortally hurt. As is common in like circumstances, she had thrown herself fearlessly into the breach in defense of her young, which had been so carefully hidden in an outbuilding that not even the dairy-maids knew of their whereabouts.

One afternoon a day or two later, the cat was seen mounting the veranda holding by the nape a plump young kitten. Laying it down at the feet of the mistress of the house, she gently mewed and purred, tarried a few moments, all the while looking pleadingly into her owner's eyes, then went away. Returning in a short time with another kitten, she repeated the ceremony. Four times she went and came, on each return bearing a kitten, until all five little ones lay at her mistress's feet.

Each trip was obviously costing the poor creature increasing pain, and on the last journey she had repeatedly to lie down and rest. Then, when she had dutifully licked the coats of her furry offspring, she turned to her mistress, licking her hands, the while mewing softly and beseechingly, waiting till her owner took up the little ones in her lap and caressed them. This done, the suffering creature tarried long enough to purr a little song of gratitude, then stiffened her tail upright and limped off into the dusk. Next day, a servant found her dead body under the threshing-floor, where she had hidden away after the manner of dumb creatures to await the end alone.—I believe that this cat had a soul.

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Miss Caroline E. MacGill, of Cambridge, Mass., sends me a beautifully illuminated epitaph for Clem, a tiger cat, born May, 1919, died January 7, 1926: "A gentleman, never known to lose his temper, patient and silent in pain, unselfish and courteous to his last breath."

Mrs. Walter F. Brown writes me from Venice, enclosing the following newspaper article, headed

LO STRAORDINARIO GATTO VIAGGIATORE

CRISTIANIA, 1.

Dopo i cavalli pensanti e i cani calcolatori, i giornali svedesi si occupano del gatto viaggiatore.

Si tratta di un animale senza impresario e senza padrone, il quale regolarmente—due o tre volte la settimana—alla stazione di Hidkoeping, saliva sul treno lasciandosi trasportare alla prossima stazione, dove discendeva per prendere il treno di ritorno. Parecchie volte e accaduto che il viaggio si prolungasse, o che—avendo perduto il treno di ritorno—il gatto percorresse la strada a piedi, con grande gioia e stupore dei curiosi, i quali consideravano ormai la bestiola come una delle attrattive locali.

Questo fatto non avrebbe sollevato rumore e non sarebbe uscito dal campo delle curiosità locali, se il gatto un bel giorno non fosse stato monopolizzato abusivamente da uno svedese, che—più furbo degli altri—intendeva trarne motivo di lucro. L'individuo è stato denunciato al Tribunale da dieci persone, che hanno avanzato dei diritti di proprietà sul gatto. In attesa del giudizio salomonico, la bestiola è stata affidata alla sorveglianza di una società per la protezione degli animali.

Harry Patterson, of the Public Library, Grand Island, Neb., reads my SCRIBNER articles to his white Persian cat, Virgil, "who would undoubtedly be deeply affected if he were not stone deaf." White cats, by the way, are more inclined toward premature deafness than those of heather mixture.

On April 14 the governor of North Carolina, Angus W. McLean, was in some perplexity, because he had just received a letter asking him "to designate some State agency as a trust commission to handle a fortune that will be left to North Carolina cats by a Boston woman." I should think such a request and bequest might drive him to communicate with the governor of South Carolina.

An entire page of the Boston *Transcript* was recently devoted to a catalogue of cats and cattish literature.

Alas! from South Australia comes a newspaper with an anti-cat article called "The Unspeakable Cat," from which I extract the following damnable heresies:

Of all the impostors who sponge upon the kindness and forbearance of humanity the cat is the only one that has no single redeeming feature.

In the make-up of this sponging and hypocritical egoist is no particle of gratitude, of affection or faithfulness, of pluck or of honesty.

You may lavish love on one of these beasts, give it the best of fare, the easiest chair, the warmest corner of the hearth, put up with its contemptuous stare, its mincing gait and its evil temper for ten years, and then if you fall on hard times this creature of mere appetite will leave you for the hand of any stranger that offers it food. Rats will indeed leave a sinking ship. The cat quits it at the first sign of a leak. . . .

The fact that cats were once worshipped in Egypt seems somehow to have become a racial memory with these animals. The haughty and insolent stare of a cat in possession of the best chair would provoke an angel to slaughter. A cat would not give up its seat to a dying man; it would rob a sick child of its milk.

I owe the sight of this article to Miss Katherine Naylor, of Hawthorn, South Australia, who writes:

In the September number of SCRIBNER'S, 1924, you wrote of horses, and I believe you love cats. I enclose a vicious attack on our favorites. . . . Horses here are splendid, but often overloaded and hard-driven. I find most animals more amiable than the modern child and certainly more honest, faithful, and affectionate. Yet I love children also.

The Fano Club was enriched on April 6 by five members of the Sargent family from New Haven. There are so many members of this family in our town that years ago some one called them the Sargentine Republic. Their quantity is excelled only by their quality; although they are like the sands of the sea in number, they are each and all admirable, which remark applies also to their "in-laws." Well, I received yesterday a postcard from Fano, saying "Five times we

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came to Fano and the angel is still on guard," signed by Murray Sargent, Mary H. C. Sargent, Murray Sargent, Jr., Henry B. Sargent, II, James Cunningham Sargent. And two days later there entered into the sacred city Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Chamberlin, of Boston, who sent me a picture I had not seen.

The Faerie Queene Club received a notable addition in George L. Bradlee, of Providence, who writes:

As I have read nothing to indicate that the "Faerie Queene" Club has yet been padlocked, and "as I like it" (the Club, of course), may I present credentials for membership?

When I was a 19th century boy in Rockland, Maine, Maxine Elliott and her sister, the future Lady Forbes-Robertson, had lately left school there. Edna St. Vincent Millay had too recently learned her mother tongue to be able to write verses about

"All day long on the coast of Maine!
Shells and anchors and ships again!"

Mrs. Henry Landes, whom the great city of Seattle has just elected mayor, was the new wife of my high-school principal, now Dean Landes of the University of Washington. The present Director of the U. S. Budget, Gen. Herbert M. Lord, was the genial editor of our local paper. None of these things interested me so much at the time as a meeting quite by chance, at the Rockland Y. M. C. A. rooms, with a writer named Edmund Spenser.

It happened when the "Y" secretary left me in charge for a part of the summer. In a little cupboard library of books donated to the association, along with J. S. C. Abbott's "Napoleon," Elijah Kellogg's "Wolf Run" stories, the "Lives of the Presidents," and volumes of theology, I found a book beginning:

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mighty armes and silver shield."

I read the "Faerie Queene" straight through, and the first book I bought when I later made a voyage to Boston, on the white side-wheeler that steamed majestically out past Owl's Head, was the "Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser." My father paid me five dollars for reading the Bible through, but reading the "Faerie Queene" was its own reward. I like better Macaulay's opinion of "Charles the Martyr," who is not in my calendar of saints, than his disparaging remarks on Spenser's great poem. The latter dictum I classify among the "Macaulay-flowers" of criticism.

Francis B. Trowbridge, of New Haven, asks: "Is Una-nimity of opinion a *sine qua non* for membership in the Faerie Queene Club?"

Mrs. C. E. Miller, of Cincinnati, Ohio, joins the Bemerton Club, with a contribution.

What a marvellous golf player Bunyan's Man with the Muckrake must have been! Remember his chief characteristic? Bunyan says that the man "could look no way but downwards."

Last year I suggested that some one ought to write an essay on the decay of the toothpick. I am glad to say that this suggestion was followed by William Gordon Dustan, an undergraduate in Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick, Canada, who selected for the subject of his final junior class essay, "The Decline and Fall of the Tooth Pick."

Doctor W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, sends me some candidates for the Ananias Club not founded by me:

The staff of the Harvard Observatory has recently published a little volume of two hundred pages containing a number of very interesting radio talks. Among them is one by Harlow Shapley, the director. On page 56, he says: "The four brightest moons of Jupiter [who is rich in moons having nine of them in all], can be readily seen with a small telescope. Good opera glasses in fact can often show them, and *some liars can see them with the unaided eye.*"

G. W. Thorne, of *The Sunday Call*, Newark, N. J., tells me an excellent story about a certain similarity between an English and a French word:

In 1910 my nephew and I arrived in Paris at 2 o'clock in the morning and later went to the Gare St. Lazare to get our trunks. We knew nothing of French and the porters at the station could not speak English. After failing to make them know what we wanted my nephew in despair exclaimed "Oh b'gosh!" Immediately a porter replied "Oui, bahgahz; oui, oui, bahgahz!" And soon he brought the trunk. We never knew before that the French language contains the word "baggage" or how it is pronounced.

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Mr. C. M. Sheafe, Jr., of Rye, N. Y., gives me the following newspaper head-line:

OYSTER BARS JAM PROBE

I defy any one to invent a suitable explanation of this enigma. Mr. Sheafe informs me that there had been a great traffic congestion and it was proposed to investigate it. This move, however, was blocked by the chief of police, whose name was Oyster.

Henry Goddard Owen, of New York, writes:

The particular purpose of this letter is to thank you warmly for your kind words concerning Marcella Sembrich in the last SCRIBNER'S. While I am a member of the "younger generation" and have never heard her sing, it has been my privilege to know her as a woman these many years. During that time I have grown to a deep devotion for her magnificently human qualities as well as to a real admiration of her powers as an artist.

It seems to me that Madame Sembrich represents a tradition which every musician should seek to keep alive—a tradition of unswerving devotion to the highest artistic attainments and of sympathetic concern for her fellow humans. Only those whose privilege it is to know Madame intimately can realize the sincerity and kindliness of her nature.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Mo., writes:

Referring to your suggestion, in the December "As I Like It," as to the decadence of W. J. Locke's whimsical humor, can you not at least give him credit for the coining of a new (I do not find it in my International) serviceable word, "amicicide," page 71 of "The Great Pandolfo"? In my humble opinion it would be improved if it were cut down to "amicide."

When, some months ago, you named three great humorists of the world, I wondered that you did not include among them R. L. S. and Lloyd Osbourne for their story, "The Wrong Box." To me there is in existence no more mirth-inspiring tale.

Referring to your reference to "Xmas," I wonder if you ever saw the old anecdote about another attempt upon the sacred name. On a chance I am going to send it along: In the British House of Commons, many years ago, a member offered a resolution to change the name of Christmas to Christtide, saying in its support that it was unsuitable for a Protestant nation to call the holiday by a name containing a Roman Catholic term—mass. Whereupon a witty member arose, and protesting that Christmas might not like to have its ancient name so changed, turned to the resolution's author—whose name was Thomas Massey-Massey—inquired: "How would you like to have your name changed to Thotide Tidey-Tidey!"

I remember reading in the London papers, at the time of the coronation of Edward VII, that an Irish M. P. moved to strike out from the royal titles the words "Defender of the Faith," remarking that this distinction was first bestowed on Henry VIII, "who is now in a place where he can light his pipe with his little finger."

Speaking of Lloyd Osbourne, I was once seated in the club car of a train in the West, and a gentleman opposite who had regarded me for some time with an almost embarrassing scrutiny, finally addressed me as Mr. Osbourne. On my denying the soft impeachment, he declared that I was Lloyd Osbourne, travelling *incog.* Of course I was highly flattered, but insisted that I had never seen Mr. Osbourne. My interlocutor would not believe me—he said: "Don't you remember the night when we had supper together in Samoa? There is no use in your pretending; I know you *are Lloyd Osbourne,* and I can not imagine why you will not admit it, especially to an intimate friend like me." He finally went away sorrowful and unconvinced. Later I met Mrs. Strong, Mr. Osbourne's sister, and she said the resemblance was remarkable. Finally I met Mr. Osbourne himself at the Coffee House in New York, but neither of us was able to detect any similarity, except that we both wore eye-glasses and worshipped Stevenson.

Miss Winifred Hope Johnstone, now of Boston, a cultivated Irish woman, says: "In the County Antrim we used always the form 'amn't I,' looking upon 'aren't I' as a term used solely by the Sassenach! You mention that you are an ardent golfer—I wonder how many Americans differentiate between 'course' and 'links.' I suppose they avoid this bunker by calling it 'the Country Club!'"

Walter Sonneberg, of Philadelphia, nominates for the Ignoble Prize the word

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"evolution." I have much intellectual sympathy with him, as perhaps no word is used more inaccurately. The use of the word "evolution" implies profound knowledge and a long scientific background, but it is used every day by people of elementary minds.

Our distinguished American novelist, Margaret Deland, nominates for the Ignoble Prize, the word "visit" for conversation, used very commonly in a sentence like this: "I saw him sitting on the veranda and wen tover and had a good visit with him." I heartily agree with her.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, American novelist and former American minister to Greece, nominates for the Ignoble Prize, all camouflaged words for "death," especially the common newspaper headline "passing."

Richmond Brooks Barrett, the author of the novel "The Enemy's Gates," protests with great vigor and, I hope, justly, against my notice of his novel in the May number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, both because he thinks that I have misrepresented the nature of his book and because I spoke of him as "immature." Mr. Barrett is an exceedingly able man who took his B.A. degree at Yale in 1918. His first novel, "Rapture," received many favorable reviews, both in England and America, and before that he printed a number of short stories. Now, of course, no writer is going to be pleased with an adverse review, but the last thing I wish to do is to misrepresent. Let me say, therefore, to my readers, if I gave an unfair impression of Mr. Barrett's book, that I am very sorry to have done so and I advise them to read "The Enemy's Gates" and judge for themselves. In spite, however, of Mr. Barrett's feeling that I have spoken disparagingly of his youth, I am certain that in the future he will write even better books than the two he has published, because I have confidence in his ability.

Mr. William Stephenson, writing from the Lotos Club, protests against the inaudible voices on the New York stage. He correctly surmises that when I praised the two plays "In a Garden" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" I probably sat well down in front. Of course I did; if I cannot get a seat near the stage, I don't go. He believes that when rehearsals are conducted, the man in charge sits near the stage, and that he ought to sit in the very last row, so as to determine whether the actors can or can not be heard. There has been much complaint from various sources this year that the best plays in New York are unhearable back of the fifth row—this should be reformed altogether.

The behavior of audiences is often abominable. People talk with their friends with the insouciance characteristic of a tea-fight; they rustle their programmes; they open their candy and vanity boxes with much ado; in short, no matter how badly the men and women on the stage may act, the audience act worse.

New York stage plays attacking Protestant ministers, missionaries, and evangelists are becoming more and more common. The reason Catholic priests are not attacked is not that these dramatists love the Catholics, but that they are afraid to attack them. It requires no courage to attempt to befoul any Protestant clergyman. A favorite line of assault is to pretend that religious excitement—like a "revival"—is sexual. Now the sex-excitement really exists not in the evangelist, but in the mind of the dramatist. Imagine the late D. L. Moody conducting a religious revival because he was what these playwrights would have us believe! The minds of this kind of playwright are so obsessed by sex-excitement that they are forever seeing it where it has no objective existence. When Tolstoi maintained that Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" was full of sex-excitement, he merely revealed his own mind. He made no contribution to music criticism, because what he said had no connection with the facts. Beethoven's splendid sonata—an example of healthy, unclouded genius—remained after the publication of Tolstoi's novel exactly as it was before; but Tolstoi gave himself away, all the sex-excitement being not in Beethoven, but in the Russian's mind. I am becoming a little weary of those who cannot think of a church steeple, or religion, or Beethoven, without sex. I wish they would wash their linen in their own back yard.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

A Convivial Meeting.
From the drawing by Hogarth.

THE fates are sometimes very kind to the collector of artistic sensations. Not long ago I found myself thinking persistently of Hogarth. The memory of his incomparable Shrimp Girl kept recurring to me again and again, and with it there sprang into life recollections of the painter at more than one point in London, but especially at the Soane Museum. Incidentally I wondered why one so seldom heard of a Hogarth in this country. The Price Family, a charming but not precisely momentous example of him, is at the Metropolitan, and Mr. Morgan owns The Lady's Last Stake, but the painter has not particularly appealed to American collectors. A little puzzled over this, I made inquiry of a leading dealer in eighteenth-century English art. He had brought over many masterpieces of the period. Why had he never brought us a Hogarth? "Because," he replied, "a first-rate Hogarth is unprocurable." Then those kindly fates stepped in. The very next week I saw at the Knoedler Gallery a Hogarth of high rank!

It is a picture of The Wedding of Stephen Beckingham and Mary Cox. The marriage commemorated is entered in the parish registers of St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, London, under date of June 9, 1729. Hogarth was then only a year or two past thirty, but he was already a polished craftsman. The fluent precision of the ornate architectural background in the picture shows that, and the point is even more emphatically enforced in the painting of the costumes. These are, indeed, *painted*, denoting the activity and the flair of the born brushman. The color scheme is not very original, but it has quality. Hogarth was what might be called an adequate rather than a distinguished colorist. The composition in this work, too, is of a somewhat pedestrian order. Yet, to observe its easy naturalness, to realize the manner in which the painter takes us into the inti-

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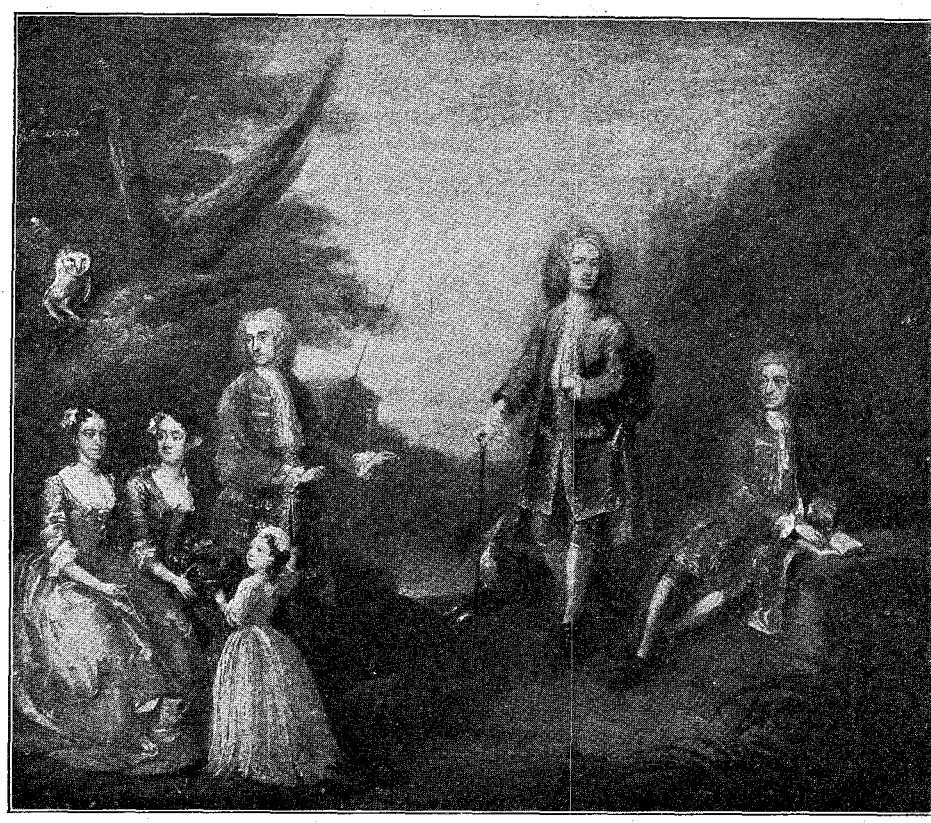

Members of the Popple and Ashley Families.
From the painting by Hogarth at Buckingham Palace.

macy of the scene, is to draw nearer to the secret of his art. It was the secret of a man who quite literally took nature for his province, who dedicated himself to nothing so much as to the truth.

I suppose the reason why Hogarth every once in so often stirs my imagination is that his genius so strongly supports a fundamental conviction of mine. This conviction is that your great artist is not a demigod but a mortal. I know that he can soar prodigiously on the wings of imagination. I rejoice to watch him dipping his brush in earthquake and eclipse. But I know all the time that he is really a human creature, dealing with human things for the delight of the people of earth, and I love the masters like Rembrandt and Velasquez who fortify this contention. Hogarth is of their company, a fact which is often forgotten. It is obscured more often than not through misunderstanding. People are obsessed by the purely æsthetic and decorative conception of a work of art. They balk at the picture which embodies an idea, even going so far as to argue that in the nature of things such a picture cannot be well painted. The other day the London *Studio* published in its series of Masters of Painting a capital sheaf of color reproductions from Hogarth's works. There is a charming introduction by Mr. Herbert B. Grimsditch, whose heart is in the right place, and he made a delectable comment on this absurd attitude. A worthy subject for Mr. Max Beerbohm, he says, would be: "An exponent of the New Criticism standing before the Marriage à-la-Mode, trying not to notice the story." In the work of Hogarth you rarely can get away from the story, but it happens to be greatly painted.

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HE was born in London in 1697, the son of a country schoolmaster who had come up to the metropolis in the hope of bettering his condition. The elder Hogarth was, to some extent, a writing

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man but not a very successful one if the artist is to be believed. "My father's pen," he wrote, "like that of many other authors, did not enable him to do more than put me in a way of shifting for myself. As I had naturally a good eye and a fondness for drawing, *shows* of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant; and mimickry, common to all children, was remarkable in me. An early access to a neighboring painter drew my attention from play; and I was, at every possible opportunity, employed in making drawings. I picked up an acquaintance of the same turn, and soon learnt to draw the alphabet with great correctness. My exercises, when at school, were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me; but for the latter, I was particularly distinguished." In his youth he got himself apprenticed to a "silver-plate engraver," and he has left it on record that at twenty his utmost ambition was to work on copper. He cultivated his draftsmanship on a rather dubious hypothesis, making more of memory than of the discipline involved

Hogarth.
From the portrait by himself in the National Gallery.

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in work direct from the model. It was inborn instinct more than anything else that pulled him through. But the story of his formative period is extremely difficult to disentangle.

The Wedding of Stephen Beckingham and Mary Cox.
From the painting by Hogarth shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

As a young man he went to the academy of Sir James Thornhill, but the student of his technique gathers nothing from that association. The only fact relating to it that is of any consequence is one for the biographer, the fact that Hogarth ran away with Sir James's only daughter, Jane. It may be noted in passing that though the match was clandestine it was altogether happy and the father was soon reconciled. When Hogarth painted his famous series illustrating A Harlot's Progress, his wife and her mother placed some of the pictures in the Thornhill dining-room. Sir James looked at them and presently was told the artist's name. "Very well," said Sir James, "the man who can furnish representations like these can also maintain a wife without a portion," and the obdurate parent's hard heart was speedily softened. If solvency was all that concerned him he may well have relented, for Hogarth rallied 1,200 subscribers to the Progress at a guinea each. But I prefer to believe that Thornhill, despite the mediocrity of his own achievement, was still enough of an artist to sense

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The Rake's Progress—His Levee.
From the painting by Hogarth in the Soane Museum.

the fact that his daughter had married a man of genius.

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WHAT a portent he was! To realize this you have only to glance at the state of English art at the time of his rise and during the preceding generation. The beautifully austere tradition of Holbein's epoch had long since disappeared, and the revival of Van Dyck's influence awaited the apparition of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and their circle. Prior to the advent of Hogarth the high lights in British painting were supplied by such mannered luminaries as Lely and Kneller. There was nothing in what they did even remotely to foreshadow Hogarth, and though, as I have said, we know little about his pupilage, we know also that he had no contemporary to start him upon his career. No; after the manner of genius he just happened, out of the blue, and the astounding thing is that he was not himself conscious of launching forth as a *painter* in our modern sense, but sought to make his mark rather on what your latter-day critic would call "literary" grounds. He decided not to go in for portrait-painting, which he thought too laborious, and besides it wasn't sufficiently profitable to pay expenses! In some scattered sentences he has left us the tale of his decision and his purpose:

> I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode, viz., painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country and any age. . . . I wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and farther hope, that they will be tried by the same test, and criticized by the same criterion. Let it be observed, that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable. In these compositions those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility and must, therefore, be entitled to rank in the highest class. . . . I have endeavored to treat my subject as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to

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exhibit a *dumb show*. . . . This I found was most likely to answer my purpose, provided I could strike the passions, and by small sums from many, by the sale of prints which I could engrave from my own pictures, thus secure my property to myself.

It was a great emprise, and there was nothing more vitalizing about it than the originality of the force from which it sprang. When Austin Dobson wrote his invaluable memoir of Hogarth, he spoke of being in the dark in respect to the special train of suggestion that promoted the evolution of the artist's scheme. He wanted an origin for A Harlot's Progress. There must have been some proximate cause "that prompted this picture-chronicle of hapless Mary Hackabout." Why look further for it than in Hogarth's creative inspiration? The central idea he spun out of his own entrails, and the stuff for its development lay all about him in the highly colored fabric of British life. That life in the eighteenth century was endued with a powerful and frequently coarse animal vigor. It was lived with a zest if with nothing else. Drink, gambling, and libertinism were rampant, expending the emotions which were not exhausted by the violent sports of the field. To crown all this the courtly world knew how to adjust its pace to the elegant measure manifested in that pageant which you get from Sir Joshua and the rest. An artificial grace carried off the excesses of an essentially turbulent social movement. Georgian England made up in manners what it lacked in the sterner virtues, but the disparity between outward demeanor and inner corruption was not to be covered up by fashionable fustian, and the era cried aloud for the ministrations of the moralist. Hogarth filled the rôle to perfection.

Mrs. Desaguiliers.
From the portrait by Hogarth.

His personality is not that of the impassioned philosopher. Dobson portrays him as "a sturdy, outspoken, honest, obstinate, pugnacious little man," and thus visualized he does not loom exactly as a scourge for mankind. Nevertheless, there is in him something of the fierce and steady glow of righteous indignation. He made his two Progresses, Mary Hackabout's and the Rake's, he made his Marriage à-la-Mode and his divers other admonitory designs, and he made them, there can be no doubt, out of a high cerebral fermentation, a burning fervor, and a sublime sincerity. Swift's tribute to him is well to remember, for Swift, of all men, was qualified to appreciate him:

"How I want thee, humerous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted
Every monster should be painted;
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them;
Form their features as I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I assure ye
You will need no *car'catura;*
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face."

So Hogarth did draw them, with "the soul in every face." The world knows it pretty well. The paintings are lodged in museums and private collections, but the prints have gone everywhere, and so every one is familiar with Hogarth's biting veracity, his power in dramatizing a theme, and his curious aptitude in the invention of telling details. There is no doubt that as a moralist Hogarth came into his fame long ago. Yet the very popularity of his prints and the critical error to which I have referred have tended to withdraw attention from his merit as a pure painter.

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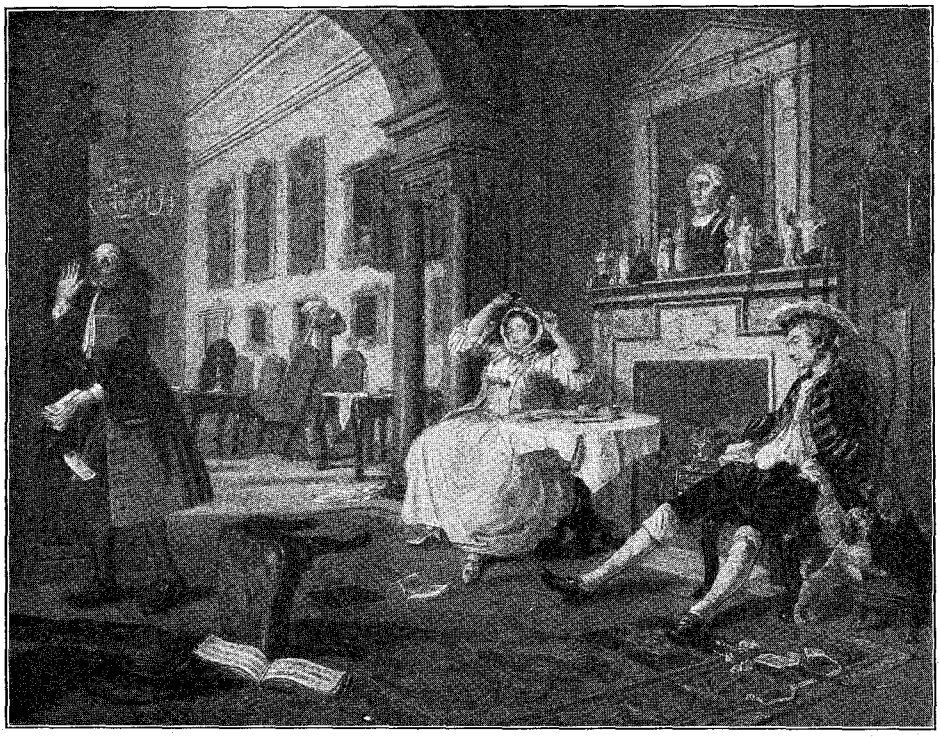
IT was strangely dependent upon his fidelity to the *milieu* to which he belonged, the *milieu* of the observer, the realist. In the earlier part of his life he seems to have realized this. He would inveigh against the old masters, regarding emulation of them as a bit of hypocritical sophistication. Later, from time to time, he deviated into something like emulation of them himself. He liked to play with ideas of art as well as with ideas of life, and paused long enough in his work to write an Analysis of Beauty. But that celebrated *opusculum* is far from proving that he was at home in æsthetic theory, and when he took his instruments and deliberately sought to essay "the grand style," he only landed in disaster. Sir Joshua's polite disparagement in the fourteenth of his Discourses, embodied in a passage otherwise generously appreciative, is the last word on that sad subject. The living world for Hogarth, always; in his pictures he gave it the tang of nature and the beauty. There is a painting of his at Dulwich, A Fishing Party, in which a richly dressed lady, with her child and its nurse, is placed beside a stream against a background of trees. It is just such a sylvan pastoral as Gainsborough was later to make magical. Hogarth does not have magic in this picture, but he has the naturalistic basis for it, and there is solidity in his technique, as there is power. His color



Marriage à-la-Mode—The Breakfast Scene.
From the painting by Hogarth in the National Gallery.

is full and robust. In his mere painted surface he has weight and depth. There he has also that precious quality beloved by the connoisseur which flows from the brush of the instinctive technician. He has touch. He has the indescribable beauty of workmanship which is a beauty by itself. I well remember savoring it in passages more, perhaps, than in the ensembles of The Rake's Progress at the Soane, but when I think of a full-rounded Hogarth, a complete Hogarth, a Hogarth who could have been own brother to a Hals or a Manet, I think of the bewitching Shrimp Girl in the National Gallery. There's only one word for it—it is luscious. This canvas alone is enough to designate Hogarth a painter's painter. Portraying a

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rosy-cheeked Billingsgate type, he sees her youth with a kindling eye and flings it into his picture with ineffable spontaneity and sureness. The stroke is as swinging as it is firm. There is nothing too much. Roughly indicating the essentials, Hogarth proceeds at seemingly headlong pace and leaves the study a little marvel of light, flowing breadth. And it was the painter of this masterpiece who nearly escaped recognition because he had a weakness for the subject picture!

Well, he prospered exceedingly, it is pleasant to know. He had good friends in that wonderful world of eighteenth-century London. Garrick, whose portrait he painted, was one of them. "He is a great and original Genius," wrote the actor. "I love him as a Man, and reverence him as an Artist." He was indeed human, a friendly, lovable type, and not the less lovable because he could show on occasion a militant and even mischievous disposition. Dobson reproduces from Mrs. Piozzi a charming anecdote concerning a deformed nobleman who went to Hogarth for his portrait expecting flattery and declined the painting when it turned out to be ruthlessly faithful. Whereupon he received this pointed letter: "Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ———. Finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wildbeast man; Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition-picture on his Lordship's refusal." His Lordship sent for the picture. He destroyed it—but he paid the bill.

Taste in High Life.
From the engraving after Hogarth.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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